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# BIOGRAPHIA LITERARIA

## OR BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

## OF MY LITERARY LIFE AND OPINIONS

BY SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

SECOND EDITION PREPARED FOR PUBLICATION IN PART
BY THE LATE HENRY NELSON COLERIDGE
COMPLETED AND PUBLISHED
BY HIS WIDOW

VOL. I.

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TO

# WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, Esq. P. L.

My dear Mr. Wordsworth,

I HAVE received with great pleasure your permission to inscribe to you this new edition of my Father's *Biographia Literaria*. You will find in it some of the latest writings of my dear departed Husband;—some too of my own, to which I know you will be indulgent; but my chief reason for dedicating it to you is, that it contains, though only in a brief and fragmentary form, an account of the Life and Opinions of your friend, S. T. Coleridge, in which I feel assured that, however you may dissent from portions of the latter, you take a high and peculiar interest. His name was early associated with your's from the time when you lived as neighbours, and both together sought the Muse, in the lovely Vale of Stowey. That this association may endure as long as you are both remembered,—that not only as a Poet, but as a Lover and a Teacher of Wisdom, my Father may continue to be spoken of in connection with you, while your writings become more and more fully and widely appreciated, is the dearest and proudest wish that I can form for his memory.

I remain, dear Mr. Wordsworth,
With deep affection, admiration, and respect,
Your Child in heart and faithful Friend,

SARA COLERIDGE.

Regent's Park,
January 30, 1847.

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# ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS new edition of my Father's *Biographia Literaria* was partly prepared for publication by his late Editor. The corrections of the text in the first nine or ten chapters of Vol. I. and in the first three or four of Vol. II. are by his hand; the notes signed "Editor" were written by him; and he drew up the *Biographical Supplement*, (the first three chapters of it containing the Letters), which is placed at the end of the second volume. His work it has fallen to me to complete, and the task has been interesting, though full of affecting remembrances, and brought upon me by the deepest sorrow of my life. The biographical sketch I have published as I found it, with trifling alterations and omissions, filling up a few gaps and supplying the mottoes. Had the writer himself taken it up again, he would probably have improved and continued it.

I have only to add that my thanks are due to many kind friends, who have assisted me in my part of the undertaking with advice, information, or loan of books; especially my Father's dear Friend and Fellow Student, Mr. Green, Archdeacon Hare, and my brother-in-law, Mr. Justice Coleridge. I am also much indebted for help toward my work to Mr. Pickering, by whom a great number of the books referred to in the notes were placed in my hands.

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# INTRODUCTION.

*Mr. Coleridge's obligations to Schelling, and the unfair view of the subject presented in Blackwood's Magazine.*

SOME years ago, when the late Editor of my Father's works was distantly contemplating a new edition of the *Biographia Literaria*, but had not yet begun to examine the text carefully with a view to this object, his attention was drawn to an article in Blackwood's Magazine of March 1840, in which "the very large and unacknowledged appropriations it contains from the great German Philosopher Schelling" are pointed out; and by this paper I have been directed to those passages in the works of Schelling and of Maasz, to which references are given in the following pages,—to most of them immediately, and to a few more through the strict investigation which it occasioned. Whether or no my Father's obligations to the great German Philosopher *are* virtually unacknowledged to the extent and with the unfairness which the writer of that article labours to prove, the reader of the present edition will be able to judge for himself; the facts of the case will be all before him, and from these, when the whole of them are fully and fairly considered, I feel



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assured that by readers in general,—and I have had some experience on this point already,—no such injurious inferences as are contained in that paper will ever be drawn. The author, it must be observed, before commencing his argument, thinks fit to disclaim the belief, that conscious intentional plagiarism is imputable to the object of his censure; nevertheless, throughout great part of it, Mr. Coleridge is treated as an artful purloiner and selfish plunderer, who knowingly robs others to enrich himself, both the tone and the language of the article expressing this and no other meaning. Such aspersions will not rest, I think they never *have* rested, upon Coleridge's name; the protest here entered is a duty to his memory from myself rather than a work necessary to his vindication, and the remarks that follow are made less with a view to influence the opinions of others than to record my own.

The charge brought against my Father by the author of the article appears to be this, that, having borrowed largely from Schelling,[1] he has made no adequate acknowledgments of obligation to that philosopher, only such general admissions as are quite insufficient to cover the extent of his debt; that his anticipatory defence against a charge of "ungenerous concealment or intentional plagiarism" is no defence at all; and that his particular references are too few and inaccurate to vindicate him from having dealt

[1] The passages borrowed by my Father from Schelling and Maasz are pointed out in this edition in notes at the foot of the pages where they occur. For the particulars and amount of the debt, therefore, readers are referred to the body of the work, chapters v. vii. viii. ix. xii. in the first volume.

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unfairly toward the author from whom he has taken so much. The plaintiff opens his case with giving as the *whole* of this defence of my Father's,—(that it is *not* the whole will appear in the sequel,)—certain parts of a passage upon Schelling that occurs in the ninth chapter of the *Biographia Literaria;* and although, in that passage, the author desires, that, "whatever in this or any future work of his resembles or coincides with the doctrines of his German predecessor though contemporary be *wholly attributed to him,*" yet he insists that Coleridge has *defrauded* Schelling of his due, and seeks to support the impeachment on these two grounds, first that very "absence of distinct references to his books," which he himself plainly admits and particularly accounts for; or, in the accuser's own words, his omission of specific acknowledgments in the instances in which he was indebted to him; secondly, his having affirmed that he had in some sort anticipated the system which he proposed to teach.

Now it must be remarked, by way of preliminary, that no man can properly be said to *defraud* another, nor ought to be so spoken of, who has not a fraudulent *intention:* but it never yet has been proved, after all the pains that have been taken to this effect, that Mr. Coleridge *intended* to deprive Schelling of any part of the honour that rightfully belongs to him, or that he has, by Mr. Coleridge's means, been actually deprived of it, even for an hour. With regard to the first ground of accusation, it is doubtless to be regretted by every friend of the accused, that he should have adopted so important a portion of the words and thoughts of Schelling without himself making those *distinct* and *accurate* references, which he might have

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known would eventually be required as surely as he succeeded in his attempt to recommend the metaphysical doctrines contained in them to the attention of students in this country. Why did Mr. Coleridge act thus, subjecting himself, as he might well have anticipated, aware as he was of the hostile spirit against his person and principles, that existed in many quarters, to suspicion from the illiberal, and contumelious treatment at the hands of the hard and unscrupulous? Why he so acted those who *best* knew him can well understand, without seeing in his conduct evidence of unconscientiousness: *they* see the truth of the matter to be this, that to give those distinct and accurate references, for the neglect of which he is now so severely arraigned, would have caused him much trouble of a kind to him peculiarly irksome, and that he dispensed himself from it in the belief, that the general declaration which he had made upon the subject was sufficient both for Schelling and for himself. This will be the more intelligible when it is borne in mind, that, as all who knew his literary habits will believe, the passages from Schelling, which he wove into his work, were not transcribed *for the occasion*, but merely transferred from his note-book into the text, some of them, in all likelihood, not even from his note-book immediately, but from recollection of its contents. It is most probable that he mistook some of these translated passages for compositions of his own, and quite improbable, as all who know his careless ways will agree, that he should have noted down accurately the particular works and portions of works from which they came.

"But even with the fullest conviction," says Archdeacon Hare, "that Coleridge cannot have been guilty

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of intentional plagiarism, the reader will, probably, deem it strange, that he should have transferred half a dozen pages of Schelling into his volume without any reference to their source. And strange it undoubtedly is. The only way I can see of accounting for it is from his practice of keeping note-books or journals of his thoughts, filled with observations and brief dissertations on such matters as happened to strike him, with a sprinkling now and then of extracts and abstracts from the books he was reading. If the name of the author from whom he took an extract was left out, he might easily, years after, forget whose property it was, especially when he had made it in some measure his own, by transfusing it into his own English. That this may happen I know from experience, having myself been lately puzzled by a passage which I had translated from Kant some years ago, and which cost me a good deal of search, before I ascertained that it was not my own."[2]

My Father says himself, in the ninth chapter of this work, "I have not indeed (*eheu! res angusta domi!*) been hitherto able to procure more than two of his books, viz. the first volume of his collected Tracts, and his *System of Transcendental Idealism;* to which, however, I must add a small pamphlet against Fichte, the spirit of which was to *my* feelings painfully incongruous with the principles, and which (with the usual allowance afforded to an antithesis) displayed the love of wisdom rather than the wisdom of love." From this pamphlet (entitled *Darlegung* &c. *Exposition of the true relation of the Philosophy of Nature to the*

[2] From Mr. Hare's defence of Coleridge in the British Magazine of January 1835, pp. 20, 21.

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*improved doctrine of Fichte,*) he had just cited a striking passage, and it is represented as strangely disingenuous, that he should have given that extract merely as "observations from a contemporary writer of the continent," without specifying the particular work from which it was taken, or even the writer's name. So indeed it may appear on an examination undertaken ostensibly for the *love of wisdom*, but a still closer one, conducted in the *wisdom of love*, will convince any reader that there was as little of self-regard in this transaction as of accuracy. At that stage of his work, at which the citation is made, my Father had not yet introduced Schelling to his readers, readers unacquainted, as he doubtless imagined, with the German philosopher and his writings. He immediately proceeds, however, to give an account of the authors whom he successively studied, when he had "found no abiding place for his reason" in the "schools of Locke, Berkeley, Leibnitz, and Hartley;" and *then*, after doing honour to Kant and justice to Fichte, he speaks of Schelling by name, and mentions *every work of his to which he ever owed anything*. The "*Vorlesungen über die Methöde des Academischen Studium*," which, as well as the *Darlegung*, is mentioned as containing the word *In-eins-bildung*, the original, as is supposed, of his "esemplastic," he never possessed and probably never saw. In mentioning the pamphlet against Fichte he, naturally enough, described its general character, and probably either forgot, while he was so doing, that from this same work his previous citation had been made, or felt that for readers,

[3] See vol. i. p. 146. Of the use made by the writer in Bl. of this passage I shall have to speak again further on.

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to whom the very name of Schelling was new, such particularity as that of reciting its long title, and referring to it the passage he had brought forward, was superfluous.

*Ideen zu einer Philosophie der Natur* was one of the works of Schelling which my Father had not in his possession, when he composed the *Biographia Literaria*, and it is *remarked* that he entitled it Schelling's *Natur-Philosophie!*—that he had presumed to contract the proper name of a book he had once read, from its fuller form in the title-page, to that abridged one, which it probably wore upon its back. No comment is made, indeed, upon this important fact, but *that* is supplied by the strain of the article.

His accuser urges against him that he did not elaborate over again what he had borrowed and thus make it, in some sense, his own. It is not easy to see how *that which is borrowed* can ever, strictly speaking, become the property of the borrower, so as to cease to be that of the original possessor; the new form in which he invests it, or the fresh matter which he engrafts upon it, will be his, but the debt to him who has furnished the substance, in the one case, or the *nucleus*, in the other, is not cancelled because of these additions, and honesty as well as gratitude would equally require its acknowledgment, though the obligation will be less apparent to the general reader. And surely if there had been any design of *appropriating* in my Father's mind, he would have sought to make the borrowed passages *appear* his own, by change of expression at least. It has been well said of the genuine Plagiary that his

> "easy vamping talents lies
> First wit to pilfer, then *disguise*."

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This is the plan which all crafty plagiarists adopt; this is the way in which numberless writers have dealt with my Father himself, the major part of them, however, not craftily or selfishly, but doubtless unawares to themselves; there being far less of conscious, far more of unconscious, plagiarism among authors than the world is apt to suppose. But Coleridge repeated the *very words* of Schelling, and in so doing made it an easy task for the German to reclaim his own, or for the dullest wight that could read his books to give it him back again. Must he not have been careless of the *meum* at least as much as of the *tuum*, when he took whole pages and paragraphs, unaltered in form, from a noted author—whose writings, though unknown in this country, when he first brought them forward, were too considerable in his own to be finally merged in those of any other man,—at the same time that he was doing all that in him lay to lead Englishmen to the study of that author, and was referring readers to his works both generally, and in some instances, and those the most important, particularly? From his accuser's blustering conclusion, — "Plagiarism, like murder, will out!" it might be supposed that Mr. Coleridge had *taken pains* to prevent his "plagiarisms" from coming out,—that with the "stealthy pace" of the *murderer* he had "moved towards his design like a ghost." Verily, if no man ever tried to murder an author's good name with more of malice prepense than he to steal one, the literary world would be freer from felonious practices than it is at present.[4]

[4] "Of a truth," says Mr. Hare, "if he had been disposed to purloin, he never would have stolen half a dozen pages from the head and front of that very work of Schelling's which was

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One of the largest extracts my Father accompanies with these words in a parenthesis (See *Schell. Abhandl. zur Erläuter, des Id. der Wissenschaftslehre.*)[5] "But from this reference," asks the censor, "would not a reader naturally deduce the inference that C. was here referring to Schelling in support of *his own* views, and not literally translating and appropriating the German's?"

There are some who have eyes to see and microscopically too, but only in certain directions. To those whose vision is more catholic I address the plain question, Did not my Father say fully enough to put every reader of a studious turn, every reader able to take up his philosophical views in earnest,—(and to whom else were these borrowed passages more than strange words, or Schelling's claims of the slightest consequence?)—into the way of consulting their original source? *The longer extracts are all either expressly acknowledged,* as that from the *Darlegung* in chap. ix. and that beginning at p. 255; or *taken from the Transcendental Idealism, which he speaks of more than once,* or *from the above-mentioned treatise,* of which he gives the long title.

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the likeliest to fall into his reader's hands; and the first sentence of which one could not read without detecting the plagiarism. Would any man think of pilfering a column from the porch of St. Paul's? The high praise which Coleridge bestows on Schelling would naturally excite a wish in such of his readers as felt an interest in his philosophy, to know more of the great German. The first books of his they would take up would be his *Natur-Philosophie* and his *Transcendental Idealism*; these are the works which Coleridge himself mentions; and the latter, from its subject, would attract them the most."—Brit. Mag. of 1835, p. 20.

[5] See p. 255.

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Most of these extracts the Writer in Blackwood refers, *not to the treatise, which my Father did name,* but to the collection at large—the *Philosophische Schriften*—which it so happened that he did *not;* and moreover he asserts, that it would be *next to impossible* for a reader to find the tract referred to by this same long title, for that it is "*buried* among a good many others in Schelling's *Phil. Schrift.*" of which it occupies 137 pages out of 511—as if it could not *possibly* enter his head or the head of any bookseller that he might employ, to look for it in the "volume of Schelling's collected Tracts" which my Father speaks of in chapter ix. If the works of Schelling were as good as dead and buried for all here, that was not through any fault of his; had he named every one of their titles at full length, and given an abstract of all they contained, the bill of fare, at that time, would have attracted no guests. Grill would be Grill, and have his unmetaphysic mind.

Fairly considered his conduct in this matter does but help to prove the truth of his assertion, that he "regarded Truth as a divine ventriloquist, not caring from whose mouth the sounds are supposed to proceed, if only the words are audible and intelligible."

The Writer in Blackwood, however, takes a very different view of it: *he* rather supposes the true interpretation of my Father's conduct to be that he would have *nothing* ascribed to Schelling, which appeared in the works of both, though he desires that *everything* may be, and that this expression was used to provide a refuge for himself, should he ever be discovered to have "cabbaged from his works *ad libitum.*" The style of these strictures resembles the reasoning; things look *rough* and *coarse* on the wrong side, and

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the reasoning they contain is of that kind, which turns things wrong side out. It represents my Father's apology as being penned under a notion that he should *gain credit* for the transcendentalism contained in his book, while at the same time no comparison betwixt his writings and those of the original transcendentalist would for years, if ever, be made. It was the fact that for years his obligations to Schelling were not discovered; but it is ridiculous to suppose that he *calculated* on this, with the amount of those obligations distinctly present to his mind, for this could only have happened through the failure of the attempt he was making to interest his countrymen in the transcendental system. When a doctrine comes into credit, in days like these, the first teacher of it is as soon discovered as the lake that feeds the glittering brook and sounding waterfall is traced out, when *they* have gained the traveller's eye. It is not true, that to the end of his life my father *enjoyed the credit* of originality;—originality was not *denied* him, simply because he had no enjoyment and no credit.

The fact is, that these "borrowed plumes" drest him out but poorly in the public eye, and Sir Walter Scott made a just observation on the fate of the *Biographia Literaria*, when he said that it had made no impression upon the public. Instead of gaining reputation as a metaphysical discoverer, at the expense of Germany, the author was generally spoken of as an introducer of German metaphysics into this country, *in which light he had represented himself*,—a man of original power, who had spoiled his own genius by devoting himself to the lucubrations of foreigners. It is the pleasure of the Writer in Blackwood to give him a vast metaphysical reputation, founded on the *Biographia*

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*Literaria*, and, at the end of one of his paragraphs, he implies, that the passages taken from Schelling had been "paraded for upwards of twenty years as specimens of the wonderful powers of the English philosopher." Some, perhaps, have been weary enough of hearing him called *wonderful*,—but the friends of Coleridge well know, that the work was generally neglected till the author's name began to rise by various other means; and that although passages of his writings have been often quoted of late years, and some in the B. L. have been in the mouths of many, while the book itself was in the hands of a very few, yet that the transcendental portions of it were unknown to his admirers in general, till some of them, after his decease, were declared to be the property of Schelling in Tait's Magazine. If the transcendentalism adopted in the *Biographia* be a jewel of great price, no gem lodged in a dark unfathomed cave of ocean was ever more unseen and unknown than this was for many a year. In making an estimate of a man's intellectual wealth we cannot abstract the influence upon his thoughts of other thinkers, precedent or contemporary; but all Mr. Coleridge's direct debts to the great Transcendentalist may be refunded, and whatever obligations reflective men of this age have felt and acknowledged that they owe to him, the sum of them will not be sensibly diminished.

In other quarters Mr. Coleridge has been accused of denying his obligations to Schlegel; yet he never denied having borrowed those illustrations and detached thoughts, which are brought forward in support of the charge. His words on the subject neither say nor imply, in assertion of his originality, more than this, that, in his first course of lectures, which

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were delivered "before Mr. Schlegel gave his on the same subjects at Vienna,"—(I believe it was in 1804, previously to his departure for Malta,)—he put forth the same general principles of criticism as in the following courses; so that whatever substantial agreement there might be between them, *on this head*, must be co-incidence.

It was said of my Father by his late Editor, that, "in thinking passionately of the principle, he forgot the authorship—and sowed beside many waters, if peradventure some chance seedling might take root and bear fruit to the glory of God and the spiritualization of man."[6] He was ever more intent upon the pursuit and enunciation of truth than alive to the collateral benefits that wait upon it, as it is the exclusive property of this or that individual. The incautious way in which he acted upon this impulse was calculated to bring him under suspicion with those to whose minds any such feeling was alien and inconceivable. Yet no unprejudiced person, who reviews my Father's life, on an intimate acquaintance with it, will deny that he showed an unusual disregard of this property in thought, where his own interests were concerned, and that he spent in letters and marginal notes, and in discourse at all times and to all auditors a great deal both of thought and brilliant illustration, which a more prudential and self-interested man would have kept back and presented in a form better fitted to procure for himself a permanent reward; that he would spend time and labour on a critical examination of the works of others, and earnest

[6] Preface to the Table Talk of S. T. Coleridge, pp. 18-19, 2nd edition.

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consideration of their affairs, for their sakes only, in a manner almost peculiar to himself. If he was not always sufficiently considerate of other men's property, he was profuse of his own; and, in truth, such was his temper in regard to all *property*, of what kind soever; he did not enough regard or value it whether for himself or his neighbour. Nor is it proof to the contrary that he did at times speak of his share in the promulgation of truth and awakening of reflection, and of the world's unthankfulness. This he did, rather in self defence, when he was accused of neglecting to employ or of misemploying his natural gifts, than from an inordinate desire to parade and exalt them. He was goaded into some degree of egotism by the charges continually brought against him, that he suffered his powers to lie dormant, or to spend themselves in a fruitless activity. But they who spoke thus on the one hand under-rated his actual achievements, the importance of which time and trial were to discover, since speculations like his shew what they are worth in the using, and come into use but slowly; and on the other hand, over-rated his powers of literary execution. They were struck by his marked intellectual gifts, but took no note of his intellectual impediments,—were not aware that there was a want of proportion in the faculties of his mind, which would always have prevented him from making many or good books; for, even had he possessed the ordinary amount of skill in the arranging and methodizing of thought with a view to publication and in reference to the capacities of a volume, this would have been inadequate to the needs of one whose genius was ever impelling him to trace things down to their deepest source, and to follow them out in their remotest ramifications. His powers,

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compounded and balanced as they were, enabled him to do that which he did, and possibly that alone.

Great as was the activity of his intellect in its own congenial sphere, he wanted that agility of mind, which can turn the understanding from its wonted mode of movement to set it upon new tasks necessary to the completeness and efficiency of what has been produced of another kind, but uninteresting in themselves to the mind of the producer. He loved to go forward, expanding and ennobling the soul of his teaching, and hated the trouble of turning back to look after its body. To the healthful and vigorous such trouble appears nothing, simply because they *are* healthful and vigorous; but to feel all exertion a labour, all labour pain and weariness, this is the very symptom of disease and its most grievous consequence.

The nerveless languor, which, after early youth, became almost the habit of his body and *bodily mind*, which to a great degree paralysed his powers both of rest and action, precluding by a torpid irritability their happy vicissitude,—rendered all exercises difficult to him except of thought and imagination flowing onward freely and in self-made channels; for these brought with them their own warm atmosphere to thaw the chains of frost that bound his spirit. Soon as that spontaneous impulse was suspended, the apathy and sadness induced by his physical condition reabsorbed his mind, as sluggish mists creep over the valley when the breeze ceases to blow; and to counteract it he lacked any other sufficient stimulus:

> With lips unbrightened, wreathless brow, I stroll;
> And would you learn the spells that drowse my soul!
> *Work without hope draws nectar in a sieve,*
> *And hope, without an object, cannot live.*

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He had no *hope* of gainful popularity, even from the most laborious efforts that *he* was capable of making; nor would this in itself have been an adequate object of hope to him, without a further one, more deeply satisfying, a dream of which was ever unbracing his mind, but which life, such as he had made it, and such as it was given him from above, had not afforded. Then the complaints and warnings from "all quarters," of the obscurity of his prose writings, were, as he expressed it, like "cold water poured" upon him. It may be questioned whether they who thus complained were making any attempt to meet him half way,—whether they had done their part toward understanding what they called unintelligible. It is the chief use and aim of writings of such a character as his to excite the reader to think,—to draw out of his mind a native flame rather than to make it bright for a moment by the reflection of alien fires. All literary productions indeed demand *some* answering movement on the part of readers, but, in common cases, the motion required is so easy, so much in known ways and smooth well-beaten tracks, that it seems spontaneous and is more like rest than labour. This is the difficulty with which introducers of new thought have to contend; the minds that are to receive these accessions must themselves, in order to their reception of them, be renewed proportionately, renewed not from without alone, but by co-operation from within,—a process full of conflict and struggle, like the fermenting of raw juices into generous wines. Though my Father understood this well in the end, he was by no means prepared for it, and for all its consequences, in the beginning; coming upon him as it did, it acted as a narcotic, and by deepening his despondency increased

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his literary inertness. Speaking of "The Friend" he observes, "Throughout these Essays the want of illustrative examples and varied exposition is the main defect, and was occasioned by the haunting dread of being tedious."

The *Biographia Literaria* he composed at that period of his life when his health was most deranged, and his mind most subjected to the influence of bodily disorder. It bears marks of this throughout, for it is even less methodical in its arrangement than any of his other works. Up to a certain point the author pursues his plan of writing his literary life, but, in no long time his "slack hand" abandons its grasp of the subject, and the book is filled out to a certain size, with such miscellaneous contents of his desk as seem least remote from it. To say, with the writer in Blackwood, that he stopped short in the process of unfolding a theory of the imagination, merely because he had come to the end of all that Schelling had taught concerning it, and thus to account for the abrupt termination of the first volume, is to place the matter in a perfectly false light; he broke down in the prosecution of his whole scheme, the regular history of his literary life and opinions, and this not for want of help in one particular line, but because his energies for regular composition in any line were deserting him, at least for a time. It is suggested, that "interspersed throughout the works of Schelling, glimpses and indications are to be found of some stupendous theory on the subject of the imagination;" that Coleridge expected to "catch and unriddle these shadowy intimations," but that, finding himself unable to do this, he "had nothing else for it but to abandon his work altogether, and leave his readers in the lurch." What these glimpses of a



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"stupendous theory" are, and where they are, except "throughout the works of Schelling," the announcer does not inform us: his own imagination may have discovered to him what was never discerned by Coleridge, in all whose notes upon Schelling not a hint is given of this *stupendous theory in embryo*. In the last part of the *Transcendental Idealism*, which relates to the Philosophy of Art, at p. 473, a passage occurs in which the poetic faculty and the productive intuition are identified, and that which is active in both, that one and the same, declared to be the Imagination: but this appears to be the crown and completion of a system already laid down, not a germ of a system to be evolved in future. The Imagination is also characterized in aphorisms 34, 35, of Schelling's *Wissenschaftliche Abhandlungen;* but we must strain our eyes very much to find any indications of a grand philosophical design there.[7] I suspect that this "stupendous theory" has its habitation in the clouds of the accuser's fancy,—*clouds without water*, though black as if they were big with showers of rain.

The extent of Schelling's teaching on the subject of the Imagination my father well knew before he commenced the *Biographia Literaria*, and he must also have known how far he was able to "catch and unriddle his shadowy intimations;" what he did not know or sufficiently consider was the space, which such a disquisition ought to occupy in his work, and the relation which it had to his undertaking. But for the failure of his powers, he might have recast what he

[7] I have asked two students of Schelling if they ever met with this theory in traversing his works, but could learn nothing of it from either of them.

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had already written, and given it such shape and proportions, as would have made it seem suitable to the work in which he was engaged. Of this effort he felt incapable, and the letter was devised in order to enable him to print what he had already written without farther trouble. But he still cherished the intention of continuing the subject, thus commenced, in a future work, which was to explain his system of thought at large, and to this object he devoted much time and thought, during the latter years of his life,—with what fruit will, it is to be hoped, hereafter appear in a philosophical work by his friend and fellow student Mr. Green.

The second great ground of accusation against my father is his having laid claim to "the main and fundamental ideas" of Schelling's system. "We ourselves," says the critic, "in our day have had some small dealings with 'main and fundamental ideas,' and we know thus much about them, that it is very easy for any man or for every man to have them; the difficulty is in bringing them intelligibly, effectively, and articulately out,—in elaborating them into clear and intelligible shapes." He proceeds to illustrate his argument, on the hint of an expression used by Mr. Gillman, in his Life of Coleridge, with a choice simile. "Wasps," says he, "and even" other insects, which I decline naming after him, "are, we suppose, capable of collecting the juice of flowers, and this juice may be called their 'fundamental ideas;' but the bee alone is a genius among flies, because he alone can put forth his ideas in the shape of honey, and make the breakfast-table glad." True or false, all this has little to do with anything that my father has said in the *Biographia Literaria*. As for the bare "raw material,"

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(to use the critic's own expression,) out of which intellectual systems are formed, it is possessed by every human being, from Adam to his children of the present day, by one just as much as another. Clodpates, who draw no lines save with the plough across the field, have all the geometry folded up in their minds that Euclid unfolded in his book; Kant's doctrine of pure reason is a web woven out of stuff that is in every man's brain; and the simplest Christian is *implicitly* as great a divine as Thomas Aquinas. But when a man declares that the fundamental ideas of a system are *born* and *matured* in his mind, he evidently means, not merely that he possesses the mere material or elements of the system, but that the system itself, as to its leading points and most general positions, has been evolved from the depths of his spirit by his own independent efforts; this has certainly more relation to the wrought honey than to the raw. My father's allegation, that the principal points of Schelling's system were not new to him when he found them uttered in Schelling's words shall be considered presently; his own full belief of what he asserted, I, of course, do not make matter of question or debate.

First however, reverting for a moment to the simile of the "wasps," I beg to observe, that even if such insects might suck the juice of flowers if they would, mechanically *might*, (though their organs are not adapted for the purpose like those of bees,) yet it is certain that instinctively they never do. In vain for them not only the "violets blow," but all the breathing spring beside. On the other hand, a habit of searching the nectaries of delicate blossoms, far sought on heights or in hidden glades, has been found by naturalists to be generally connected with honey-making

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faculties; and thus, without admitting any proper analogy betwixt *flower-juice* and *fundamental ideas*, I will so far avail myself of the illustration as to suggest that, in like manner, he who sought truth far and near, amid the pages of abstruse and neglected metaphysicians of former times, and discovered the merits of new ones, just sprung up in a foreign country, before they were recognized in his own, was probably led to such researches by some special aptitude for studies of this nature and powers of thought in the same line. The wasps and baser flies of literature neither collect juice nor make honey; they only buzz and sting, flitting around the well spread board, to which *they* have never furnished one wholesome morsel, to the disturbance of those who sit thereat; a meddlesome but not, like certain wasps of old, *the manliest race*,[8] for they most attack those who have the powers of the world least on their side, or, being gone out of this world altogether, can neither resist nor return their violence. Time was that when a lion died bees deposited their sweets in his carcase; but now, too often, wasps and vulgar flies gather about the dead lion, to shed upon his motionless remains only what is bitter and offensive![9]

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[8] ἀνδρικώτατον γένος. *Ranæ*, v. 1077.

[9] "No sooner is the lion dead than these hungry flesh-flies swarm about him, verifying a part only of Samson's riddle, they find meat, but they produce no sweetness." Omniana, I. p. 234. I certainly did not recollect this sentence when I wrote the sentence above. My father did not *recollect* Samson Agonistes, l. 136,

"When insupportably his foot advanced—"

at the time of his writing in the *France*,

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To insects of this class too much countenance is given by the tone and spirit in which Mr. Coleridge's censor conducts his argument. In order to find full matter of accusation against him, he puts into his words a great deal which they do not of themselves contain. According to him my Father's language intimates, that what he was about to teach of the transcendental system in the *Biographia Literaria* was not only his own by some degree of anticipation, but his own and no one's else—that "he was prepared to pour from the lamp of an original, though congenial, thinker a flood of new light upon the dark doctrines in which he so *genially coincided.*" Now so far from pretending to pour a flood of *new* light upon the doctrines of Schelling, he not only speaks of him as "the *founder* of the Philosophy of Nature and most successful improver of the Dynamic system,"[10] but declares that to him "we owe the *completion*, and the most important victories of this revolution in philosophy."[11] He calls Schelling his predecessor though contemporary. Predecessor in what? Surely in those

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"When insupportably advancing
Her arm made mockery of the warriour's tramp."

Mr. Dequincey represented him as *denying* the debt to Milton. Now I verily think that I had never read the passage in the *Omniana*, when the lion illustration occurred to me; I never yet have read the book through, though I have had it within reach all my life. It is not *worth* acknowledging like the other; but this and a thousand similar facts make me feel how much of co-incidence in such matters is possible. If my father had read *Samson Agonistes*, still he may have thought that he should have written the line even if he had not.

[10] *Biog. Lit.* vol. 1. chap. ix.

[11] Ib.

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same doctrines which he was about to unfold. That he had not originally learned the general conceptions of this philosophy from Schelling he does indeed affirm, but he expressly ascribes them to Schelling as their discoverer and first teacher, nor does he claim to be considered the author of the system in any sense or in any degree. All he lays *claim* to, and that only by anticipation, as what he hoped to achieve, is "the honour of rendering it intelligible to his countrymen," and of applying it to "the most awful of subjects for the most important of purposes:" and certainly in the application of philosophical principles to the explanation, and, as he believed, support of the Catholic faith, by which means the soundness of the principles themselves is tested, he had a walk of his own in which "no German that ever breathed" has preceded or outstripped him.[12]

Plainly enough it was the sum of his future labours in the furtherance of truth, not his metaphysical doctrines alone, but his entire system of thought that he had in contemplation, when he intimated a confident belief, that the work he should produce would "appear to be the offspring of his own spirit by better tests than the mere reference to dates:" and although his actual performance fell very far short of what he was ever expecting to perform, yet surely his writings at large contain an amount of original thought sufficient to render this anticipatory pretension at least not ridi-

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[12] Mr. Dequincey said of him, with reference to another application of his thoughts, that "he spun daily, from the loom of his own magical brain, theories more gorgeous by far, and supported by a pomp and luxury of images, such as no German that ever breathed could have emulated in his dreams."

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culous. That his meaning was thus general more clearly appears from the circumstance that, just before this appeal concerning his originality of authorship, he refers to his design of applying philosophy to religion; and without doubt his *religious* philosophy differed materially from that of the great German. In connexion too with the same subject he mentions "this or *any future* work of his;" so that to suppose him, when he thus expressed himself, to have had in his mind's eye just that portion of his teaching in the *B. L.* which he had borrowed or was to borrow from Schelling, is gratuitous indeed.[13] Is it conceivable that Mr. Coleridge would have appealed to tests of originality, which his future writings were to furnish, had he not believed in his heart that they would furnish those tests?—that he would have defied a comparison of dates, had he been claiming originality merely on the score of what he had consciously borrowed?

But that pretension of his to having anticipated much of what Schelling taught has been treated with vehement scorn, as a mere pretence.

His accordance with the German Philosopher, it is peremptorily asserted, could *not* have been co-incidence, because he gave forth Schelling's own doctrine in Schelling's own words, without any important addition or variation. "Genial coincidences, forsooth!

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[13] His *good friend* in the Ed. Review of Aug. 1817, sees this matter in a truer light, for he says Mr. C. "proceeds to defend himself against the charge of plagiarism, of which he suspects that he may be suspected by the readers of Schlegel and Schelling, when he comes to unfold, *in fulness of time*, the mysterious laws of the drama and the human mind." *Fas est et ab hoste juvari.*

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where every one word of the one author tallies with every one word of the other!" That it is ill-judged in any man to tell the world, in his own favour, one tittle more than he is prepared to prove, I have no intention to dispute, nor is it for the sake of maintaining my father's claims as a metaphysical seer, that I trouble myself with the above position: for another reason, more deeply concerning, I must contend, that his having neither added to, nor varied from, the doctrines of Schelling does not make it clear as noon-day, that he had not some original insight into them, nor is even his adoption of Schelling's words any absolute proof, that he had in no degree anticipated their *sense.* There can be no reasonable doubt, that he was at least in the same line of thought with him,—was in search of what Schelling discovered—before he met with his writings; and on this point it is to be remarked, that the writer in Blackwood, though he professes to give the *whole* of Mr. Coleridge's defence, omits a very important part of it, that in which he accounts for his averred *co-incidence* with the German writer, and thus establishes its probability.[14] True enough it is that the transcendental doctrine contained in the *Biographia Literaria* is conveyed for the most part in the language of Schelling, and this seems to shew, that he had not formed into a regular composition any identical views of his own before he read that author's works;[15]

[14] See, in the ninth chapter of this work, the passage beginning, "We had studied in the same school—" vol. 1. p. 164.

[15] This admission refers to such parts of the book as expressly convey the transcendental doctrine. Certain observations on religious philosophy cited by Mr. Coleridge he declares himself to have anticipated in writing. A few sentences with which he prefaces the extract in the ninth chapter, which have

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but that the main conceptions of Schelling's system were wholly new to his mind, when he met with them there, cannot be determined by any such test.

Coincidences in the discoveries of science are more common, especially among contemporaries, than in the products of fancy and imagination, because *these* are not, like the last, mere arbitrary combinations of materials drawn from the storehouse of the universe, capable of being infinitely varied; but revelations of truths which manifest themselves, one and the same, to every inquirer who goes far enough in a certain direction of thought to meet with them—which lie in

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been strongly animadverted upon, I give here, together with the defence of them, in order to avoid any recurrence to the present subject hereafter: "While I in part translate the following observations from a contemporary writer of the Continent, let me be permitted to premise, that I might have transcribed the substance from *memoranda* of my own, which were written many years before his pamphlet was given to the world; and that I prefer another's words to my own, partly as a tribute due to priority of publication; but still more from the pleasure of sympathy in a case where *co-incidence* only was possible." "This passage," says my Father's late Editor, "is noted with particular acrimony by the writer in Blackwood, as "outraging common sense and the capacities of human belief," with more about "cool assurance," and "taking upon him to say," and the like. And why all this? Is there anything in the substance or leading thought in the following paragraph so peculiar and extraordinary, as to make it incredible, that the same may have passed through the mind of such a man as even this writer seems to admit Mr. Coleridge to have been? He studied in Germany in 1798, and Schelling's pamphlet was published in 1806. The writer cannot comprehend how Mr. C. could take upon him to say, "that co-incidence only was possible" in the case, "except on the ground, that it was impossible for any human being to write anything but what he (Mr. C.) had written

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the path of the human intellect, and must be arrived at, when it has made a certain progress in its pre-appointed course. In all scientific product two factors are required; energy of thought in the discoverer, and a special state of preparation for the particular advance in the state of science itself. Real Idealism could never have dawned on the mind of Schelling had he not been born into the meridian light of the Idealism of Kant, which was surely founded on the Idealism of Berkeley. Is it anything then so very incredible, that a man, from his childhood an ardent metaphysical inquirer, who had gone through the same preparatory

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before." And yet no human being but one could ever suppose that Mr. Coleridge meant any such folly. What can be simpler? He says he had before 1806 noted down—and his friends and his enemies—(that he should have such still!)—know his habit in this particular—the substance, that is, as most people understand it, the general thought of the paragraph. If that were so, there having been no personal intercourse between Schelling and Coleridge, coincidence, in Italics or Roman, was only possible in the case.

A complaint is also made that a passage of 49 lines comprising six only of original writing, should be said to be only in part translated; which Coleridge never said. "The following observations" very obviously extend to the words "William Law," two pages beyond the 49 lines; *of the whole* it is truly said, that it is partly translated, about one half of it, in different parts, not being so. H. N. C.

Upon this false supposition that my father referred only to the 49 lines in his acknowledgment, he is not only attacked for having spoken of them as *in part translated*, but declared to have taken without acknowledgment "two other long sentences from the *Darlegung*," which occur in the following paragraph, and which, because he altered them a little for the occasion, he is reproached with having "curiously transmogrified."

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discipline with Schelling, by reflection upon the doctrines of Kant, their perfect reasonableness, so far as they advanced beyond all previous thought, their unsatisfactoriness where they stopped short, and clung, in words at least, to the old dogmatism, might have been led into modes of rectifying and completing his system similar to those which Schelling adopted? That Coleridge does not appear to have gone beyond the subtle German in the path of discovery is insufficient to prove, that he might not independently have gone as far; for we do not commonly see that more than one important advance is made in metaphysical science at any one period. Berkeleyanism presented itself to the mind of Arthur Collier before he had read a syllable of Berkeley's metaphysical writings, and he maintained the non-existence of matter by arguments substantially the same as those employed in the *Principles of Human Knowledge* and "*Dialogues between Hylas and Philonous*, without communication, as we may reasonably suppose, with their admirable author.[16] Let us suppose Collier to have been a man careless and immethodical in his habits, continually diverted from regular scientific inquiry by a "shaping spirit of imagination,"—one whose disposition led him to be ever seeking matter for new thought, rather than labouring to reduce into presentable order that which he had already acquired; let us further suppose that, before he had given expression to his views in a regular treatise, the works of Berkeley had fallen in his way; would it not almost inevitably have happened, that the conceptions, floating in his mind, but not yet fixed in language, would have

[16] See Mr. Benson's Memoirs of Collier, pp. 18, 19.

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mixed themselves up indistinguishably with those of the older author, and assumed the same form? But if the *form* into which his thoughts were thrown had been the same with that adopted by his "predecessor though contemporary," the philosophy of the two would have been identical, for Collier's view neither materially added to Berkeley's nor varied from it. On such considerations as these it may surely be deemed possible, that my Father did not wholly deceive himself, much less wilfully seek to deceive others, when he affirmed that "the main and fundamental ideas" of Schelling's system were born and matured in his mind before he read the works of Schelling; and if such a belief would do no great discredit to the head of any inquirer into this question, how much more honourable to his heart would be the readiness to think thus, especially of one whose services in the cause of truth are at this time wholly denied by none but his personal or party enemies, than the impulse to fling it aside with a scornful "*credat Judæus Apella, non ego!*" Those were the words of a Heathen Satirist. We *Christians* know, that it was not *credulity*, but want of faith and of a spirit quicker to discern truth and goodness than to suspect imposture and evil, by which they of the circumcision were most painfully characterized.[17]

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[17] When I had written thus far I received a letter from Mr. Green, containing the following remarks: "It would not be difficult, I apprehend, to shew that he (Coleridge) might have worked out a system, not dissimilar to Schelling's in its essential features. What however did Coleridge himself mean by *the fundamental truths* of Schelling's scheme? It is very true that the reader of the *Biographia* is under the necessity of supposing, that he meant the doctrines, which he has adopted in the passages taken from Schelling's works: but I confess that

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But the writer in Blackwood, *out of his great zeal in behalf of the plundered and aggrieved,* would not only deprive Coleridge of his whole credit as a philosopher—he would fain take from him "some of the

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I strongly doubt that such was the meaning of Coleridge. My acquaintance with S. T. C. commenced with the intention of studying the writings of Schelling; but after a few interviews the design was given up, in consequence of Coleridge declaring his dissent from Schelling's doctrines; and he began immediately the exposition of his own views.

"This perhaps renders the *Biographia* more inexplicable. For herein S. T. C. assumes the originality of Schelling—which can only be received with great qualifications—and is content to have it admitted, that the agreements between himself and Schelling were the coincidences of two minds working on the same subject and in the same direction. Now this is the more remarkable, that it may be shewn, that many or most of the views entertained by Coleridge, at least at the period of our first acquaintance, might have been derived from other sources, and that his system differs essentially from that of Schelling. Some light might perhaps be thrown upon this interesting question by a knowledge, which unfortunately I do not possess, of the circumstances under which the fragment called the *Biographia* was drawn up. It is possible, no doubt, that Coleridge's opinions might have undergone a change between the period, at which the B. L. was published, and that at which I had the happiness of becoming acquainted with him. But at the latter period his doctrines were based upon the self same principles, which he retained to his dying hour, and differing as they do fundamentally from those of Schelling, I cannot but avow my conviction, that they were formed at a much earlier period, nay that they were growths of his own mind, growing with his growth, strengthening with his strength, the result of a Platonic spirit, the stirrings of which had already evinced themselves in his early boyhood, and which had been only modified, and indirectly shaped and developed by the German school."

"That in the B. L. when developing his own scheme of thought, he adopted the outward form, in which Schelling had clothed his thoughts, knowing, that is to say, that the *formula*

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*brightest gems* in his poetic wreath itself." It is thus that two couplets, exemplifying the Homeric and Ovidian metres,[19] are described by his candid judge; and in the same spirit he describes my Father as hav-

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was Schelling's, though forgetting that it was also the language of Schelling, may be attributed to idleness, carelessness, or to any fault of the *kind* which deserves a harsher name; but certainly not to dishonesty, not to any desire of obtaining reputation at the expense, and by the spoliation, of the intellectual labours of another—and can form no ground for denying to him the name of a powerful and original thinker. And the unacknowledged use of the quotations from Schelling in the B. L. which have been the pretext for branding him with the opprobrious name of plagiarist, are only evidences, in my humble judgment at least, of his disregard to reputation, and of a *self-lessness*, (if I may be allowed such a term, in order to mark an absence of the sense of self, which constituted an inherent defect in his character,) which caused him to neglect the means of vindicating his claim to the originality of the system, which was the labour of his life and the fruit of his genius."

[19] He pronounces them in part worse, in no respect a whit better than the originals.

Im pentameter drauf fällt sie melodisch herab.
In the pentameter aye *falling in melody back.*

To my ear, *as I fancy*, the light dactylic flow of the latter half of the pentameter, is still more exquisite in the English than in the German, though the spondee which commences the latter is an advantage. The English line is rather the more liquid of the two, and the word "*back*," with which it closes, almost imitates the plash of the refluent water against the ground.

Even from the sentence on the inferiority of Coleridge's Homeric verses there might perhaps be an appeal: but neither in German nor in English could a pair of hexameters be made to present such variety in unity, such a perfect little whole, as the elegiac distich.

Readers may compare the translated verses with the original in the last edition of Coleridge's Poems in one volume; where they will also find the poem of Stolberg, which suggested, and partly *produced*, my Father's *Lines on a Cataract.*

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ing sought to *conceal* the fact, that they were translated from Schiller, a poet whose works are perhaps as generally read here as those of Shakespeare in Germany.

The expression "brightest gems" however is meant to include *Lines on a Cataract*, which are somewhat more conspicuous in Coleridge's poetic wreath than the pair of distiches; in these he is said to have closely adopted the metre, language and thoughts of another man. Now the metre, language and thoughts of Stolberg's poem are all in Coleridge's expansion of it, but those of the latter are not *all* contained in the former, any more than the budding rose contains all the riches of the rose full blown. "It is but a shadow," says the critic, "a glorified shadow perhaps," but still only a shadow cast from another man's "substance." Is not such *glory* the *substance*, or part of the substance, of poetic merit? How much of admired poetry must we not *unsubstantialize*, if the reproduction of what was before, with additions and improvements, is to be made a shadow of? That which is most exquisite in the *Lines on a Cataract* is Coleridge's own: though some may even prefer Stolberg's striking original. These and the verses from Schiller were added to the poetical works of Mr. Coleridge by his late Editor. Had the author superintended the edition, into which they were first inserted, himself, he would, perhaps, have made references to Schiller and Stolberg in these instances, as he had done in others; if he neglected to do so, it could not have been in any expectation of keeping to himself what he had borrowed from them.

Lastly, Mr. Coleridge's obligations to Schelling in Lecture VIII. on Poesy and Art are spoken of by the writer in Blackwood, after his own manner.

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It is true, that the most important principles delivered in that Lecture are laid down by the German Sage in his *Oration on the relationship of the Plastic Arts to Nature,*[20]—yet I cannot think it quite correct to say that it is "closely copied and in many parts translated" from Schelling's discourse. It not only omits a great deal that the other contains, but adds, and, as it seems to me, materially, to what is borrowed: neither, as far as I can find, after a second careful perusal of the latter, has it any *passage* translated from Schelling, only a few words here and there being the same as in that great philosopher's treatise.

Let me add, that *Mr. Coleridge did not publish this Lecture himself.* Whenever it is re-published, what it contains of Schelling's will be stated precisely. Would that an equal restitution could be made in all quarters of all that has been borrowed, with change of shape but little or no alteration of substance! In this case, not a few writers, whose originality is now unquestioned, would lose more weight from their coinage than my Father will do, by subtraction of that which he took without disguise from Schelling and others:—for how commonly do men imagine themselves producing and creating, when they are but metamorphosing!

"That Coleridge was tempted into this course by vanity," says the writer in Blackwood toward the end of his article; "by the paltry desire of applause, or by any direct intention to defraud others of their due, we do not believe; this never was believed and never will be believed." Truly I believe *not;* but no thanks to the accuser who labours to convict him of "want-

[21] *Phil. Schrift.* p. 343.



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ing rectitude and truth;" who reads his apologies the wrong way, as witches say their prayers backward; —who *hatches* a grand project for Schelling in order to bring him in guilty of a design to steal it; who uses language respecting him which the merest vanity and dishonesty alone could deserve. *This never has been or will be believed* by the generous and intelligent, though men inclined to fear and distrust his opinions are strengthened in their prejudices by such imputations upon their maintainer, and many are prevented from acquiring a true knowledge of him and of them. What Schelling himself thought on the subject will be seen from the following extract of a letter of Mr. Stanley, author of the Life of Dr. Arnold, kindly communicated to me by Archdeacon Hare. "Schelling's remarks about Coleridge were too generally expressed, I fear, to be of any use in a vindication of him, except so far as proving his own friendly feeling toward him. But as far as I can reconstruct his sentence it was much as follows, being in answer to a question whether he had known Coleridge personally. "Whether I have seen Coleridge or not, I cannot tell; if he called upon me at Jena, it was before his name had become otherwise known to me, and amongst the numbers of young Englishmen, whom I then saw, I cannot recall the persons of individuals. But I have read what he has written with great pleasure, and I took occasion in my lectures to vindicate him from the charge, which has been brought against him, of plagiarising from me; and I said that it was I rather who owed much to him, and that, in the Essay on Prometheus, Coleridge in his remark, that "Mythology was not allegorical but tautegorical,"[21] had con-

[21] *Remains*, II. p. 352.

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centrated in one striking expression (*in einem schlagenden Ausdruck*) what I had been labouring to represent with much toil and trouble. This is all that I can be sure of."

Such was this *truly great Man's* feeling about the *wrongs* that he had sustained from my Father. Had the writer in Blackwood pointed out his part in the *Biographia Literaria without one word of insult* to the author's memory, he would have proved his zeal for the German Philosopher, and for the interests of literature *more* clearly than now, because more purely, and deserved only feelings of respect and obligation from all who love and honour the name of Coleridge.

It will already have been seen, that no attempt is here made to *justify* my Father's literary omissions and inaccuracies, or to deny that they proceeded from anything defective in his frame of mind; I would only maintain that this fault has not been fairly reported or becomingly commented upon. That a man who has been "more highly gifted than his fellows," is therefore to have less required of him in the way of "rectitude and truth," that he is to be "held less amenable to the laws which ought to bind all human beings," is a proposition which no one sets up except for the sake of taking it down again, and some man of genius along with it; but there is another proposition, confounded by some perhaps with the aforesaid, which is true, and ought, in justice and charity, to be borne in mind; I mean that men of "peculiar *intellectual* conformation," who have peculiar powers of intellect are very often peculiar in the rest of their constitution, to such a degree that points in their conduct, which, in persons of ordinary faculties and habits of mind, *could* only result from conscious wilful departure from

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the rule of right, may in their case have a different origin, and though capable, more or less, of being controlled by the will may not arise out of it. Marked gifts are often attended by marked deficiencies even in the intellect: those best acquainted with my Father are well aware that there was in him a special *intellectual* flaw; Archdeacon Hare has said, that his memory was "notoriously irretentive;" and it is true that, on a certain class of subjects, it was extraordinarily confused and inaccurate; matter of fact, as such, laid no hold upon his mind; of all he heard and saw, he readily caught and well retained the spirit, but the *letter* escaped him; he seemed incapable of paying the due regard to it. That it is the duty of any man, who has such a peculiarity, to watch over it and endeavour to remedy it, is unquestionable; I would only suggest that this defect, which belonged not to the moral being of Coleridge but to the frame of his intellect, and was in close connection with that which constituted his peculiar intellectual strength, his power of abstracting and referring to universal principles, often rendered him unconscious of incorrectness of statement, of which men in general scarcely could have been unconscious, and that to it, and not to any deeper cause, such neglects and transgressions of established rules as have been alleged against him, ought to be referred.[22]

[22] At all times his incorrectness of quotation and of reference and in the relation of particular circumstances was extreme; it seemed as if the door betwixt his memory and imagination was always open, and though the former was a large strong room, its contents were perpetually mingling with those of the adjoining chamber. I am sure that if I had not had the facts of my Father's life at large before me, from his letters and the relations of friends, I should not have believed such confusions as

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A certain infidelity there was doubtless in the mirror of his mind, so strong was his tendency to overlook the barrier between imagination and actual fact. No

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his possible in a man of sound mind. To give two out of numberless instances,—in a manuscript intended to be perused by his friend Mr. Green, he speaks of a composition by Mr. Green himself, as if he, S. T. Coleridge, were the author of it. A man, who thus forgets, will oftener ascribe the thoughts of another, when they have a great cognateness with, and a deep interest for, his own mind, to himself, than such cognate and interesting thoughts to another; but my Father's forgetfulness was not always in the way of appropriation, as this story, written to me by Mrs. Julius Hare, will shew. She says, it was "told him (Archdeacon Hare,) many years ago by the Rev. Robert Tennant, who was then his Curate, but afterwards went to Florence and died there. He had a great reverence and admiration for Mr. Coleridge, and used occasionally to call upon him. During one of these visits, Mr. C. spoke of a book, (Mr. Hare thinks it was on Political Economy,) in which there were some valuable remarks bearing upon the subject of their conversation. Mr. Tennant immediately purchased the book on this recommendation, but on reading it was surprised to find no such passages as Mr. C. had referred to. Some time after he saw the same book at the house of a friend, and mentioned the circumstance to him; upon which his friend directed him to the margin of the volume before him, and there he found the very remarks in Mr. C.'s own writing, which he had written in as *marginalia*, and forgotten that they were his own and not the author's. Mr. Hare had always intended asking Mr. T. to give him this story in detail in writing, but unfortunately delayed it too long till Mr. T.'s very sudden death prevented it altogether; but he can vouch for its general correctness."

My Father trusted to his memory, knowing it to be powerful and not aware that it was inaccurate, in order to save his legs and his eyes. I suspect that he quoted even longish passages in Greek without copying them, by the slight differences that occur. Another *phænomenon* of his memory was its curious way of interchanging properties; as when he takes from Hobbes

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man had a keener insight into character than he, or saw moral and mental distinctions more clearly; yet his judgments of particular persons were often rela-

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and gives to Des Cartes, what is *not* to be found in the latter and *is* to be found in the former. (See chapter v.) This he did in the face of Sir James Mackintosh, one of the most clear-headed and accurately learned men of the day, after inciting him to examine his own positions by contradiction; so incautious and dreamy was he. It seems as if he was ever dreaming of blows and caring for them no more than for the blows of a dream. How much strength of memory may co-exist with weakness, the intellect remaining quite sound in the main, may often be observed in old men. Just so many a nervous man can walk twenty miles when he cannot walk straight into a room, or lift a cup to his lips without shaking it.

It was from this same mixture of carelessness and confusedness that my Father neglected all his life long to make regular literary acknowledgments. He did it when he happened to think of it, sometimes disproportionately, at other times not, but without the slightest intention, and in some cases without the possibility of even temporary concealment. He published *The Fall of Robespierre* as *An Historic Drama by S. T. Coleridge*, without joining Mr. Southey's name with his in the title page, though my Uncle and all his many friends knew that he wrote the second and third act of it; and in a note to the *Conciones* he spoke of the first act only as his own. He did not call the *Catullian Hendecasyllables* a translation, though at any hour I might have seen the original in the copy of Matthisson's poems which he had given me, and in which he had written, after the presentation, "*Die Kinderjahre*, p. 15-29; *der-Schmetterling*, p. 50; and the *Alpenreise*, p. 75, will be especial favourites with you, I dare anticipate. 9th May, 1820, Highgate." His Hendecasyllables contain *twelve* syllables, and as metre are, to my ear, a great improvement, on Matthisson's eleven-syllable lines. He acted in the same way with regard to two epigrams of Lessing's, one in the Poetic Works, ii. p. 78, called *Names*, and another on Rufa and her Lapdog, which has been printed somewhere,—(*Die Namen* and *An die Dorilis*. Works of Lessing, vol. i. p. 19. and p. 46.) He had spoken of them as trans-

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tively wrong; not that he ascribed to them qualities which they did not possess, or denied them those which they had, but that his feelings and imagination height-

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lations to Mr. Cottle. Mr. Green tells me that in the *Confessions* are a few phrases borrowed from Lessing, which will be pointed out particularly hereafter. My Father once talked of translating all that author's works. An epigram printed in the *Remains*, *Hoarse Mævius* is also from the German; he seems to have spoken of it as such to Mr. Cottle. The fourth and sixth stanzas of *Separation* (P. W. i. p. 262.) are adopted from Cotton's *Chlorinda*. The late Mr. Sidney Walker thought that my Father was indebted to Casimir's xiii$^{th}$ Ode for the general conception of his *Lines in answer to a melancholy Letter*, one of the Juvenile Poems. The second stanza looks like an expansion of the commencement:

Non si sol semel occidit,
Non rubris iterum surget ab Indiis.

I see no likeness elsewhere, except of subject. Mr. S. W. also pointed out to me an image taken from the opening of Ossian's *War of Inisthoma*, in *Lines on an Autumnal Evening*, "As when the Savage," &c. (P. W. I. p. 39.) *The Rose* (Ib. p. 40.) is, I believe, from the French.

"And I the while, the sole unbusy thing
Nor honey make, nor build, nor pair, nor sing," (Ib. ii. p. 72.)

would probably have been written, even if Herbert had not written, as Mr. Walker reminded me,

All things are busy; only I
Neither bring honey with the bees,
Nor flowers to make that, nor the husbandry
To water these. (*Employment*, Poems, p. 53.)

I think it will hardly be supposed that Mr. Coleridge meant to *cheat* Casimir, Cotton, Lessing and Matthisson of the articles he borrowed from them. The two former he celebrated in his writings, when they were not much in the world's eye; the two latter are popular and well known authors, whose works are in every hand in Germany, and here in the hands of many. Mr. Dequincey says he relied "too much upon the slight know-

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ened and magnified that side or aspect of a mind, which was most present to him at the time when his estimate was drawn; the good and the beautiful, which he beheld at the moment, appeared in his eyes the very type of goodness and beauty: the subjects of it were transfigured before him and shone with unearthly hues and lineaments. Of principles he had the clearest intuition, for that which is without degree is in no danger of being exaggerated; nor was he liable, from his peculiar temperament, to miss poetic truth; because nature, as she lends to imagination all her colours, can never be mis-represented by the fullest expenditure of her own gifts upon herself. And even in his view of the particular and individual,—though, as has been said of him in his literary character, "often like the sun, when looking at the planets, he only beheld his own image in the objects of his gaze, and often, when his eye darted on a cloud, would turn it into a rainbow,"[23]—yet possibly even here far more of truth re-

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ledge of German literature in this country;"—a blind remark! Who relies for concealment on a screen which he is doing his best to throw down? Had my Father *calculated* at all he would have done it better; but to *calculate* was not in his nature. If he ever deceived others it was when he was himself deceived first. Hazlitt said he "always carried in his pocket a list of the Illustrious Obscure." I think he made some writers, who were obscure when he first noticed them, cease to be so; and it will be found, that he did not generally borrow from the *little known* without declaring his obligations; that most of his adoptions were from writers too illustrious to be wronged by plagiarism. It is true that Maasz, from whom he borrowed some things, never was famous: but had he "*relied*" on the world's ignorance of him he would not have mentioned him as a writer on mental philosophy at all.

[23] See Guesses at Truth, 2nd. edit. p. 241.

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vealed itself to his earnest gaze than the world, which ever observes too carelessly and superficially, was aware of. Many of his poems, in which persons are described in ecstatic language were suggested by individuals, and doubtless did but pourtray them as they were constantly presented to him by his heart and imagination.

Such a temper is ever liable to be mistaken for one of fickleness, insincerity, and lightness of feeling; and even so has Coleridge at times been represented by persons, who judging partially and superficially, conceived him to be wanting in depth of heart and substantial kindness, whose depths they had never explored and with whose temperament and emotions there was no congeniality in their own. But it is not true, as others will eagerly testify, that the affections of Coleridge were slight and evanescent, his intellectual faculties alone vigorous and steadfast; though it *is* true that, in persons constituted like him, the former will be more dependent on the latter, more readily excited and determined through the powers of thought and imagination than in ordinary cases. His heart was as warm as his intellectual being was lifesome and active, nay it was from warmth of heart and keenness of feeling that his imagination derived its glow and vivacity, the condition of the latter, at least, was intimately connected with that of the former. He loved to share all he had with others; and it is the opinion of one who knew him *well* and *early*, that, had he possessed wealth in his earlier years, he would have given great part of it away. If there are any who conceive that his affections were apt to evaporate in words, I think it right to protest against such a notion of his character. Kind words are not to be contrasted with good deeds,

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except where they are substituted for them, and those kindly feelings which, in the present instance, so often overflowed in words were just as ready to shape themselves into deeds, as far as the heart was concerned;—how far the hand can answer to the heart depends on circumstances with which the last has no concern. Had there been this tenuity and shallowness in his spirit, he could never have made that sort of impression as an author, which many thoughtful persons have received from his works, much less as a man have inspired such deep love and esteem as still waits upon his memory from some who are themselves loved and honoured by all that know them well.[24] That the objects of his affections oftener changed than consisted with, or could have arisen in, a happy even tenour of life, was, in his case, no symptom of that variableness which results from the union of a lively fancy with a shallow heart; if he soon formed attachments, this arose from the quickness of his sympathies,—the ease with which he could enter into each man's individual being, loving and admiring whatever it contained of amiable or admirable; from a "constitutional *communicativeness* and utterancy of heart and soul," which, speedily attracting others to him, rendered them again on this account doubly interesting in his eyes; if he "stood aloof," during portions of his life, from any once dear to him, this was rather occasioned by a morbid intensity and tenacity of feeling than any opposite quality of mind,

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[24] Some persons appear to have confounded the general courtesy and bland overflowing of his *manners* with the state of his *affections*, and because the feelings which prompted the former flitted over the surface of his heart, to suppose that the latter were flitting and superficial too.

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the same disposition which led him to heighten the lights of every object, while its bright side was turned toward himself, inclining him to deepen its shadows, when the chances and changes of life presented to him its darker aspect,—the same temper which led him to over-estimate marks of regard, rendering him too keenly sensible of, or quick to imagine, short-comings of love and esteem, his claims to which he not unnaturally reckoned by his readiness to bestow, which was boundless, rather than his fitness to receive, which he ever acknowledged to be limited. He was apt to consider affection as due simply to affection, irrespectively of merit in any other shape, and felt that such a "fund of love" as his, and that too from one so highly endowed as few denied him to be, ought "almost" to "supply desert." He too much desired to idolize and be idolized, to fix his eye, even in this mortal life, only on perfection, to have the imperfections which he recognised in himself severely noted by himself alone.

> "For to be loved is all I need,
> And whom I love, I love indeed."

This turn of mind was at least partly the cause of such change and fluctuation in his attachments through life as may have subjected his conduct to unfavourable construction; another cause he himself indicated, at an early period of his career, when, after speaking of the gifts assigned him by heaven, he sadly exclaims,

> "—— and from my *graspless hand*
> Drop friendship's precious pearls like hour-glass sand!"

Some of these precious pearls he let fall, not from wanting a deep sense of their value, or any lightness of feeling, but because he lacked resolution to hold them fast, or "stoop" to recover what he yet "wept"

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to lose. Still it was but a cruel half truth, when one strangely converted from a friend into an enemy, ever shooting out his arrows even bitter words, spoke of him thus: "*There* is a man all intellect but without a will!" Sometimes indeed to will was present with him when he found not how to perform; *all* the good that he would he did not; but his performance, taken upon the whole, his involuntary defects considered, inspired his many friends with the belief that he was not only a wise, but humanly speaking, a *good* man.—"Good and great" some say: whether or no he was the latter, and how far, let others declare, time being the umpire; *it signifies, comparatively, nothing to the persons most interested in and for him what the decision on this point may be;* but the good qualities of his heart must be borne witness to by those in the present day who knew him best in private. Thus much may be said for the correctness of his intuitions and the clearness of his moral sense, that, through life, his associates, with few exceptions, were distinguished by high qualities of head and heart; from first to last of his course here below he was a discoverer and a proclaimer of excellence both in books and men.

## *Mr. Coleridge's Religious Opinions; their formation; misconceptions and misrepresentations on the subject.*

SUCH imputations as those I have had the painful task of discussing, are apt to circulate rapidly and meet a ready credence from part of the public, when they concern a writer whose opinions are obnoxious to various parties in politics and religion, and who has never secured the favour and admiration of the light reading and little thinking world. For one man who

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will fully and deeply examine any portion of the opinions, religious or philosophical, of a full and deep thinker, there are hundreds capable of comparing the run of sentences and paragraphs and being entertained by a charge of plagiarism: if some are grateful to him for light thrown, as *their* eyes tell them, upon truth, far more are offended because this same light reveals to them the untruth which they would fain not see in its proper hues and proportions; who not being prepared to overthrow his reasonings by a direct attack are glad to come at them obliquely, by lowering his personal character and thereby weakening his authority. The whole Romish world was bent on convicting Luther of Antinomianism, and as they could not discover it in his writings, they were resolved, if possible, to find it in his life, and as it was not forthcoming in either, they put it into both; they took all his rhetoric the wrong way up and hunted for unsoundness in his mind and libertinism in his conduct, as vultures hunt for things corrupt in nature.[1] The spirit evidenced in this procedure,—*that* "ancient spirit is not dead;" religious writers, even at the present day, are far too prone to discredit a man's opinions at second-hand by

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[1] I believe that Bayle's article caused a dead silence on the subject of the great Reformer's personal "carnality" for ages. Of late years it has been revived and there is a faint attempt to bring up some of the old stories circulated against him to the effect that he made *liberty a cloak for licentiousness.* (See on Luther's Life and opinions Hare's *Mission of the Comforter*, vol. ii. pp. 656-878.) It was an "easy feat" to put Pantheism into the "bottom of Luther's doctrine and personal character," (Essay on Developement, p. 84.) because the *bottom* of doctrine is one knows not where, and *Pantheism*, as modern polemics employ the term, one knows not what; but to fasten dissoluteness on his conduct is by no means easy.

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tracing them to some averred evil source in his character, or perverting influence in the circumstances of his life. This seems exceptionable however gently done, first because it is a very circuitous and uncertain mode of arriving at truth; a man's opinions we know on his own statements of them; but in attempting to discover the means through which they have been formed, we are searching in the dark, or the duskiest and most deceptive twilight, and, having no clear light to guide us, are apt to be led astray by some *ignis fatuus* of our own prejudices and delusions. Let the opinions be tried on their own merits, and if this is beside the inquirer's purpose, and he chooses to assume the truth of those he himself holds, considering them too certain and too sacred to be made a question of, in the same spirit let him disdain to snatch an argument in their favour, out of themselves, from doubtful considerations. Alas! how many of those who hold this lofty tone, calling their own belief *the truth*, and other men's belief mere *opinion*, only because they have an opinion of the validity of a certain test of truth which others cannot assent to, will yet resort to questionable methods of recommending this their unquestionable creed, and bring elaborate sophisms and partial representations, fit only to impose upon prepossessed and ductile readers, to the aid of "practical infallibility!"

But the second and even stronger objection to this mode of proceeding is, that the desire to find the origin of a man's way of thinking in the facts of his history, brings the inquirer under great temptation to depart from strict truth in regard to the facts themselves,—to mould them, often perhaps unconsciously, into such a shape as best suits his purpose.

Now in order to show that these inconveniences do

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attach to the principle itself, I will take my example of its operation from a respectable quarter, where no unkindly spirit is manifested in tone or language. The seventh number of the *Christian Miscellany* of July 1842 contains fifteen or sixteen pages of short extracts from Mr. Coleridge's writings, which are entitled "Contributions of S. T. Coleridge to the Revival of Catholic Truths." I would suggest, by the way, that if my Father had taught only as such eclectics from his works would have him appear to have taught, his contributions to catholic truth would have been meagre enough, and might even have told in favour of much that he considered most uncatholic falsehood; had his views been compressed within the bounds into which an implicit faith in the formal theology of early times must have compressed them, his system would have been lifeless and unreal as that which he was ever seeking to enliven and organize; he would have done little toward *enlightening his generation*, though he might have aided others to strengthen particular parties by bringing up again for current use obsolete religious metaphysics and neglected arguments—a very different process from that of a true revival, which, instead of raising up the dead body of ancient doctrine, calls forth the life and substance that belong to it, clothed in a newer and more spiritual body, and gives to the belief of past ages an expansion and extension commensurate with the developed mind of our progressive race. Such was the revival of catholic truth at which he *aimed*, with whatever success, and to bring him in as an assistant in one of an opposite character, is, in my opinion, to do him injustice.

My immediate purpose, however, was not to notice the extracts themselves, but certain observations, re-

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specting my Father, prefixed to them. They are contained in the little introduction, which speaks as follows:

"These excerpts are not brought forward as giving an accurate representation of Mr. Coleridge's opinions in all their modifications, or as specimens of his writings generally; they are rather the chance metal of a mine, rich indeed, but containing ores of every degree of value. They may however serve to shew, how much he contributed by his elimination of powerful truths, in the then unhealthy state of literature, to the revival of sounder principles. In doing this it is not surprising that one, who relied so much on himself, and was so little guided, at least directly, by external authority, should have fallen into some inconsistencies. These inconsistencies are rather the result of an undue development of certain parts of Christian philosophy, than the holding of opinions immediately heretical."

"The circumstances in his Christian course, which we may regard as having impaired his power of duly appreciating the relative value of certain Catholic truths, were his profession of literature, his having edited a newspaper, and having been engaged in a course of heretical and schismatical teaching. That he was rescued from these dangers and crimes, and to a great extent saved from their effects, is, it is not improbable, owing to the circumstances of his early education. He was the son of a clergyman, admitted into the Church, and taught its doctrines by his pious and simple-hearted father, was impressed by his instructor, the Rev. James Bowyer, with the unrealities and hollowness of modern literature, and during his whole life was the subject of severe afflictions, which he received in patience, expressing for his past and often confessed sins, peni-

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tence in word, and doubtless penance in deeds. Through those means he may have attained his happy privilege, of uttering the most important truths, and clothing them in such language as rendered their reception more easy to minds not entirely petrified by the materialism of the day."

For Mr. Coleridge's sake alone it might be thought scarcely worth while to discuss the accuracy of remarks, which are perhaps at this time remembered by few, and, like a thousand others of similar tendency, cannot fail to be counteracted in their drift, so far as it is erroneous, by the ever renewed influence of his writings, as the returning waters sweep from the sea shore what children have scattered there during the ebb.[1] For the sake of right principle, I must observe, that in seeking to strengthen our own faith by casting any measure of discredit on minds which have not received it, we rather shew our zeal in its behalf, than any true sense of its intrinsic excellence or confidence in its power. When a critic or biographer has a man's whole life,—whole body of opinions—under review, he may fairly enough,—though it is always a most difficult process,—*attempt* to show how, and to what extent, his character and modes of thought were affected by external circumstances; but I cannot help thinking it very unfair to pre-occupy a reader's mind with two or three

[1] The reader will perceive that I use this simile of the Sea to denote, not the size or importance, but the comparative permanence of my Father's writings. That he has achieved a permanent place in literature, (I do not say what or where,) I certainly believe; and I also believe that no persons well acquainted with his writings will be disposed to deny the position, except those who represent the Edinburgh Review of twenty and thirty years ago.



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points of a man's life selected out of his personal history, previously to introducing a few of his opinions to their notice. Every man who is in error, who cannot see the truth when it is before him, labours under some defect, intellectual or moral, and this *may* have been *brought out*,—I think such defects are never *caused* or *implanted*,—by circumstances; but it is hardly fair play to impute such defects to a writer or describe them as having corrupted his opinions, when the nature of the opinions themselves is *adhuc sub lite* among Christians and good men.[2]

My principal objection however to the statements I I have quoted is, that they are incorrect either in the letter or the spirit or both. It is plain enough that the real aim of the Miscellanist was not to exhibit the amount of Catholicity in an individual mind, but to spread what he considered to be Catholic truth, and to this my Father's character as a man was made subservient. On first reading his prefix I regarded one of its assertions as a pure mistake, and on this subject received the following testimonial from Mr. Wordsworth, with whose great and honoured name it must ever be the pride and pleasure of the friends of Coleridge to associate his.

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[2] I wish the reader to observe that I attach little or no importance to the remarks of the Chr. Miscellany *in themselves*; as an index of a state of feeling in certain quarters and an instance of what is daily practised, to the production of injury and irritation more than any real good, they are not insignificant. Personality is a poisoned weapon in religious warfare; and all religious statements in these days are necessarily a warfare, open or undeclared. Personal character should never be dealt with at second hand; it should be left to those who undertake the trouble and responsibility, while they possess the zeal, of the biographer.

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—"I feel absolutely certain that your Father never was *Editor* of any periodical publication whatsoever except *The Watchman* and *The Friend*, neither of which, as you know, was long continued, and *The Friend* expressly excluded even allusion to temporary topics; nor, to the best of my remembrance, had *The Watchman* anything of the character of a newspaper. When he was very young he published several sonnets in a London newspaper. Afterwards he was in strict connexion with the editors or at least proprietors of one or more newspapers, *The Courier* and *The Morning Post*; and in one of these, I think it was the latter, your Father wrote a good deal."—

"So convinced was I of the great service that your Father rendered Mr. Stuart's paper, that I urged him to put in his claim to be admitted a proprietor; but this he declined, having a great disinclination to any *tie* of the kind. In fact he could not bear being shackled in any way. I have heard him say that he should be sorry, if any one offered him an estate, for he should feel the possession would involve cares and duties that would be a clog to him."—[3]

The "Newspaper" which is supposed to have retarded my Father's growth in Catholicism, it now occurs to me, may have been *The Watchman*, as in that miscellany the domestic and foreign policy of the preceding days was reported and discussed; but I still think, that the impression which this statement, together with the inference drawn from it, is calculated to convey, is far from just. To be for any length of time the editor of a periodical work, which is the suc-

[3] The reader is referred to chap. v. of the Biographical Supplement for an account of Mr. C.'s connection with Mr. Stuart.

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cessful organ of a party, whatever principles that party may profess, nay even if they call themselves *Catholic*, is indeed to be in a situation of some danger to the moral and spiritual sense: but such was never my father's situation. When he is described as having been impaired in his religious mind by editing a newspaper, would any one guess the fact to be this, that, in his youth, he put forth ten numbers of a miscellaneous work, one portion of which was devoted to the politics of the times, and was unable to make it answer because he would not adapt it to the ways of the world and of newspapers in general? Let those who have been led to think that Mr. Coleridge's services to public journals may have deadened his religious susceptibilities consider, not only the principles which he professes and the frame of mind which he displays on this very subject in the tenth chapter of the present work, but the character of his newspaper essays themselves; had the writer, to whose remarks I refer, done this, before he pronounced judgment, I think he could not have failed to see that my Father conformed the publications he aided to himself and his own high views, in proportion to the extent of his connection with them, not himself to vulgar periodical writing. The Edinburgh Reviewers indeed, in the year 1817, flung in his teeth, "*Ministerial Editor.*" With *them* the reproach lay in the word *Ministerial. Tempora mutantur*—but the change of times has not yet brought truth to the service of my Father, or made him generally understood.

Not however the connection with newspapers merely, but the profession of literature is specified as one among other causes, which alienated my Father's mind from Catholicity. The peculiar disadvantages of the

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"*trade* of authorship" Mr. Coleridge has himself described in this biographical fragment; he has shewn that literature can scarcely be made the means of living without being debased; but he himself failed in it, as the means of living, because he would not thus debase it,—would not sacrifice higher aims for the sake of immediate popularity. Literature, pursued *not* as a mere trade, is naturally the ally, rather than the adversary, of religion. It is indeed against our blessed Lord, if not for him; but though it has its peculiar danger, inasmuch as it satisfies the soul more than any other, and is thus more liable to become a permanent substitute for religion with the higher sort of characters, yet surely, by exercising the habits of abstraction and reflection, it better disciplines the mind for that life which consists in seeking the things that are above while we are yet in the flesh, than worldly business or pleasure. Inferiour pursuits may sooner weary and disgust, but during their continuance they more unfit the mind for higher ones; and the departure of one set of guests does not leave the soul an empty apartment, swept and garnished for the reception of others more worthy.

And how should literature indispose men toward *Catholic* views in religion? The *common* argument in behalf of those which are *commonly* so called rests upon historical testimony and outward evidence; why should the profession of literature render men less able to estimate proof of this nature? A pursuit it is which leads to reflection and inquiry, and what can be said for the soundness of that system to which these are adverse? Some indeed maintain that our persuasions in such matters depend little upon argument; that none can truly enter into the merits of the Church

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system, save those who have been in the habit of obeying it, and that from their youth up. Now it is not, of course, contended that my Father was, during his whole life, in the best position for appreciating Catholicity and becoming attached to it; but this may be fairly maintained, that he never was so circumstanced, as to be precluded from drawing nigh to any truthful system, existing in the world, and in due time coming under its habitual sway.

Again in what sense can it be truly said of Coleridge that he disregarded authority? It would be difficult to instance a thinker more disposed to weigh the thoughts of other thinkers, more ready to modify his views by consideration of their's or the grounds on which they rest. Can those who bring the charge against him substantiate of it more than this, that he had not *their* convictions respecting the authority attributable to a certain set of writers of a certain age? And does it not appear that this theory of the consentient teaching of the Fathers and its "practical infallibility" involves the depreciation of authority, at least in one very important sense? He who binds himself by it, strictly, must needs hold human intelligence to be of little avail in the determination of religious questions, since it is the leading principle of this theory of faith, that our belief has been fixed by an outward revelation, —the commentary of tradition upon Scripture,—and that we are not to look upon the reason and conscience of man, interpreted by the understanding, as the everlasting organ of the Spirit of Truth? The weakest intellect can receive doctrine *implicitly* as well as the strongest, and to hand on that which has been already settled and defined requires no great depth or subtlety of intellect. If the weightiest matters on which the

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thoughts of man can be employed are already so determined by an outward oracle, that all judgment upon them is precluded, and the highest faculties of the human mind have no concern in establishing or confirming their truth, authority, as the weight which the opinion of the good and wise carries along with it, in regard to the most important questions, is susperseded and set aside. And the fact is, I believe, that professors of this sort of *Catholicity*, whether for good or for bad, whether from narrowness or from exaltedness, are by no means remarkable for a spirit of respect toward highly endowed men, or for entering into the merits of a large proportion of those who have conciliated the esteem and gratitude of earnest and thoughtful persons. None are burning and shining lights for them except such as exclusively irradiate their own sphere, (which is none of the widest;) and *their* radiance appears the stronger to their eyes because they see nothing but darkness elsewhere. Let it be clearly understood that I here refer to that antiquarian theory, according to which every doctrine bearing upon religion, held by the Fathers, *even though the matter of the doctrine be rather scientific and metaphysical than directly spiritual and practical*,—as for instance the doctrine of free will,—constitutes *Catholic consent*, is the voice of the Holy Catholic Church, and therefore the voice of its heavenly Head; that the early Christian writers, where they agree, are to be considered practically infallible, on account of their external position in reference to the Apostles; that succeeding writers are of no authority, except so far as they deliver what is agreeable to "Catholic doctrine," so understood, and in so far as they differ from it are at once to be considered unsound and unworthy of attention. If such a

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theory is not, as I imagine, maintained by a certain class of High Churchmen, I shall be very glad to find that it is only a shadow; though in this case I should be more than ever perplexed to understand what it is that the *Catholic* and *orthodox* so much disapprove in the opinion of my Father on the subject in question; or why he should be accused of disregarding *authority*, because, though he thought the consentient teaching of the early Christian writers worthy of deep consideration, he did not hold it to be absolutely conclusive upon theological questions, or *certainly* the voice of God. Something very different was, to his mind, implied in the promise of Christ to his Church; for without His presence in any special sense, as the life-giving Light, a fully developed system of doctrine, capable of being received implicitly, might have been transmitted from age to age. He saw the fulfilment of it, partly at least, in the power given to individual minds to be what the prophets were of old, by whom the Holy Ghost spake, religious instructors of their generation.[4]

Literature, liberally pursued, has no other bearing on a man's religious opinions than as it leaves him more at liberty to form them for himself than any other. Looking at the matter in another point of view I readily admit, that, so far as it is the want of any

[4] I find the same argument in Dr. Arnold's Fragment on the Church. He words it thus: "The promise of the Spirit of Truth to abide for ever with his Church, implies surely that clearer views of truth should be coutinually vouchsafed to us; and if the work were indeed fully complete when the Apostles entered into their rest, what need was there for the Spirit of Wisdom, as well as of Love, to be ever present even unto the end of the world?"

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regular profession at all, it may be in some degree injurious to the *man*, and consequently to the *thinker*.[5] But if a regular calling tends to steady the mind, restraining it from too tentative a direction of thought, and what may prove to be a vain activity, it tends perhaps in an equal degree to fix and petrify the spirit, of which I believe abundant evidence may be found in the writings of professional men. Perhaps there is no fixed occupation which does not in some measure tend to disturb the balance of the soul; the want of one permits a man to commune with human nature more variously and freely than is possible for those to whom a stated routine presents persons and things with a certain uniformity of aspect; it is not mere experience that gives knowledge, but a diversified experience, and the power of beholding the diversity it contains through the absence of a particular bias and leisure for contemplation. So far, therefore, as it presents facilities for the acquirement of the philosophic mind, even the want of a regular calling may in some degree facilitate the acquirement of truthful views in religion. "It is scarcely possible," said my Father himself, addressing Mr. Frere, "to conceive an individual less under the influence of the ordinary disturbing forces of the judgment than your poor friend; or from situation, pursuits, and habits of thinking,

[5] After speaking in warm eulogy, according to his wont, of S. T. C. Dr. Arnold says, "But yet there are marks enough that his mind was a little diseased by the want of a profession, and the consequent unsteadiness of his mind and purposes; it always seems to me, that the very power of contemplation becomes impaired or diverted, when it is made the main employment of life." See Arnold's Life and Correspondence, vol. ii. p. 57.

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from age, state of health, and temperament, less likely to be drawn out of his course by the under-currents of hope or fear, of expectation or wish. But least of all by predilection for any particular sect or party; for wherever I look, in religion or in politics, I seem to see a world of power and talent wasted on the support of half truths, too often the most mischievous because least suspected of errors."[6]

It was the natural consequence of his having no predilection for any sect or party that parties and party organs have either neglected or striven against him; they were indeed his natural opponents, as they must ever be of any man, whose vocation it is to examine the truth of modes of thought in general, while an *assumption* of the truth of certain modes of thought is the ground of their existence as parties, and the band that keeps them together. It has been observed by Mr. Newman, in condemnation of "the avowed disdain of party religion;" that "Christ undeniably made a party the vehicle of his doctrine, and did not cast it at random on the world, as men would now have it;"[7] and undeniable it surely is, that there is nothing radically wrong in the union of members for the support or propagation of truth. But then, from the weakness of human hearts and fallibility of human understandings it comes to pass, that while *party union* is right in the abstract, *parties* are generally more or less wrong, both in principle and conduct, and do more or less depart from truth in their resolution to maintain some particular portion or representation of it. The

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[6] *Church and State.* Advertisement, pp. 4, 5.

[7] *Sermons preached before the University of Oxford.* Serm. viii. p. 165.

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party that has our Lord at its head and fights for Him and Him only is one with the Church of Christ, considered as still militant; but this host, like the fiery one that surrounded Elisha, is invisible. The party which Christ instituted was not invisible, but it differs essentially from all parties within the precincts of Christendom for this very reason, *that it was undeniably instituted by Him*, and that they who composed it had to defend the moral law in its depth and purity, theism itself in its depth and purity—(the acknowledgment of God as a Spirit, one and personal, with the relations to each other of the Creator and the creature—a faint distorted shadow of which was alone preserved by Polytheists)—against a popular religion, which, though pious and spiritual in comparison with utter want of faith in the things that are above, was the very world and the flesh,[8] as opposed to Christianity. Thus *they* were striving for the life and soul which animates the

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[8] Heathenism in Scripture is represented as one with sensuality, profaneness and disregard of the life to come; to work the will of the Gentiles was to run to every kind of evil excess; and almost the same, I suppose, may be said of the monstrous heresies, against which the Apostles and their successors spoke in terms of unqualified reprobation. In his Fragment on the Church, Dr. Arnold remarks, that "the heresies condemned by the Apostles were not mere erroneous opinions on some theoretical truth, but absolute perversions of Christian holiness; that they were not so much false as wicked. And further, where there was a false opinion in the heresy, it was of so monstrous a character, and so directly connected with profligacy of life, that it admits of no comparison with the so-called heresies of later ages." pp. 89, 90. Does it appear that our Lord ever rebuked either unbelief or misbelief, except as one and the same with worldliness and wickedness, or at least, as in the case of Thomas, subjection of the mind to the flesh?

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religion of Christ, whereas I would fain believe, that the contentions among parties of Christians are less for this life and soul than for the forms in which they severally hold that it is most fitly clothed, and with which they identify it.[9] And this is no unworthy subject of contention, because the life and spirit are best preserved and most fully expressed in the truest forms, —a correct and distinct intellectual system is the best preservative of the essential portion of faith; but yet, because they *are* forms, the strife concerning them will be more apt to degenerate into an unholy warfare than a struggle *pro aris et focis*,—for the very ideas of a spiritual religion and for a pure and pregnant morality, the testimony to which every soul may find at home, if it looks deep into its own retirements.

In reference to the present subject, however, I need only observe that party compact operates chiefly for the preserving and extending of truth, considered as already established, while the discovery or development of it is only to be achieved by individual efforts; it even tends to retard such progress in the beginning,

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[9] To take the extreme case, Socinianism, I have long thought that a man may, that many a man does, athwart the negative lines of this creed, which in some cases appear to be quite negative in operation, behold in heart and spirit every deep truth on which Christians around them are dwelling, every truth meet to bring forth the fruit of good living, and to fit the soul for a higher life than the present. I hope and believe that such persons do practically embrace the divinity of Christ, because they worship, serve and obey Him,—they address their religious thoughts to Him habitually—they attribute to Him that which is properly divine, the work of Creation and Redemption, although they have wrong conceptions of the method of this work. On the other hand I should suppose that many Ro-

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because, as essentially conservative, it ventures upon no experiments, but is bound to consider every departure from that form of teaching, which has hitherto served to convey and preserve spiritual truth, as endangering its purity and stability; and thus it may easily happen that, although religious doctrine may and must be diffused and maintained by men acting in concert, yet they who are labouring to advance the truth, to reform and expand the stock of divine knowledge, may be in continual antagonism and collision with those who are intent only on keeping it from going back. My Father's vocation, if he had any in this province, was to defend the Holy Faith by developing it, and shewing its accordance and identity with ideas of reason; he has described himself as one who "feels the want, the necessity of religious support; who cannot afford to lose any the smallest buttress; who not only loves Truth even for itself, and when it reveals itself aloof from all interest, but who loves it with an indescribable awe"—which causes him to—"creep toward the light, even though it draw him

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manists must practically impute divinity to the blessed Mother of Jesus, from the addresses which they make to her, and the extent to which they seem to devote their religious minds to her. At best they appear to make her one with our Saviour, and not merely with the man Christ Jesus but with the Eternal Son of the Father, extending His attributes to her, and making of the twain two persons and one God. How awfully dangerous would it be to address Christ as the Mediator betwixt God and man if he were not himself both God and Man! It will not, I trust, be supposed that I am here instituting any general comparison between Socinianism and Romanism with a preference of the former. I am merely considering what either may *possibly* be to the heart and mind of the professor.

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away from the more nourishing warmth." "Yea, I should do so," he adds, "even if the light had made its way through a rent in the wall of the Temple."[10]

But the gravest allegation contained in the passage I have quoted, is, that Mr. Coleridge was once engaged in "a course of heretical and schismatical teaching:"—a statement which seems to imply, that he had been at one time pledged to teach a particular set of doctrines, as a man is pledged upon undertaking the charge of a spiritual congregation, who expect that he shall confine himself within certain lines in his teaching, and will listen to him no longer than he keeps faith with them on that point. In such a case as this, supposing the doctrines false, to be engaged in a course of teaching them, must tend to confirm the man's mind in alienation from truth; because it weds him to the false doctrines, not by inward love and preference only, but by an outward and formal union. That Mr. Coleridge was never bound to Heresy and Schism by any such bonds as these might be gathered from the present work alone, and would be fully manifest to any one who considered the matter with care. Soon after leaving Cambridge he delivered lectures on revealed religion, in which he set forth such views as he entertained at the time: after this he preached occasionally at Bath, at Taunton, and as an "hireless volunteer" in most of the great towns which he passed through on a tour from Bristol to Sheffield. Once indeed he entertained thoughts of taking upon him the charge of an Unitarian congregation; but after preaching

[10] It is best to peruse his fuller exposition of this sentiment in the passage itself, which occurs in the *Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit*. Letter I.

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one sermon, in which, from the account of an ear-witness, there seems to have been more of poetry and the general principles of religion than of vulgar heresy and schism, he abandoned the prospect that had been held out to him. Not that the offer, by which he was suddenly called away from it, tended to bias his opinions in an opposite direction; it left them free as air, operating solely to detach him from all outward connection with religious bodies, and exempt him from the least temptation to place himself in binding relations with them, or any sort of dependence upon them. To this indeed it is unlikely that he would ever have submitted; for, as he mentioned to an acquaintance at the time, had he preached a second sermon at Shrewsbury, it would have been such an one as must "effectually have disqualified him for the object in view;" so little was he disposed to keep within the lines of doctrine marked out by any sect, or to let the body of his opinions live and grow under external form and pressure. It is extravagant to suppose that my Father was impaired for life in the power of religious discernment by a course of teaching, which taught himself to perceive the deficiencies and errors of the creed in which he had sought refuge: that he was perverted by the very process which his mind went through in order to arrive at a more explicit knowledge of the truth. That which to the passive and inert may be a tainting experience, to minds like his, full of activity and resistency, is but a strengthening experiment: he doubted and denied in order to believe earnestly and intelligently. His Unitarianism was purely negative; not a satisfaction in the positive formal divinity of the Unitarians, but what remained with him to the last, a revulsion from certain explanations of the Atonement commonly received

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as orthodox, together with that insight which he believed himself afterwards to have attained into the whole scheme of Redemption, so far as it can be seen into by man, and its deep and perfect harmony with the structure of the human mind as it is revealed to the eye of Philosophy.

Against those, on the one hand, who describe him as "intellectually bold but educationally timid,"[12] those on the other who suppose him to have been indebted to his early education for all that is consonant with the true faith and fear of the Lord in his religious creed, and lay to the account of after circumstances all that they disapprove in it, I must firmly maintain, that what they are so anxious, from the way in which their own spirit has been moulded, to cast upon outward things in the formation of his opinions, was, in the main, the result and product of his own intellect and will. When the years of childhood were past, he left behind him the Eden, as some consider it, of implicit faith: the world of belief was all before him where to chuse, and

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[11] See his own remarks on this subject in the middle of the tenth chapter of the *Biographia*.

[12] Quoted from a volume of poetical selections and criticisms by Leigh Hunt, entitled "Imagination and Fancy." Having referred to this agreeable book I cannot refrain from expressing my belief that, had the author gone as deep into Coleridge's theosophy as into his poetry, or made himself as well acquainted with his religious writings as with his poems, he could never have said that "nine-tenths of his theology would apply equally to their own creeds in the mouths of a Brahmin or a Mussulman." On the contrary, nothing more characterizes the religious conceptions of Coleridge than the ever present aim and endeavour to shew that Christianity is religion itself, religion in its deepest, highest and fullest expression, the very ground as well as the summit of divine truth.

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for a time he sojourned with the Unitarians, beholding in them only the firm and honest rejectors of a creed, which, as yet, he could not receive explicitly. When he had once entered their ranks no circumstances existed to prevent him from remaining a Psilanthropist and becoming more and more confirmed in opposition to the sum of tenets and opinions commonly called Catholic; many men so situated, even if they had been nurtured as he was in the bosom of the Church, would either have abode finally within those precincts or left them only to proceed in an opposite direction to that which he took, and combined German metaphysics with an atheistic Pantheism, instead of bringing them to the service of revealed religion. On the other hand, when he had quitted the Unitarians, what *outward* influence was there to prevent him from adopting High Church doctrine, as it is taught either by Anglican or by Romish divines? Some men have passed from a deeper and earlier training in "heresy and schism" than his to that Church theory which exhibits an earthly and visible system and proclaims it the shrine of a mystic and heavenly one, not simply as God's instrument, whereby the spirit is awakened in man's heart and mind by communion with Him, but as being *in itself*, independently of all such effects and prior to them, a receptacle of the divine Spirit; and calls upon men to receive it as thus divine not principally on internal evidence, the harmony of the whole scheme within itself, attested by its proper moral and spiritual effects, but on an outward historic proof, reaching no higher than probability, yet assumed to be that which only the unspiritual mind can reject.

That he did neither the one nor the other, that he came to consider the notions of the Church entertained



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by ordinary Protestants inadequate and unspiritual, without adopting the Romish doctrines respecting the *clergy* and the nature of their intervention betwixt God and man in the mode of salvation; that he exalted the spirituality of sacraments without admitting the primitive materialism, by many styled Catholic, that he saw the very mind of St. Paul, in the teaching of Luther on the Law and Justification by Faith, yet was open-eyed to the misuse of that teaching and the practical falsities deduced out of it by modern Methodists —all this and much more in his system of religious opinion, distinguishing it equally from over-sensualized, and from "*minimifidian*" Christianity, ought not to be traced to peculiar circumstances and to accident as its principal cause. Doubtless it was a blessing to "the Christian philosopher" that he had a good Christian for his father—that he had in him the pattern of "an Israelite without guile." But of his Churchmanship I believe that he was himself almost wholly the Father; and I verily think, that even if he had been born in the Church of Rome, or in the bosom of some Protestant sect, he would have burst all bonds asunder, have mastered the philosophy of his age, and arrived at convictions substantially the same as those which now appear on the face of his writings.

There are some, perhaps, among the intelligent readers of Coleridge, who take a different view of the character of his opinions from that which I have expressed: who believe that, during his latter years, he became in the main what High Churchmen consider Catholic and orthodox, whilst any notions he still held of a different character were anomalies, remnants of his early creed, which would have been worked out of his mind had his years been prolonged. There are

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others amongst the proselytes to the Oxford theology, who see nothing more in his teaching than a stunted Anglo-catholicism; some of these aver that, in the beginning of their course they were conducted for a little way by the writings of Mr. Coleridge; that he first led them out of the dry land of negative Protestantism; but that now, by help of newer guides, they have advanced far beyond him, and can look down on his lower station from a commanding eminence. They view the *Aids to Reflection* as a half-way house to Anglo-catholic orthodoxy, just as others, who have got beyond them, in a certain direction, consider their Anglo-catholic doctrine a half-way house to what they consider the true Catholicism,—namely that of the Church of Rome. My own belief is, that such a view of my Father's theological opinions is radically wrong; that although an unripe High Church theology is all that some readers have found or valued in his writings, it is by no means what is there; and that he who thinks he has gone a little way with Coleridge, and then proceeded with Romanizing teachers further still, has never gone along with Coleridge at all, or entered deeply into any of his expositions of Christian doctrine; though there may be in many of them a tone and a spirit with which he has sympathized, and an emphatic condemnation of certain views of religion, which has gratified his feelings. But, though I conceive my Father's religious system, considered as to its intellectual form, to be different throughout from that of Anglo or Roman Catholic, as commonly expounded, that it coincided in *substance* with that which these parties both agree to consider Catholic doctrine, I entirely believe. If *they* are steering Northward, his course is to the North as much as theirs, but while

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they seek it by the West he reaches it by an Easterly voyage; I mean that he is as consistently and regularly opposed to them in his *rationale* of doctrine as consentient with them respecting the great objects of faith, viewed in their essence; at least in his own opinion, though not in theirs; for he was accustomed to make a distinction between religious ideas and the intellectual notions with which they have been connected, or the dogmas framed in relation to them, to which they appear strangers. His Christian divinity agreed more with "Catholicism" than with the doctrines of any sect, since according to his judgment and feelings *that* contains, whether in a right or wrong form, the spiritual ideas in which the true substance of Christianity consists, more completely: on some points it coincided with the "Catholicism" of Rome rather than with that of Anglicans; he recognised for instance the idea of the immanence of spiritual power and light in the Church, independently of the authority of a revelation completed in past ages, opposed as he was to the application of that idea made by Papists. His religious system, according to his own view of it, might be described as exhibiting the universal ideas of Christianity, not those which have been consciously recognised always, everywhere and by all, but those which the reason and spiritual sense of all men, when sufficiently developed, bear witness to, explained according to a modern philosophy, which purports to be no mere new thinking, but inclusively, all the thought that has been and now is in the world. Such was the aim and design of his doctrine. How far he made it good is not to be determined here.[13]

[13] Since the chief part of this preface was written I have become acquainted with Archdeacon's Hare's *Mission of the*

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They who differ from me on this question may have gone deeper into my Father's mind than myself. I will only say in support of my own impressions, that they are derived from a *general* survey of his writings, late and early, such as few beside myself *can* have taken, and that I came to the study of them with no interest but the common interest in truth, which all mankind possess, to bias my interpretation. Indeed I can conceive of no influence calculated to affect my judgment, except the natural wish, in my mind sufficiently strong, to find my Father's opinions as near as may be to established orthodoxy,—as little as possible out of harmony with the notions and feelings of the great body of pious and reflective persons in his own native land. To me, with this sole bias on my mind, it is manifest, that his system of belief, intellectually considered, differs materially from "Catholic" doctrine as commonly understood, and that this difference during the latter years of his meditative life, instead of being shaded off, became more definite and boldly developed. How

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*Comforter*, which I dare to pronounce a most valuable work, *meaning that I find it so*, without the presumption, which in me would be great indeed, of pretending to enter fully into its merits. I have had the satisfaction of meeting with remarks upon my Father in the preface and in the notes of which the second volume consists, confirmatory of some which I have ventured to make myself. Even the dedication coincides with the views given above, for it is this: "To the honoured memory of S. T. Coleridge, the Christian philosopher, who through dark and winding paths of speculation was led to the light, in order that others by his guidance might reach that light, without passing through the darkness, these Sermons on the Work of the Spirit are dedicated, with deep thankfulness and reverence, by one of the many pupils, whom his writings have helped to discern the sacred concord and unity of human and divine truth."

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should it have been otherwise, unless he had abandoned that modern philosophy, which he had adopted on the deepest and fullest deliberation; and how, without such abandonment, could he have embraced a doctrinal system based on a philosophy fundamentally different? How could he who believed that "a desire to bottom all our convictions on grounds of right reason is inseparable from the character of a Christian," acquiesce in a system, which suppresses the exercise of the individual reason and judgment in the determination of faith, *as to its content;* would have the whole matter, for the mass of mankind, decided by feeling and habit apart from conscious thought; and bids the soul take refuge in a *home of Christian truth*, in which its higher faculties are *not* at home, but reside like slaves and aliens in the land of a conqueror? To his latest hour, though ever dwelling with full faith on the doctrines of Redemption and original sin, in what he considered the deepest and most real sense attainable by man, he yet, to his latest hour, put from him some of the so-called orthodox notions and modes of explaining those doctrines. My Father's whole view of what theologians term *grace*—the internal spiritual relations of God with man, his conception of its nature in a theoretical point of view, differs from that which most "Catholics" hold themselves bound to receive unaltered from the primitive and mediæval Christian writers; for in my Father's belief, the teachers of those days knew not what spirit was, or what it was not, metaphysically considered; in no wise therefore could he receive their explanations of the spiritual as sound divinity, readily as he might admit that many of them had such insight into the Christian scheme as zeal and the ardour of a new love secure to the student of Holy

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Writ. Religion must have *some* intellectual form; must be viewed through the medium of intellect; and if the medium is clouded the object is necessarily obscured. The great aim and undertaking of modern mental philosophy is to clarify this inward eye, rather than to enlarge its sphere of vision, except so far as the one involves the other—to shew what spiritual things are *not*, and thus to remove the obstructions which prevent men from seeing, as mortals may see, what they are.

Those who maintain certain doctrines, or rather *metaphysical views of doctrine*, and seek to prove them Scriptural, simply because they were doctrines of early Christian writers, ought to look in the face the plain fact that some of the *most influential of those early writers were materialists*,—not as holding the soul to be the mere result of bodily organization, but as holding the soul itself to be material;—ought gravely to consider, whether it is reasonable to reject the *philosophy* of a certain class of divines, and yet cling "limpet-like" to their forms of thought on religious questions, forms obviously founded upon, and conformed to, that philosophy. They believed the soul to be material,—corporeal. Of this assertion, the truth of which is well known to men who have examined into the history of metaphysical and psychological opinion,[14] I cannot give detailed proofs in this place; but in passing I refer the reader to Tertullian *De Resurr. Carn.* cap. xvii. and *De Anima*, cap. ix.; to Irenæus, *Contra Hæreses*, *Lib.* ii. cap.

[14] Mr. Scott, in his impressive Lectures on the evolution of Philosophy out of Religion, maintained the materialism of the early Christian writers.

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xix. 6. and to the preface of the learned Benedictine to the latter, p. 161. Artic. XI. *De Animarum natura et statu post mortem.* What! are we to be governed in religious *metaphysique* and the *rationale* of belief by men who thought that the soul was poured into the body and there thickened like jelly in a mould?—that the inner man took the form of the outer, having eyes and ears and all the other members, like unto the body, only of finer stuff?—its *corpulency being consolidated by densation and its effigy formed by expression?* This was the notion of Cyprian's master, the acute Tertullian, and that of Irenæus was like unto it. He compares the soul to water frozen in a vessel, which takes the form of the vessel in which it freezes,[15] evidently supposing, with Tertullian, that the firm substantial body moulded the fluent and aerial soul[16]—that organization was the organizer. It appears that in those days the *vulgar* held the soul to be incorporeal,[17] according to the views of Plato and other stupid philosophers, combated in the treatise *De Anima;* but that orthodox Christian divines looked upon that as an impious unscriptural

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[15] *Contra Hæreses.* Lib. ii. cap. xix. 6.

[16] A primordio enim in Adam concreta et configurata corpori anima, ut totius substantiæ, ita et conditionis istius semen efficit. Tertull. De Anima. Cap. ix. *ad finem.*

[17] Tertull. De Res. Car. Cap. xvii. *in initio.*—aliter anima non capiat passionem tormenti seu refrigerii, utpote incorporalis: *hoc enim vulgus existimat.* Nos autem animam corporalem et hic profitemur et in suo volumine probamus, &c. On this passage Dr. Pusey observes in a note, that it attests "the immateriality of the soul" to have been "the general belief." I think it attests it to have been the belief of the common people, but not that it was the prevailing opinion with Christian divines of that age.

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opinion. Justin Martyr argues against Platonic notions of the soul in his Dialogue with Trypho.[18] As for the vulgar, they have ever been in the habit of *calling* the soul incorporeal, yet reasoning and thinking about it, as if it had the properties of body. The common conception of a ghost accords exactly with Tertullian's description of the soul—a lucid aerial image of the outward man. Thus did these good Fathers change soul into body, and condense spirit into matter; thus did they reverse the order of nature, contradict the wisdom of ages, and even run counter to the instinctive belief of mankind, in recoiling from Gnosticism; thus deeply did they enter into the sense of St. Paul's high sayings about the heavenly body and the utter incompatibility of flesh and blood with the Kingdom of Heaven! As they conceived the soul to be *material*, so they may very naturally have conceived it capable of receiving and retaining the Spirit, as a material vessel may receive and retain a liquid or any other substance; and, in their conception, *within the soul* may no more have implied any affection of the soul itself, than within the box or bason implies any change in the stone or metal of which the receptacle was made. Indeed this sensuous way of conceiving spiritual subjects is apparent in some of the passages from old writers that are appealed to in support of what Archdeacon Hare happily calls, "baptismal transubstantiation;" as, for instance, one cited in the Tract for the Times called, by a misnomer, as I think, *Scriptural* views of Holy Baptism,[19] the

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[18] Ven. 1747. pp. 106 and 111. Justin Martyr and Tatian denied the original immortality of the soul on religious grounds, and the former affirms that it is not simple, but consists of many parts, p. 271.

[19] "If the sun being without, and fire by being near or at a

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author whereof is so fervent, so scriptural in spirit and intention, that he almost turns all he touches into Scripture, as Midas turned all he touched into gold. How the gold looked when Midas was away I know not; but to me Dr. Pusey's *Scriptural* views, apart from his persuasive personal presence, which ever pervades his discourses and constitutes their great effect upon the heart,—seem but brass beside the pure gold of Holy Writ; his alien piety gilds and *hides* them. The more we polish brass the more brassy it appears; and so, these views only seem to my mind the more discrepant from Holy Writ, the more clearly and learnedly they are set forth. In Scripture faith is required as the condition of all spiritual influence for purely spiritual and moral effects, and that primary regeneration, which precedes a moral one in time, and

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little distance from bodies, warmeth our bodies, what must we say of the Divine Spirit, which is indeed the most vehement fire, kindling the inner man, although it dwell not within but be without? It is possible then, in that all things are possible to God, that one may be warmed, although that which warmeth him be not in himself." From Ammonius. *Scriptural Views*, p. 264, 4th edit. This writer evidently supposes the proper Indwelling to be distinct from influence. My Father, in his MS. remains, declares against the opinion of those who make "the indwelling of the Spirit an occupation of a place, by a vulgar equivoque of the word *within, inward*, &c." "For example," says he, "a bottle of water let down into the sea.—The water contained and the surrounding water are both alike in fact outward or without the glass, but the antithetic relation of the former to the latter is expressed by the preposition *in* or *within*: and, this improper, sensuous, merely relative sense of *within, in*dwelling, &c. it is alas! but too plain that many of our theological *Routiniers* apply, though without perhaps any distinct consciousness of their *Thought*, to spiritual Presence!"

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is not necessarily the ground of a change of heart and life, was never *derived* from the Word of God, but has been put into it by a series of inferences, and is supported principally by an implicit reliance on the general enlightenment of the early Christian writers. The doctrine may not be directly injurious to morality, since it allows actual faith to be a necessary instrument in all moral renovation; but the indirect practical consequences of insisting upon shadows as if they were realities, and requiring men to accept as a religious verity of prime importance a senseless dogma, the offspring of false metaphysics, must be adverse to the interests of religion. Such dogmatism has a bad effect on the habits of thought by weakening the love and perception of truth, and it is also injurious by producing disunion and mutual distrust among Christians.

The subtlest matter has all the properties of matter as much as the grossest. Let us see how this notion, that the soul consists of subtle matter, affects the form of doctrine, by trying it on that of baptism. The doctrine insisted on as primitive by a large party in the Church, nay set forth as the very criterion *stantis vel cadentis Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ*, by some of them, is this, that, in the *moment* of baptism, the soul receives the Holy Spirit within it; that the Holy Spirit remains within the soul, even though the baptized, as soon as he becomes capable of moral acts, proves faithless and wicked, until it is expelled for ever by a large but indefinite amount of wickedness, entitled *utter reprobacy*. How intolerable this doctrine is in its moral and spiritual aspect, how it evacuates the Scriptural phrase, *Christ in us*, of its emphatic meaning, it is useless to urge upon those, who believe it to have been taught by the Apostles. I now only allege that no man origi-

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nally could have framed such a conception as this, who had our modern conceptions of spirit, or had considered what is the idea involved in the words, *presence of the Holy Spirit to our spirit.* When the doctrine is unfolded and presented to the masters and doctors of it, they fly off to the notion of an inward *potential* righteousness. But this mere *capability* of being saved and sanctified, we have from our birth, nor can it be increased, because it is essentially, *extra gradum*,—not a thing of degrees. Our capability of being spiritualized by divine grace is unlimited. *Who are they that explain away the baptismal gift into a shadow?* [20]

My Father, in his latter years, looked upon baptism as a formal and public reception into a state of spiritual opportunities, (at least so I understand him), which is equivalent, I suppose, to the doctrine of some of our divines, Waterland among others, that it is a consignment of grace to the soul. It is conceivable that in consequence of such consignment, the soul, by the will of God, may have more outward means of receiving spiritual influence than it would otherwise have had; if prayer can affect the course and complex of events in favour of those who are not praying, so may the rite of baptism influence it in favour of the baptized, though he be passive in baptism. The objection to the Antiquitarian doctrine is not that it implies a mystery, not that it implies the reception of a spiritual opportunity independently of the will of the receiver, but that, as it is commonly stated, it contradicts the laws of the human understanding, and either af-

[20] See remarks on this subject in the *Mission of the Comforter*, pp. 476-7.

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firms what cannot be true,—what brings confusion into our moral and spiritual ideas,—or else converts the doctrine into an ineffectual vapour—"a potentiality in a potentiality or a chalking of chalk to make white white."[21] My Father, as I understand him, continued to deny that the gift of baptism is a spiritual re-creation

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[21] See this whole argument given at greater length in the *Essay on Rationalism* appended to the 5th edition of the *Aids to Reflection*.

Two fallacies are current on the subject of momentary baptismal transubstantiation. First—men say, that *as* we are passive in our original creation, *so* we are passive in our spiritual re-creation. The answer may be given from the Angelical Doctor, who teaches that we are *not* passive in our original creation; and indeed it needs not the wisdom of an angel to see, that neither man nor any other animal can become alive without a corresponsive act on his part—a sub-co-operation. If we throw a stone into the still unmoving pool, the waters leap up: the pool has not stirred itself, but it co-operates in the production of motion. The second commonplace fallacy is this:—*as* a seed is set in the ground and remains inert and latent for a time, then germinates, shoots up and bears fruit, *so* grace may be poured into the soul of a child incapable of moral acts, may remain latent for a time, then, when reason and the moral sense have come into play, may produce good thoughts and good works, the fruit of the Spirit. The objection to this is that a spiritual being is not *in* a spiritual being as a material thing is *in* a material thing; it is in it or *present* to it only inasmuch as it acts upon it. It is the heart itself which, by the power of the Spirit, must bear the fruit of virtue, not a something lodged within it, as the seed in the ground. Spiritual effects in the soul may exist unperceived by men,—may not produce outward works of holiness till long after they have been produced; but when the deeds are evil, as they are in many who were baptized in infancy, we may fairly say that the effects were not produced —in other words, that the person who shews such an unspiritual mind, was not spiritually regenerated in baptism.

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preceding actual faith or any moral capability,—an introduction of the spirit into the soul, which it passively undergoes, as the dead cage receives the living bird, or a lodgement of the Spirit within it irrespectively of its own moral state; a total change wrought all in a moment conferring upon it no positive moral melioration but only a power unto righteousness,—a capability of being renewed by grace in addition to that which inheres in man from the first; or on the other hand a partial and incipient spiritual change; since regeneration *ex vi termini* is something total and general; to be born again, *re-natus*, implies a new nature; is so described in Scripture and was so understood in the early Church. He looked upon it as an external grant, called regeneration in virtue of that which it is its object to promote and secure, a grant which comes into effect gradually, as the will yields to the pressure of the Spirit from without, but which may be made of none effect by the will's resistance. Such a view of the effect of baptism is well expressed by George Herbert in these lines—

> " O blessed streams! either ye do prevent
> " And stop our sins from growing thick and wide,
> " Or else give tears to drown them as they grow—

and is explained by himself in this passage from some of his manuscript remains:

" I see the necessity of greatly expanding and clearing up the chapter on Baptism in the *Aids to Reflection*, and of proving the substantial accordance of my scheme with that of our Church. I still say, that an act of the Spirit in *time*, as that it might be asserted, at the moment of the uttering of the words, I baptize thee in the name, &c.—*now* the Spirit *begins* to act—

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is false in Philosophy and contrary to Scripture, and that our Church service needs no such hypothesis. Further, I still say, that the communication of the Spirit as of a power or principle not yet possessed, to an unconscious agent by human ministry, is without precedent in Scripture, and that there is no Scripture warrant for the doctrine—and that the nature of the *Holy* Spirit communicated by the Apostles by laying on of hands is a very difficult question—and that the reasons for supposing it to be certain miraculous *gifts* of the Spirit peculiar to the first age of Christianity and *during* the formation of the *Church*, are neither few nor insignificant.

"Observe, I do not deny (God forbid!) the possibility or the reality of the influence of the Spirit on the soul of the infant. His first smile bespeaks a Reason, (the Light from the Life of the Word,) as already existent, and where the Word is, there will the Spirit act. Still less do I think lightly of the Graces which the child receives as a living Part of the Church, and whatever flows from the Communion of Saints, and the περιχωρησις of the Spirit.

"The true import is this. The operations of the Spirit are as little referable to Time as to Space; but in reference to our principles of conduct toward, and judgment concerning, our neighbour, the Church declares, that *before* the time of the baptism there is no authority for asserting, and that *since* the time there is no authority for denying, the gift and regenerative presence of the Holy Spirit, promised, by an especial covenant, to the members of Christ's mystical Body —consequently, no just pretence for expecting or requiring another new Inition or Birth into the state of Grace."

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My Father denied not that the Spirit may influence the soul of an infant, but he still refused to separate the presence of the Holy Spirit from spiritual effects, and these from reason and the moral being. Those whom he differed from are wont to argue, not that the infant is capable of moral effects in virtue of its awakening reason, but that it may be spiritually renovated in its whole soul before it is morally renewed at all: to *this opinion* he was ever wholly opposed. The new birth, as the change of the soul itself, is out of time; viewed phenomenally in its manifestations, it takes place, as my Father conceived, gradually, as a man becomes gradually a new creature, different from what he was by nature, (or in other words a good Christian,) the new *birth* indicating the spiritual ground, the new creature the effect and change produced.

Mr. Coleridge's view of the Eucharist with his view of Sacraments generally has been adopted and explained by his younger son.[22] Would that all my labours in explaining our Father's views and clearing them from misrepresentation, could be so superseded! But my brother's present avocations are *all engrossing*, and more indispensable than the defence of opinions, however serviceable those may be deemed to the cause of truth. In connection however with the subject just touched upon, of primitive religious *metaphysique*, I am desirous, in times like these, to specify, what my Father's notion of the *real presence* was not: that

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[22] See the *Scriptural Character of the English Church*, &c. by the Rev. Derwent Coleridge, M.A. now Principal of St. Mark's College, Chelsea. Last six sermons, *passim*. See also Coleridge's *Remains*, III. 344. iv. 41.

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was *not* the notion of a real presence in bread and wine. My Father has been called a Pantheist by the blunderers of the day, because he believed in the real presence of God throughout Creation animate and inanimate; that He is present to every blade of grass and clod of the valley, as well as to all things that breathe and live; that were He to *hide his face*, that is, withdraw his power, the World would vanish into nothing. But the presence in the Eucharist is a spiritual presence or *agency* for the production of spiritual effects. God sustains mere material things by his power, but is he present to them *as the Spirit of Holiness*, the life-giving Word? Can bread and wine become holy and spiritual and be nourished to everlasting life? What do we gain by this strange self-contradictory dogma, except an articulation of air? The sacrament is not for the bread and wine but for the soul of the receiver, and if we hope to receive the Spirit by means of the hallowed elements, have we not all that the doctrine can give us in the way of spiritual advantage? When I have urged this consideration upon a maintainer of the ancient view, the reply has been, "We must not *rationalize*—must not reason *à priori* on these matters, but receive faithfully what the voice of God has declared." Alas! that men should thus separate the voice of God from reason and the moral sense, which God has given us as an inward Holy of Holies, wherein He may appear to us, if we repair thither meetly prepared, our souls being *washed with pure water!* Alas! that they should so absolutely identify it with the voice of early Christian writers, men zealous and simple-hearted, but nursled for the most part in Paganism and all kinds of "sensuous and dark" imaginations on the subject of religion! One of these early



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writers, if not more, believed in transubstantiation, that doctrine so condemned in our Church as not only irrational, but impious. Waterland interprets the passage in the ancient Father,[22] to which I refer, in his own way, only allowing him to be "inaccurate in superinducing the Logos upon the symbols themselves, rather than upon the recipients;"[23] but I think if we attend, as the Benedictine editor requires, to the *series* of the holy Doctor's *whole argumentation*, we cannot fail to perceive that the conception present to his mind was at least nearer to *trans*, than to any kind of *con* substantiation.[24] He teaches that the Eucharist consists of two parts, an earthly and a heavenly; I think that by the earthly he understood not mere bread, but the material body of Christ; while by the

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[22] *Irenæus Contra Hæreses*, L. iv. c. 18. p. 251. Ed. Bened. Waterland's *Review of the Doctrine of the Eucharist*, chap. vii. p. 221—et seq.

[23] The same Divine, after explaining the holiness of the consecrated symbols to be "a relative holiness," and declaring himself to be of the opinion judiciously expressed by Mr. Hooker, that grace is not to be sought in the sacrament, but in the worthy receiver of the sacrament, presently adds, "not that I conceive there is any absurdity in supposing a peculiar presence of the Holy Ghost to inanimate things, any more than in God's appearing in a burning bush." Surely this is no parallel case. Who imagines that Jehovah was joined or united with the burning bush, or that the Omnipresent Creator was present there as a man is present in a place? The luminous appearance in the bush and in the pillar of fire and in the Holy of Holies was a sensuous sign of a supersensual reality, of the special agency, favour and protection of Almighty God to the chosen people. Has this any thing to do with a spiritual presence in bread and wine?

[24] *Diss. Prævi. in Iren. Lib.* Art. xiv. 83-84-85. The Benedictine refers to Fisher's argument against Œcolampadius in which the same view of the passage in Irenæus is taken.

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heavenly he meant Christ's quickening spirit: for he was contending against heretics who denied that our Lord was one with the Creator, and that the Word of God had assumed a true corporeal frame of substantial flesh and blood, and he uses the doctrine of the sacramental mystery as an illustrative argument against them.[25] But what becomes of this argument if the earthly part of the Eucharist is just that which it appears to be and nothing more? Waterland's interpretation of Irenæus on that point is, in my opinion, a perfect anachronism; it imputes to him modern immaterializing views, quite alien from the general frame of his mind; and is not an equal forgetfulness of the state of thought in those times evinced by his saying, that "the Christians despised the Pagans for imagining that Christ's body and blood were supposed to be *literally* eaten in the Eucharist"?[26] What the Pagans accused them of and what they "rejected with abhorrence" was probably this, that instead of bread and wine they placed upon the table real human flesh and blood and partook of it under the name of their Lord's body. Irenæus, who understood literally the saying of our Saviour, *I will not drink henceforth of this fruit of the vine till I drink it new with you in my Father's kingdom*, need scarcely be supposed to have been more refined than modern Romanists on the subject of the Eucharist.[27] Just in the same way Waterland mo-

[25] Tertullian expresses this plainly. He "proves the truth or reality of the Lord's body and blood against the phantasm of Marcion by the sacraments of the bread and the cup." *Advers. Marcion*, L. v. cap. 8.

[26] He supports this assertion by referring to a "fragment of Irenæus, p. 343, concerning Blandina," which does not, I think, really support it.

[27] *Contra Hæreses*. Lib. v. cap. xxxiii. 1. He proves by the

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dernizes Tertullian; just so he refines upon a sentence in that unrefined treatise *De Resurrectione Carnis.* Toward the end of an epigrammatic passage enumerating the benefits that accrue to the soul through the body of flesh, and declaring, that as the Flesh and the Spirit are fellow workmen here so they shall be partners in bliss hereafter, the ancient writer speaks thus: *Caro corpore et sanguine Christi vescitur, ut et anima de deo saginetur.* The Anglican Divine understands this "in a mystical and constructional sense," and for no other reason, apparently, than that any other would be gross and puerile. Yet who that reads Tertullian can imagine that he was *not* gross and puerile in his philosophy, however refined in the play of fancy and exercise of logic, unless he is predetermined to find him otherwise? Doubtless Tertullian thought, that the bread which our Lord held in his hand at the last Supper was but "a figure of his body;" the bread in the Eucharist, I verily think, he took to be the material body of our Lord. The sixth chapter of St. John many of the ancients seem to have understood spiritually, because the meaning is expressly declared to be spiritual in the text itself: (verse 63.) and I think that the primitive Fathers always kept close to the text, though, when figurative, it sometimes led them away from the sense.

Our divines have generally rejected transubstantiation as irrational and unspiritual. Any one who rejects it

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literal sense of Matt. xxvi. 29. the carnal resurrection of the disciples and millennial reign of Christ upon earth. Of course he takes Isaiah xi. vi. literally too, and presses into the service of his opinion of a future earthly Paradise every prophetic text about eating and drinking and sensuous delights that he can gather out of Holy Writ.

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on this ground yet holds the presence of the redeeming Spirit in bread and wine, strains at a gnat after swallowing a camel. "If on all sides it be confessed," says Hooker, "that the grace of baptism is poured into the soul of man, that by water we receive it, although it be neither seated in the water nor the water changed into it, what should induce men to think that the grace of the Eucharist must needs be in the Eucharist before it be in us that receive it?"[28] But it was the *ancient*

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[28] Can any one who reads what Hooker has written on this subject before and after the sentence I have quoted, in Bk. V. ch. lxvii. (pp. 445-51 of vol. ii. of Mr. Keble's ed.) imagine that he himself held what he describes as utterly vain and unnecessary, and which is out of analogy with his doctrine of baptism?

Of all the doctrines which suppose a presence in the elements my Father thought transubstantiation the best, and would have agreed, I believe, with Mr. Ward in denying the charge of rationalism brought against it by divines of the school of Dr. Pusey. How does it *explain* the mystery a whit more than their own view? It does but affirm what that denies, that the bread and wine are gone without pretending to say how: it neither rationalizes nor reasons, *internally* at least; but bluntly affirms a senseless proposition without throwing a gauze veil over its face.

The attempt made by Mr. W. to reconcile it with our article, however, appears to me one of the most sophistical parts of the whole Tract Ninety Argument—which is saying a good deal. The article declares against "the change of the substance of bread and wine in the Supper of the Lord." Mr. Ward affirms that it speaks popularly, and hence does not conflict with the Romish metaphysique of the Eucharist, according to which the *accidents* of bread and wine remain while the *substance* is changed; it being assumed in his argument that to speak popularly, in the language of the plain Christian, who knows nothing of philosophy, is to identify accidents with substance so as to do away with the latter entirely. Now not to mention

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opinion that the spirit descended upon the water before it entered the soul of the baptized. It is not easy for a sensible man, like Hooker, to stick to ancient opinions on the subject of *spirit*.

Yet Irenæus is an evangelical writer when he is not theologizing, and loses sight of his Anti-Gnostic, which are often Anti-Platonic, metaphysics. Indeed he at all times leans with his whole weight upon Scripture and Reason, according to his notions of both, just as a Rationalist like S. T. C. may do nowadays. He seems to have no horror of rationalism at all, but looks as far into the internal consistency of things as he is able. Viewed in their place in the history of thought these primitive writers are interesting and venerable. The attempt to make them practically our masters on earth in doctrine, under a notion that they received their whole

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the gross improbability, that the framer of the article was ignorant of, or had no respect to the metaphysique, of the doctrine current in the schools of Rome, and controverted in the schools of the Reformed,—— it is surely quite wrong to say, that the unmetaphysical man means nothing more by an object of sense than its sensible qualities. It is true that he identifies the qualities with the substance, but yet he has the idea of substance too. The notion that a thing is only a congeries of accidents is the notion of the idealizing philosopher in his study; while the idea of a substrate or support of accidents is common to all mankind, and indeed is an original form of the human intellect. This is admitted in the reasonings of Berkeley, Schelling and every other Idealist. By the *substance* of bread the plain man means *not* the mere qualities of bread, but a thing which *has* those qualities: he means the bread itself with all that belongs to it. Mr. Ward pretends to considerable knowledge of the nature and history of thought—and, I believe, not without reason; but he did not *shew* his knowledge of it by this argument. Indeed he is rather apt to use his logical skill and metaphysical acumen for the purpose of cleverly confounding a subject instead of making it clear.

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structure of religious intellectualism ready built from the Apostles—*this* it is which anti-patricians of my Father's mind contemn. Belief in the phœnix was no sign that the early Christians were incapable of receiving a spiritual religion; but surely it *is* one among a hundred signs, that their intellectual development of it might be incorrect; that they had reflected but little on the nature and laws of evidence.

I believe that the whole of the opinions which my Father expresses on the Eucharist[29] may be reduced to this, that both transubstantiation and Luther's doctrine of consubstantiation may be so stated as not to involve a contradiction in terms; but that neither doctrine is necessary, that there is no real warrant for either in Scripture, and that the spiritual doctrine of the Supper of the Lord involves a different statement. The gift and effect of the Eucharist he believed to be "an assimilation of the spirit of a man to the divine humanity." How he sympathized with one who fought against the old sensualism appears in his poem on the dying words of Berengarius. But Berengarius certainly taught a presence in the elements, for he said that the true body is placed on the *table*. To the imperfection of light vouchsafed in that day my Father seems to refer in the last lines of his poem:

> The ascending day star with a bolder eye
> Hath lit each dew-drop on our trimmer lawn!
> Yet not for this, if wise, shall we decry
> The spots and struggles of the timid dawn;
> Lest so we tempt th' approaching noon to scorn
> The mists and painted vapours of our morn.

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[29] Remains, iii. pp. 78-111-254-285-336-338-345-350-379, and iv. 41-186. The Romish dogma involves the supposition that a sensible thing can be abstracted from its accidents. This may not be false logic and yet may be false philosophy. The sub-

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That my Father, though an ardent maintainer of the Church as a spiritual power, organized in an outward body, co-ordinate with the Spirit and the Scriptures, did not admit the ordinary mysticism on the subject of Apostolical succession, seems clear from this passage from some of his manuscript writings, dated 1827. "When I reflect on the great stress which the Catholic or more numerous Party of Christians laid on the uninterrupted succession of the Bishops of every Church from the Apostles, the momentous importance attached by the Bishops themselves at the first general council to this unbroken chain of the spiritual lightning, ever present to illumine in the decisions and to scathe in the anathemas of the Church—when I read, that on this articulated *continuum* which evacuated the time which it measured, and reduced it to a powerless *accident*, a mere shadow from the carnal nature intercepting the light, a shadow that existed only for the eye of flesh, between which and the luminary the carnal nature intervened, so that every Bishop of the true Church, speaking in and from the Spirit, might say, 'Before Peter was, or Paul, *I am!*' [30]—Well!—Let all this pass for the poetry of the claims of the Bishops

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stance of the *material* body could do nothing for our souls: the substance of the divine humanity can be present to our souls alone. So it seems to many of the faithful.

[30] After describing Episcopal succession as a "fixed outward mean by which the identity of the visible Church, as co-ordinate with the written Word, is preserved, as the identity of an individual man is symbolized by the continuous reproduction of the same bodily organs," as, "more than this, not merely one leading symbol of permanent visibility, but a co-efficient in every other," my brother says, "Yet it must be examined *according to this idea*. I dare not affect to think of it, in order to render it intelligible

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to the same Spirit, and, consequently, to the same authority as the Apostles, unfortunately for the claim, enough of the writings of Bishops, ay, and of canonized Bishops too, are extant to enable us to appreciate it and to know and feel the woful difference between the Spirit that guided the pen of Tertullian, Irenæus, Epiphanius, &c. and the Spirit by which John and Paul spake and wrote! Descending into the cooler element of prose, I confine myself to the fact of an uninterrupted succession of Bishops in each Church, and the apparent human advantages consequent on such a means of preserving and handing down the memory of important events and the stedfast form of sound words,—and when I find it recorded that on this fact the Fathers of the Nicene Council grounded their main argument against the Arians, &c. I cannot help finding a great and perplexing difficulty in the entire absence of all definite Tradition concerning the composition and delivery of the Gospels." He then goes on to suggest a solution of this perplexity.

*Noscitur a sociis* is a maxim very generally applied: we trust and love those who honour whom we honour, condemn whom we disapprove. My Father's affectionate respect for Luther is enough to alienate from him the High Anglican party, and his admiration of Kant enough to bring him into suspicion with the anti-philosophic part of the religious world,—which is

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and persuasive to faithless and mechanical minds, as of a mere *physical* continuity, by which the spiritual powers of the pastorate are conveyed, *like a stream of electricity along a metal wire.*" My brother had never seen the passage from my Father's MS. Remains which I have given in the text when he wrote this, and I believe it to be a perfect co-incidence.

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the whole of it except a very small portion indeed. My Father was a hero-worshipper in the harmless sense of Mr. Carlyle; and his worship of these two heroes, though the honours he paid to the one were quite different from those he offered to the other, was so deliberate and deep seated, that it must ever be a prominent feature on the face of his opinions. He thought the mind of Luther more akin to St. Paul's than that of any other Christian teacher, and I believe that our early divines, including Hooker and Field, would not have suspected his catholicity on this score. Indeed it is clear to my mind that in Luther's doctrines of grace, (no one has ever doubted his orthodoxy on the subject of the divine nature, but his doctrine of the dealings of God with man in the work of salvation,) there is nothing which ever would mortally have offended High Churchmen, Romish or Anglican; that they tried to find heresy in these because of the practical consequences he drew from them to the discrediting and discomfiture of their spiritual polity. On the doctrine of Justification he has been represented as a mighty corrupter; let us see how and how far he differs on that subject from his uncompromising adversaries.[31] There are but three forms in which that doctrine can possibly be presented to the mind, I mean there are but three ways in which St. Paul's

[31] My authorities for the following statements are the *Decrees and Canons of Trent*, Luther's *Commentary on Galatians*, and *Table Talk*, Bishop Bull's *Harmonia* with his thick volume of replies to the censures of it, and Mr. Newman's *Lectures on Justification*, all of which I have dwelt on a good deal. I have not yet read St. Augustine on the subject, but suspect from extracts, that his view was the same as Luther's so far as he developed it.

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*justified by faith without the deeds of the law* can be scientifically explained or translated into the language of metaphysical divinity;—namely the Tridentine, or that set forth by the Council of Trent,—the Anglican or High Church Protestant, set forth by Bishop Bull;—and that of Luther. Nay, I think that, really and substantially, there are but two, namely the Tridentine and High Anglican or doctrine of justification by faith and works as the condition of obtaining it, and Luther's solifidianism or doctrine of justification by means of faith alone,—a faith the necessary parent of works. *All parties agree that God is the efficient, Christ, in His sacrifice, the meritorious cause of salvation: all profess this in words, all the pious of all the different parties believe it in their hearts.* The dispute is not about the proper *cause* of salvation, but only concerning the internal *condition* on our part, or what that is *in us* whereon justification ensues,—which connects the individual man with the redemption wrought by Christ for all mankind. Bull teaches that this link within us to the redemption

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Mr. Newman says in his Appendix—"I have throughout these remarks implied that the modern controversy on the subject of justification is not a vital one, inasmuch as all parties are agreed that Christ is the sole justifier, and that He makes holy those whom He justifies." Yet one who professed to hold Mr. Newman's religious opinions in general, could talk of Luther's doctrine as a doctrine too bad for devils to hold consistently, contrary to natural religion, corruptive of the heart and at war with reason. It should be remembered that *the state of mind in the justified is precisely the same in all the* different schemes. The dispute is only about the *name* to be given to certain constituents of it; whether they are to be *called* justifying or only inseparable from, or the necessary product of, the justifying principle.

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without us is faith informed with love and works—faith quickened by love and put forth in the shape of obedience. The Tridentine teaches, in like manner, that we are justified directly upon our holiness and works wrought in us by the Spirit,—that faith and all other graces of which it is the root, are the condition of acceptance with God. Between this statement and Bull's I see no real difference at all; it is but the same thought expressed in different words. The Anglican chooses to add that our holiness and works, in order to be thus justifying, must be *sprinkled with the blood of the covenant;* the Tridentine declines that well sounding phrase: perhaps he thinks it a tautology offensive to Him who forbade vain repetitions; and, for my own part, I cannot think that his Saviour requires it of him, whatever divines may do. His anathemas against those who say either more or less than he says on these points are, in my opinion, the only anti-christian part of his doctrine of justification. Drive the thing as far back as we may, still there must be something *in us*—in our very selves which connects us with salvation; it seems rather nonsensical to say that *this* is the blood of Christ. We should never have obtained this something without Him; He created it in us and to Him it tends; what more can we say without nullifying the human soul as a distinct being altogether, and thus slipping into the gulf of Pantheism in backing away from imaginary Impiety and Presumption? Even if with Luther we call Christ the form of our faith, and hence the formal cause of our salvation, still there must be that in our very selves which at least negatively secures our union with him; to that we must come at last as the personal *sine qua non* of justification, whether we call it the *proximate* cause, or

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interpose another, (the Holy Ghost dwelling in our hearts by faith,) betwixt ourselves and heaven. The Anglican may call our holiness inchoate and imperfect, and may insist that only as sanctified and completed by Christ's merits is it even the conditional cause of salvation; still this holiness, if it connects us with the Saviour or precludes the impediment to such connection is, in one sense, complete and perfect, for it does this all important work perfectly; it is no slight matter, for it is all the difference between salvation and perdition, as being indispensable to our gaining the first and escaping the last. Now in what other sense *can* the Romanist imagine that our holiness is perfect and complete? Does he think that it is perfect as God is perfect, or that it is more than a *beginning* even in reference to that purity which human nature may finally attain when freed from a temptible body and the clog of the flesh? [32]

I am even bold enough to say, after all South's valiant feats against the windmill giant, Human Merit, that the dispute on this subject seems to me a mere dispute about words. *That in us* which even negatively, (by preventing the prevention of it,) unites us with Christ, may be said to deserve Christ, and hence to be unspeakably meritorious. The Romanist has declared that *all the merit of procuring salvation is in Christ*—surely then he only leaves to man—what no man should seek to deprive him of,—the being rendered by the Holy Spirit a *meet* receptacle and *worthy*

[32] To call our inherent righteousness *inchoate* in reference to the power of justifying would be incorrect, would it not?—for it is the beginning and end of what *we* contribute toward our salvation, and certainly not the commencement of what is done for us.

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dwelling-place for Itself. As for grace of congruity and condignity—our Lord says that he who hath to him shall be given—does not this imply that he who hath grace *deserves* more, that it is *due* to his internal condition raised and purified by the Holy Spirit? Or does this notion really interfere with the Scriptural truth, that we are unprofitable servants, and in our best performances can do no more than we are *bound* to do?[33] Is it essential to the idea of *deserving* reward, that he who deserves should be the original author and source of the services by which he deserves it? If it be, then the *language* of the Council of Trent is incorrect; but its doctrine is not incorrect, because the very same sentence which affirms the good works of the justified to be *merits* declares them previously to be *gifts of God.* Very indefensible is

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[33] My Father says "I am persuaded, that the practice of the Romish Church tendeth to make vain the doctrine of salvation by faith in Christ alone; but judging by her most eminent divines I can find nothing dissonant from the truth in her express decisions on this article. Perhaps it would be safer to say:—Christ alone saves us, working in us by the faith which includes love and hope. Rem. iii. p. 53. I neither do nor can think, that any pious member of the Church of Rome did ever in his heart attribute any merit to any work as being his work. A grievous error and a mischievous error there was practically in mooting the question at all of the condignity of works and their rewards." Ib. p. 54.

Canons 24 and 32 of the 6th Session of the Council of Trent are given in a note at the foot of the page to be compared with this opinion. I think there is no harm in them; they affirm that the good works of the justified are both gifts of God and merits of the justified person himself, that they deserve increase of grace and eternal life. Now in the only sense in which a believer in the primary merits of Christ can mean to affirm this I do not see how any rational Christian can deny it. There is

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the *next* sentence which *anathematizes* him who calls them only *signs* of justification obtained and fears to add that they are merits.

The Tridentine and the Anglican statements of Justification are tantamount to each other,—may be resolved into each other; but there is a *third* way of stating the matter—between this and the other two there is perhaps a logical, though, I believe, no practical difference whatever. I allude to the notion of Luther that *faith alone* is that *in us* which connects us with Christ, and consequently is our sole personal righteousness, (or that which entitles us to freedom from the penal consequences of sin;) that faith justifies, (in this conditional and instrumental way,) *in its own right*, not as informed with or accompanied by or productive of love and works, but as apprehending Christ. Luther maintained that faith, although it is righteous and the necessary parent of righteous

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a notion connected with this subject, which is taught not only in the Romish schools, but I grieve to say in some of our own schools too of late years, which does seem to me both presumptuous and unscriptural; I mean the notion, that a man can do more in the way of good works and saintliness than he is bound to do as a Christian,—or at least that there is a kind and degree of holiness which some men may and ought to seek and obtain, which the generality of the faithful cannot attain and ought not to strive after. This seems to me both false and fraught with corruptive consequences to religion. When Peter said to Ananias respecting his land, *was it not thine own—in thine own power?* —he surely did not mean that in offering it Ananias did more than he was bound to do, as a Christian before God, but only that, as he was not compelled to surrender it by any outward force or authority, his pretending to give and yet *not* giving the whole of it, was a gratuitous piece of hypocrisy—something worse than a simple falsehood extorted by fear.

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works, justifies only in bringing Christ to dwell in the heart,[34] and that the righteousness which flows from this inhabitation, is not our justification but the fruit of it, or in other words that faith not love is the justifying principle. Now I think it is a notable fact in favour of my Father's opinion that these different views are all but different aspects of the same truth, and are not substantially different one from another, that Mr. Newman's splendid work on justification, which is generally considered by the High Anglican party as an utter demolition of Luther's teaching in the Commentary, and perhaps was intended to be so, is, in fact, a tacit establishment of it, or at least of its most important position; since on this cardinal point, this hinge of the question, whether faith justifies alone, as uniting us with Christ, or as informed with love and works, and as itself a work and a part of Christian holiness,—he decides with Luther, *not* with Tridentines or High Anglicans.[35] For he expressly states that faith does in one sense, (the sense of uniting us with Christ, which is the same as Luther's sense,) justify alone; that it is the "only inward instrument" of justification; that, as such inward instrument, it is one certain property, act, or habit of the mind, distinct from love and other graces,[36] not a mere name for them all; that there is "a certain extraordinary and singular sympathy between faith and the grant of Gospel privileges, such as

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[34] Galatians, ii. 3.

[35] Lecture X. throughout, p. 256—87.

[36] Ib. p. 258-9.—"when it" (faith) is called the sole instrument of justification, it must stand in contrast to them, (trust, hope, etc.) and be contemplated in itself, as being one certain property, habit, or act of the mind."

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to constitute it, in a true sense, an instrument of it, that is of justification, which includes them all;" that "it alone coalesces with the sacraments, &c. and through them unites the soul to God."[37] Further he identifies his doctrine with that of our Homilies which declares that repentance, hope, love and the fear of God are shut out from the office of justifying.[38] It seems as if, while he contended against Luther, the Lutheran doctrine laid hold of him, and *held him and would not let him go*, till it brought him home to its own habitation.

Surely after all this Mr. Newman's apparent hostility to Luther, in the matter of justification, is a mere shadow-fight. He may dislike his tone and language, and disapprove some subordinate parts of his view, either as false or half true, but on the main point he has adopted the Reformer's doctrine; and his new *Harmonia*, which was to be the ruin of solifidianism, is solifidian itself, in the only sense in which any systematic divine ever was so. It is true that, while thus embracing Luther, unwillingly, he tries to fling the old giant away from him, by declaring that *he* holds an antecedent external instrument, even Baptism; that Baptism gives to faith all its justifying power. But this does not in reality separate him one hair's-breadth from his unhonoured master. Luther held the doctrine of regeneration in baptism as well as himself; he bids men cling fast to their baptism, recur to it as to a ground of confidence, and in the comment on verse 27 of chapter iii. of Galatians, he speaks of the "majesty of baptism" as highly as the Highest Churchman

[37] Ib. pp. 58-9, 270-71, 286, 333.

[38] Sermon of Salvation, Part i.



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could speak of it, at the same time observing "these things I have handled more largely in another place, therefore I pass them over briefly here."[39] Luther believed in baptismal regeneration and must therefore have believed that every spiritual principle in the soul was derived from it: he taught that faith was the work of the Spirit and that the Spirit was given in baptism: his solifidianism is not incompatible with a sound belief on that subject, unless Mr. Newman's is so too, for they are one and the same.

What Luther fought against was not an external instrument of salvation preceding actual faith and producing it: he saw no harm in *that* notion; what he fought against with all his heart and soul and strength, was justification by charity and the deeds of charity, or what is commonly called a good life. He saw that practically

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[39] Luther received baptismal regeneration as it had been handed down to him; he taught that "the renewing of the inward man is done in baptism." Would that he had been a reformer in this article also—had renewed the *form* of the doctrine, while he maintained its life and substance!—then probably disbelievers in "baptismal transubstantiation" would not have been disquieted by the wording of our Liturgy. Dr. Pusey did once cite Luther, in his *Scriptural Views*, p. 28, as a witness to the true doctrine of regeneration in baptism; why is not this remembered by writers of Dr. Pusey's school when Luther's doctrine of justification is under review?

Luther taught indeed that men are *born again of the Word of God*, that the Holy Ghost changes the heart and mind by faith in or through the hearing of the external word; but if the sayings of St. Peter and St. Paul and St. James, affirming the same thing, can be reconciled with inward renewal in baptism, so can Luther's, for he went not beyond Scripture on this point. There are certainly *comings* of the Holy Spirit spoken of in the N. T. unconnected with baptism. See among other places John xiv. 23.

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salvation was given to outward works and money gifts, which might proceed from evil men, while, in theory, it was ascribed to love and the works of the Spirit. He thought to preclude this abuse and establish Scripture at the same time by declaring faith alone the means of salvation, and good works the necessary offspring of faith in the heart. And how could such a doctrine encourage Antinomianism, for is it not plain, that if good works flow necessarily from saving faith, where the works are not good, the mind whence they spring cannot have saving faith?[40] This Luther expressly states. "Whoso obeyeth the flesh," says he, "and continueth without any fear of God or remorse of conscience in accomplishing the desires and lusts thereof, let him know that he pertaineth not unto Christ."[41] The whole strain of his commentary on chapters v. and vi. of Galatians is an utter shattering of Antinomianism, which indeed is precluded by the doctrine of the commentary from beginning to end. In one respect a Solifidian like Luther is a more effectual opponent to Antinomians than a teacher of justification by faith and works, because he more completely wrests out of their hands those sayings of St. Paul which *seem* to deny that works of any sort do in any sense justify.—But it is an insult to the apostolic man's memory to defend him from the charge of Antinomianism. He knocked down with his little finger more Antinomianism than his accusers with both hands. If his doctrine is the jaw bone of an ass, he must have been a very Samson, for he turned numbers with this instrument from the

[40] Burnet urges this plea for solifidians, though not one himself.

[41] Commentary on Galatians, chap. v. verse 18.

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evil of their lives; and the same instrument in the hands of mere pygmies in comparison with him has wrought more amendment of life among the Poor than the most eloquent and erudite preachers of works and rites have to boast, by their *preaching*. For this doctrine presents hope and fear more sharply to the mind than any other; it supplies the steam of encouragement and propels from behind while it draws on from before.

The following charges are brought against Luther. It has been said that he denied the power of Christians to fulfil the law or produce really good works; that he denied the use of conscience in keeping Christians from sin and wickedness; and that he separated justifying faith from love.

That he denied the good works of Christians is just as true as that he denied the sun in heaven. He beautifully compares them to stars in the night, the night and darkness of surrounding unjustification; and beautifully too does he say, that even as the stars do not *make* heaven, but only *trim* and *adorn* it, so the charity of works does not constitute blessedness but makes it shine to the eyes of men, that they may glorify the Father of Lights.[42] That Luther denied the work of the Spirit to be really *good* is one of the many charges against him which sound loud and go off in smoke. He considered them relatively good, just as any man else does,—saw a wide world of difference betwixt the deeds of the justified and of the unjustified. If he thought that, as sin remains in the best men, so likewise something of human infirmity clings about the best deeds, who shall convict him of error? That he denied any portion or quality of real goodness to be in the soul in

[42] Table Talk, chap. 14, p. 232.

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which Christ lives, I cannot find and do not believe. But when Luther said that because our righteousness is imperfect, therefore it cannot be the ground of acceptance with God, he drew, in my opinion a wrong inference from his premiss. Our faith is as imperfect as our works; but if it unites us with Christ, it is, (not of course the deepest ground, Christ alone is that,) but the intermediate ground or condition of our acceptance. The question is, shall we call faith alone, or faith, love, obedience, all Gospel graces, the "connecting bond" between us and Christ? If faith alone, then faith alone is our intermediate ground of acceptance; and repentance, love and obedience are not excluded because they are imperfect, but because of their posteriority to faith.

That Luther denied the power of Christians to fulfil the law is the self-same charge in another shape and false in that shape as in the other. He reiterates that the faithful do fulfil the law and that they alone fulfil it; that by faith they receive the Holy Ghost and then accomplish the law.[43] "I come with the Lord Himself," says Luther; "on Him I lay hold, Him I stick to, and leave works unto thee: which notwithstanding *thou never didst.*" He shews that against the righteous there is no law, because he is a law to himself. "For the righteous," says he, "liveth in such wise that he hath no need of any law to admonish or constrain him, but without constraint of the law, he willingly doeth those things which the law requireth."[44]

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[43] Comm. Gal. v. 23.

[44] Mr. Ward thinks the Commentary on the Galatians such a "*silly*" work! Shakespeare has been called silly by Puritans, Milton worse than silly by Prelatists and Papists, Wordsworth

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What more would we have a teacher of the Gospel say? Ought a Christian to perform the law *un*willingly by a force from *without?* Luther teaches that in the justified there is an inward law superseding the outward: that the outward law remains, but only for the sinner: that it either drives him to Christ or bridles him in his carnality. This is the idea expressed in that passage at the end of the introduction to his commentary, which sets forth the *argument of the Epistle.* "When I have this righteousness reigning in my heart, I descend from heaven, as the rain maketh fruitful the earth: that is to say, I come forth into another kingdom, and I do good works how and whensoever occasion is offered." What is there in this that is worthy of condemnation or of sarcasm? Is it not true Pauline philosophy to say, that the realm of outward works is another kingdom from the realm of grace?—that the true believer is freed from the compulsion of the law?—to call the sum of outward things and all deeds, considered as outward, *the Flesh?* To me this animated passage seems the very teaching of the Apostle to the Gentiles uttered with a voice of joy. It is the unconfusing intoxication of Gospel triumph and gladness. Some say

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was long called silly by Buonaparteans; what will not the *odium theologicum* or *politicum* find worthless and silly? To me, perhaps from my silliness, his Commentary appears the very Iliad of Solifidianism; all the fine and striking things that have been said upon the subject are taken from it; and if the author preached a novel doctrine, or presented a novel development of Scripture in this work, as Mr. Newman avers, I think he deserves great credit for his originality. The Commentary contains, or rather is, a most spirited Siege of Babylon, and the friends of Rome like it as well as the French like Wellington and the battle of Waterloo.

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mocking, The man is *full of new wine;* but Luther was not really drunk when he spoke thus; he spoke it in the noon day of his vigorous life, with all his wits, and they were sound ones, about him.[45]

It is affirmed that Luther denied the use of conscience in religion, and this is the grand engine which Mr. Ward brings to bear upon him in his *Ideal;* you would think from the account of the Gospel hero's doctrine therein contained that he was a very advocate for unconscientiousness, and would have men go on sinning that grace may abound; would have them "wallow and steep in all the carnalities of the world, under pretence of Christian liberty," and *continue without any fear of God or remorse of conscience in accomplishing the desires of the flesh*; or at least that his teaching involved this: I wonder how men can have the *conscience* to write thus of Luther on the strength of a few misconstrued passages, while the broad front of his massive fortress of Gospel doctrine, a stronghold against Antinomianism, must present itself to their eyes unless they are stone blind.[46] Luther

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[45] Mr. Newman points out that fine passage on faith in Gal. ii. 16, and 334 *Paulus his verbis,* &c. and he quotes that admirable exposition of his on "incarnate faith or believing deeds," in Gal. vii. 10, in which he brings in the analogy of the Incarnation.

[46] I have read Mr. Ward's *Ideal* with so much interest, and, I humbly hope, benefit, that I am far more grieved by the chapter on Justification than if the writer were a narrow, stupid, uncharitable man. I have heard persons say it was the clever part of the book; the whole of the book is clever, but this part has no other merit than cleverness, and that is a sorry commendation of a discourse upon morals and religion: as the author himself would readily admit in general. It is the force with which he has made this and other cognate truths apparent, the way in which he has vitalized and, to use Luther's phrase, "en-

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teaches that the constraints and terrors of the law remain to keep the flesh in subjection; what he says

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grossed" them, for which I have to thank him. But he special-pleads against Luther, and in a way which no pleader could venture upon in a court of Justice. He presents his doctrines upside down—wrong side before. If we tear up the rose tree and place it root upward, with all its blossoms crushed upon the earth, where are its beauty and its fragrance?—if we take the mirror and turn its leaden side to the spectator, where are its clear reflections and its splendour?

By the bye it struck me that Mr. Ward, in his searches for Socinianism, after he had done demonizing the doctrine of Luther, slipped himself into something like heresy on the human nature of our Lord. His words seemed, (seem, for there they are still,) to imply that our Saviour had not, while upon earth, a human mind as well as a human body. He introduces the Godhead into the Manhood so as to destroy, as it seems to me, the character of the latter. Certainly Pearson and South, who were ever held orthodox on the Incarnation, and good Patricians, teach that our Lord, while upon earth, had the "finite understanding" of a man; that he "stooped to the meanness of our faculties;" and indeed it is evident from the language of the Evangelists, that they supposed Him to arrive at the knowledge of ordinary things in an ordinary way; to have *grown* in wisdom and knowledge, an expression not applicable to Omnipotence. If He foreknew all that was to happen to him in one matter, so Abraham and Isaiah foreknew the future. Doubtless He knew far more of the mind of God than they, even as a man. Perhaps Mr. Ward was led to this error, as I believe it to be, from following too heedlessly certain remarks of the Tract for the Times against Jacob Abbott. But surely it is a great and fundamental error to deny by implication, the real humanity of our Lord—that he assumed the *very soul* of man; which he must have done in order to redeem it;—a worse error than that of the Phantasmists, who denied his fleshly body. How he could be very God and very Man at the same time is an inscrutable mystery, but no less than this is the Catholic Faith of the Incarnation, and to deny it is the heresy of Apollinaris. Shall "Catholics" rationalize away a mystery?

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concerning conscience relates to sins that are past, not sins to come. He exhorts men to lay hold of Christ: not to let the sense of their ungodliness which aforetime they have committed make them doubt of his power to save them and purify their souls by the Holy Spirit. His reasons for insisting on this doctrine are obvious; it was to prevent men from trusting for the washing out of sin to penance, the fearful abuse, or rather *use*, of which he had witnessed. His doctrine is, that in those who are in a state of grace through a living faith, the flesh remains, and is to be bruised, exercised and kept down by the Law,—(be it observed, that by *the* Law he always means the Law viewed carnally or as a force from *without*)—while the spirit rejoices in God its Saviour, the conscience sleeping securely on the bosom of Christ. And surely, so far as we can contemplate man in a state of grace at all, having firm faith in the Redeemer and His power to save, he must be contemplated as free and joyful, confident of salvation notwithstanding the infirmity of his mortal nature, not paralyzed by the Law in the conscience or agonized by a fearful looking back upon sins that are past. Surely the conscience may *sleep* on the bosom of Christ, if it be really His bosom on which it is resting; that is, if we know that upon the whole our heart is set upon the things that are above we may safely cast our eye forward, in peace and gladness, hoping and striving through grace to live better from day to day; not backward upon the detail of our past transgressions, with a soul-subduing solicitude to balance them by penance exactly proportioned to their amount.

Luther affirmed that we must make a god of the law out of the conscience, but that in the conscience it is a very devil. Doubtless he had seen fatal effects of the

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tyranny of the law in the conscience, had seen how, like the basilisk's eye, it benumbed the gazer, and prevented him from flying at once to Christ for pardon and purification and power to follow His steps; how it threw him into the hands of the priest, who, in those days, too often, instead of preaching faith in the Saviour and fulfilment of the law by faith, prescribed a certain set of outward observances, which never could take away sins, but which the terrified yet unrepentant spirit rested in, and substituted for general renovation. Looking at the Law in this point of view he called it with great force and truth the very *diabolus*, the malignant accuser, who by its informations and treacherous representations kept the soul separate and estranged from the Prince of Life. Bunyan has worked upon this thought powerfully in the *Pilgrim's Progress*, and he too makes the murderous Moses give way to Christ when He appears, and "depart out of the conscience." "Luther," says Mr. Newman contrasting him with the ancient Father, declares that "the Law and Christ cannot dwell together in the heart; Augustine, that the Law *is* Christ." Well! but *what* Law? Surely not the outward Law, which St. Paul declares dead for the Christian,[47] which Luther declares incompatible with Christ, but the inward law, "the law of grace, the law of the law, the law of liberty, righteousness, and everlasting life," which Luther identifies with

[47] I know not whether there remains upon the face of the earth any of that generation of Scripture interpreters, who were wont to affirm, that, when St. Paul declared the law dead, he meant only the ceremonial law of Moses! That such people existed in Bishop Bull's time seems clear from his taking the pains to refute the notion methodically. See *Harmonia*, cap. vii. Diss. Post. Oxford edit. vol. iii. 120-21.

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Christ from first to last of his evangelical commentary.

Luther's language on the exceeding difficulty of believing unto salvation, on the relics of sin that cling even to the justified, does but shew how searchingly, how earnestly he looked on these subjects—how *hard he was to be pleased* in matters that pertain to justification. Perhaps he should have taught more distinctly that *all* men are sinners and require the coercions of the law more or less. Still it was but the *remnants* of sin which Luther spoke of, when he said, *prospectively*, that sin should not be imputed to the justified."[48] His fault as a teacher was that he stuck too close to Scripture in his mode of expression, and repeated without explanation, or imitated too closely, its strong figurative language. But this doctrine of his that the enormity of sin must not make the sinner despair is no figure; it is literal Gospel truth. *Though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow.* Did Luther in all his strong language on the power of faith, that is of Christ dwelling in the heart by faith, go beyond this glad message of salvation? Blessed be his name for the courage wherewith he re-proclaimed a saving truth, which a self-serving, self-exalting clergy were putting out of sight—were hiding by the complicated superstructure of outward ways and means, which they erected upon it! Luther's a lax system!—No man will find it such who tries to understand and practise rather than to criticise it.

But the grand charge against Luther's doctrine re-

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[48] See Commentary, chap. xi. ver. 17. "But it followeth not therefore that thou shouldst make a light matter of sin, because God doth not impute it;" and many other places in the Commentary.

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mains behind. He is said to have separated saving faith from love.[49] The anti-Lutherans are never weary of harping upon this string. Having failed to convict him of Antinomianism on one side—the denial of good works to Christians, they try to thrust it upon him on the other,—to find it in his definition of faith. But after all where has he said, speaking analytically, that saving faith exists apart from love as a mere *habit of the mind?* "Luther confesses, in so many words," says Mr Newman, "that the faith that justifies is abstract *fides* as opposed to concrete, in Gal. iii. 10." But if we look at Gal. iii. 10, I think we shall find, that by abstract faith as opposed to concrete he meant faith

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[49] Mr. Newman in Lecture XI. argues that faith is not a virtue or grace in its abstract nature, that it is "but an instrument, acceptable when its possessor is acceptable." Faith apart from love is not a virtue, but this seems to be no proof that it is not a distinct grace; faith is not mere belief, though it includes belief; no one in common parlance would say, that he had faith in that which he merely believed. Faith is of the heart, not of the head only, or it is not faith. Nor can I think that it "differs from other graces" in that "it is not an excellence except it be grafted into a heart that has grace." Love, humility, meekness are all in the same case; abstract from these their direction, their object, and you leave a *caput mortuum* of mere human feeling. Love of God is excellent; love of man for God's sake, is excellent; but the mere adhesion of the soul to a certain object has no excellence in it. So humility, as a low estimation of ourselves is not necessarily virtuous; it is only a virtue when it arises from a clear view of our relations to divine perfection, —a clear view of the relative goodness of others, which the mists of self-love and pride are apt to conceal from our sight. Have we *any natural* good acts or habits of mind; do not *all* our affections require to be raised and purified by divine grace before they can be acceptable? To say the contrary is Pelagianism. Love is as little a virtue without faith as faith without love, for

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considered as a spiritual principle in opposition to faithful *works*, and that by *works* he meant not mere acts of the mind but outward actions. This is quite evident from his language, from the whole strain of his argument, and from all his illustrations. Let the reader, if he cares about the matter, look and see. Referring to the 11th chapter of Hebrews, he speaks of David who slew Goliath. The sophister, says he looks upon nothing but the outward appearance of the work; but we must consider what manner of person David was before he did this work—that he was a righteous man, beloved of God, strong and constant in faith. Luther could hardly have thought that David was without love

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no man can love as Christ commands except he believe in God. It is not easy, indeed, to define Faith as a property of the will; but who can *define* primary feelings?

Consistently with the notion that Faith, in its abstract nature, is only Belief, Mr. Newman denies that it is to be identified with Trust: Yet surely Faith and Trust are only different attitudes of the same habit, the difference being in the tense or time of the habit. Faith believes that there is an Infinitely Good Being, and that he *is* good to us: Trust believes that he *will* be good to us. The devils believe; but they have not religious faith: for this *binds* us to its object. No man owes fealty except for benefit and protection. It is unwise to separate the idea of love of God or faith in Him from that of advantage to ourselves; they are reciprocal and co-inherent; the love of God is its own reward, its fruition union with Him. Mr. Newman teaches that faith in is own abstract nature is no grace; that it is merely such a sense of the spiritual as belongs to the devils; that union with love and all the graces of a religious spirit alone makes it virtuous; my Father looked upon Faith as that in the *will* which *corresponds* to belief in the understanding; he thought that faith includes belief, but is more than belief; that it is a grace distinct from love though inseparable from it.

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when he was beloved of God. Mr. N. represents it as a monstrous extravagance[50] in the Reformer to teach that faith justifies *before and without charity.* Yet it is evident enough, and must have been plain as noon-day to simple hearers, that when Luther speaks of charity he speaks of this virtue as it is manifested in the *outward and visible course of life.* Works he described as the bright children of salvation not the parents of it. He insisted that a man must believe in God *before* he could perform godly actions, must lay hold on Christ before he could walk as a Christian. His commentary is practical, popular, and highly rhetorical in form, not scientific, though I think that every word of it may be scientifically defended. Where does he say that justifying faith, apart from love,—faith in the shape of bare belief, such as devils may have,—comes first, lays hold of Christ, and then becomes the parent of all graces? He merely explains the saying of St. Paul, that by faith we have *access to grace.* His doctrine amounts to no more than what Mr. Newman himself confesses when he calls faith the "sole inward instrument of justification." That pale phantom of justifying faith, which flits about, a mere outline, a line without breadth or thickness, is not to be found in *Luther's pages,* but only in the pages of Luther's adversaries. Nor knew he aught of that other meagre shadow, justification by imputed righteousness alone;[51]

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[50] That Luther never "renounced" any of his "extravagances" directly or "indirectly," early or late, is a point strongly insisted on by Archdeacon Hare, in note W, p. 712-13. His *extravagances* were strictly within the bounds of Scripture.

[51] Mr. N. does not give *this,* I believe to Luther, but calls it the high Protestant doctrine. *High* indeed in the heaven of absur-

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*he* said that those three things, Faith, Christ, and imputation should always go together, and that faith and works should never be separated.[52] They who say that Luther's scheme presents but half of the Gospel, know but half of his mind and *that* not rightly.[53]

Surely no one can think that the sentences quoted in the *Lectures on Justification* at p. 10, from Luther's *Commentary*, contain any proof that he thought or taught that "justifying faith *is* without love when it

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dity. It should be sent to Milton's Limbo with a *living Faith apart in time from Love*—and should not Mr. Newman's own *Justification precedent to justifying Faith*, go along with them? Indeed I think this last is the Queen Chimæra of the whole tribe.

[52] The confusion respecting the priority of justifying faith to love perhaps arises in this way. Faith *includes* belief, or the mere assent of the understanding to divine truth; though it is more than belief; and intellectual assent or perception is the means whereby we obtain the faith of the heart, which is joined with love. The one may not indeed precede the other in time; we may perceive the truth and embrace it spiritually at the same moment; the willingness of the heart clearing the head and the head opening the heart; still there is a priority of faith to love in idea. *Fides est humanæ salutis initium, fundamentum et radix omnis justificationis*, says the Council of Trent. The Homily of Salvation shuts out love from the office of justifying; why is this, except that faith is conceived to have come first and done the work? Of course we make the notion both absurd and mischievous, if we suppose that justification is obtained by some *one act* of faith *once acted*. Faith is always coming first in the soul of the Christian, laying hold of Christ, (or in Mr. Newman's words, uniting the soul to God), and producing good works.

[53] Luther preaches the whole Gospel with an emphasis on particular parts to suit the exigences of the day. So in our *Tracts for the Times* there is an emphasis on sacraments, outward works, all kinds of ecclesiastical visibilities, and whatever can be brought forward relative to priestly power and authority.

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justifies," which Mr. N. declares to be plainly his doctrine, and "no matter of words." Luther, in them, shews that faith not love is the root of good works, since Paul said *Faith worketh by Love*, not Love worketh; he shews that charity or following works do not inform faith, that is, do not impart to it its justifying power, but that faith informs charity, and is "the sun or sun-beam of this shining." What is this more than Mr. N. himself asserts in Lecture X. when he teaches that faith, as faith, in its distinct character, unites the soul with God, or as he expresses it elsewhere, is "the only connecting bond between the soul and Christ." I say again, that every where in the Commentary Luther connects charity with works and the outward life, and nowhere describes justifying faith as existing apart from the *habit* of love. His doctrine on this point is merely an expansion of St. Austin's sound maxim: *per fidem (hominem) posse justificari etiamsi Legis opera non præcesserint; sequuntur enim justificatum non præcedunt justificandum.* (Quoted by Mr. N. himself p. 438.)

Mr. Newman has beautifully described Luther's conception of justifying faith in his first Lecture. It was then perhaps that he fell in love with it, though he did not *tell his love* at the time, but acted the lover in Lecture X. taking it for better for worse. I hope he will never divorce it. Yes! Luther thought of faith as the mere turning or adhering of the soul to Christ, which "may be said" not "by a figure of speech" but literally and truly to "live in Him in whose image it rests." He thought that love lost itself in the object, Christ dwelling in the soul; that love of our neighbour, charity, and all the family of outward works, when set up as our justification or a part of it, were as

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a solid screen betwixt us and the Saviour, while the former was a medium like the fluid air, colourless and transparent. St. Paul's language in the fourth of Romans *prima facie* favours Luther's view, because it so pointedly calls faith our righteousness, as if we had no other justifying principle within us; and declares salvation to be of *grace not of debt*, and if it were obtained, even in a conditional sense, by our virtues, it would seem to be in some sort our due. But, on second thoughts, we perceive that what is true of faith may be safely ascribed to the sanctification that is one with it, and that salvation is of *grace* if secured by the graces given us from above. St. Paul's only object was to shew that men cannot save themselves, and Luther's only object was to prevent the *practical* recurrence of this trust in self-salvation by detached and outside performances.

The great opponent of Luther, on the article of Justification, agrees with him on the following points, which, I think, are all the points of this high game. First, in holding Christ living in the heart to be the true form of our righteousness. This is the idea which is at the bottom of his whole theory, and it is very distinctly set forth in the comments on chap. ii. verses 16 and 20.[54] Secondly, in holding faith to be the sole inward

[54] Mr. Newman gives him credit for this, in Lecture I, p. 22, and appendix, pp. 405 and 409.—"the bold, nay correct language of Luther, that *Christ himself is the form of our justification*,"—My Father's deep satisfaction in this thought may be seen from the following passage in the *Remains*, vol. iv. pp. 33-4.

"And I, my loving Brentius, to the end I may better understand this case, do use to think in this manner, namely, as if in my heart were no quality or virtue at all, which is called faith, and love (as the Sophists do speak and dream thereof,) but I set



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instrument by which the conjunction of the soul with Christ is effected. That Christ dwells in the heart by faith is directly affirmed in Scripture.[55] Thirdly, in holding works *necessary*,[56] in the order of salvation, as necessarily flowing from saving faith or rather from the Holy Ghost, united by faith with the soul, and the proper signs and manifestations of grace "impetrated by faith." Fourthly, in holding that the outward law for the righteous is superseded by the inward law of the mind, though it remains *to keep the flesh in subjection*. Fifthly, which might have been firstly, that saving faith is itself produced by the Holy Ghost.[57] Sixthly, that the Holy Ghost is given, and the soul renewed, in baptism. Seventhly, that conversion is wrought, and I suppose I may add, since "St. James says so," and St. Peter too, that we are divinely begotten or born again, in some spiritual sense, by the Word of God.

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all on Christ, and say, my *formalis justitia*, that is, my sure, my constant and complete righteousness (in which is no want nor failing, but is, as before God it ought to be) is Christ my Lord and Saviour." (Luther's Table Talk, p. 213.)

"Aye! this, this is indeed to the purpose. In this doctrine my soul can find rest. I hope to be saved by faith, not by my faith, but by the faith of Christ in me." S. T. C.

[55] Gal. ii. 20. Eph. iii. 17.

[56] Commentary, chap. iii. verse 11, and elsewhere, Luther teaches that the righteousness which saves is a *passive righteousness* given us from above. Had he taught that we were saved by faith, *as an act of our own* taking us to Christ and laying hold of Him, this would have been as false and injurious as to ascribe salvation to outward works. The faith which accepts grace is itself the effect of grace.

[57] Ib. chap. iii. verses 27, 28. Chap. iv. verse 6.

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Wherein then do they differ? why truly in this. Luther denies that we are *justified* by the graces and works that flow out of our justification; Mr. Newman affirms that we are justified by them, that they help to justify together with the faith which makes them what they are. This appeared to Luther a *hysteron proteron;* and it certainly does look like a contradiction in Mr. Newman's scheme, that after confessing faith to be the *sole* inward instrument of justification he should call graces and works instruments also;—that after agreeing with the Homilist to shut them out from the office of justifying, he should think it essential to a sound belief—to shut them in again. Granted that the dispute is a verbal one, still if we decide that one form of words is the correct form, we surely ought not to adopt another form which directly contradicts it. As for St. James, when he said that man is not justified by *faith alone*, he evidently meant by faith not what Luther defines it, *a gift and a present of God in our hearts*, the substance whereof is our will,[58] but what Antinomians mean by it, mere *belief;* for this is a common art of rhetorical argument to adopt the adversary's expressions and turn them against him. With him *works* stood for a working spirit, by that

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[58] Table Talk, chap. 13. *Of Faith and the cause thereof.* Luther was vacillating in his definitions of faith, for he sometimes placed it in the understanding and sometimes in the will, whereas it is in both; but he always described it as a work of the Holy Ghost, (Comm. chap. iii. ver. 11.) he calls it a believing with the *heart*, and he declares that it cannot be separated from Hope which resteth in the will, the two having respect to the other, as the two cherubims of the mercy seat, which could not be divided. My Father says he discoursed best on Faith in his *Postills*. *Remains*, iv. p. 36.

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common figure which puts the effect for the cause, as a man might say, this "spring was *health* to me," meaning the *cause* of health. The *outward* act of Abraham was nothing; in the *mind* of Abraham were an act of faith and an act of obedience intimately united. Now Luther taught that the *faith* in this joint act alone justified; and Mr. N. seems to say the same, when he calls faith the *sole inward instrument* of justification. Luther's opponents maintain, that the obedience, which is one with the faith, helps to justify, and this Mr. Newman affirms also: but how can he make it consist with the sole instrumentality of faith? Surely that which alone joins us to Christ alone justifies us. Now Mr. Newman declares that faith is "the only instrument or connecting bond between the soul and Christ." What signifies it, *as against Luther*, to say, that according to St. James, we are "justified *in* good works?" Luther only denied that we are justified *by* them.

Mr. Newman has a great objection to Luther's explanatory phrase *apprehensive;* he will not *say* that faith justifies by *laying hold* of Christ and *applying* Him to the soul, though this is said in our Homilies, with which he yet seeks, in his work on Justification, to be in accordance. He calls this way of speaking a human subtlety and alleges that such words are not in Scripture: yet surely there is quite as much of human subtlety and extra-scriptural language in his own scheme: where can we find it said by the Saviour or his Apostles, that faith is "but the secondary or representative instrument of justification," or its "sustaining cause," "not the initiation of the justified-state," or that "it justifies as including all other graces in and under it," as having "an unexplained connexion with the invisible world,"

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or five hundred sayings of like sort? These are but inferences from Scripture—not Scripture itself. Luther's term *laying hold of Christ* seems to me a mere translation into figurative language of what Scripture repeatedly affirms, namely that Christ dwells in the heart *by faith;* and the very same thing appears to be implied in Mr. N.'s own admission that it alone unites the soul to God as the inward instrument of justification. Even if faith and works of faith are all one and what is true of the parent is true of the offspring, still if Christ alone is the meritorious cause of salvation, our personal righteousness justifies *as connecting* us with Him, that is as *apprehensive*, and not merely as purifying our souls in his sight. Luther denied that it *justified* in the latter sense at all, and whether he was right or wrong in this,—this is the doctrine of our Articles and Homilies, which certainly intimate that not the faithful *work*, but faith *in* the work justifies, by laying hold on Christ. They who condemn his teaching in the present day, copy his only fault, unfairness to his opponents—casting into one condemnation practical perverters with theoretic teachers—while they hide all his merits behind a bushel.

Many of Luther's opponents remind one of Jack the Giant-killer's doughty host, they think they are belabouring Jack, while they are but beating a stuffed bolster. Mr. Newman is too skilful a combatant for this; but his fight against Luther is not more effectual; he keeps gazing at him with a look of deep hostility, but rather makes feints than really strikes him, and when he does aim a stroke at the old swordsman it descends upon his shield or his breast armour. There is one point in Mr. Newman's scheme, and one alone, which seems to me utterly false, not in words alone but

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in sense: I mean his assertion that justification *precedes* justifying faith; that faith does but take up and sustain a spiritual state already established in the soul; that the faith which is our *access to grace* is unjustified and unjustifying; contrary to the doctrine of Aquinas who teaches that the Spirit produces its own recipient, that it enters by the avenue of faith which it first opens out. Luther's own view of baptism implies as much undoubtedly, and it seems to me that he is wrong in too much agreement with Patrician theology not in too much departure from it.

As for the Apostolic teaching, I believe that it is quite on one side of these contentions; that the object of St. Paul was to refute Judaism, the notion that men can save themselves by the mere direction and compulsion of an outward law, without Christ in the heart; not to combat such an opinion as Bishop Bull's or that set forth in the Council of Trent; that the object of St. James was to put down Antinomianism, not such a Solifidian view as Luther's. I believe these inspired teachers would have assented to the statement of either party, and when they heard each confess Christ crucified and salvation by His merits, would have inquired no further. It is grievous to hear Christians accuse each other of irreligion and impiety on such grounds as their different views on this question.[59] "Satanic influence!" cry the parties one against

[59] Bishop Bull observes that there is but the difference of a *qua* and a *quæ* between his view and the Solifidian, when you come to the bottom of the latter; but is it not strange that he should ridicule the Lutheran because he fights fiercely for *quæ* (the opinion that faith alone *which* worketh by love justifies,) yet fight himself for *qua* (the opinion that faith *inasmuch as* it worketh by love justifieth,) as if the safety of the Church depended on

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another:—as if Satan was simple enough to spend his time in weaving webs of justification! The nets with which he catches souls are of very different make and materials.[60]

It was not these bubbles which my Father was thinking of when he called "Luther, in parts, the most evangelical writer he knew after the apostles and apostolic men:" it was the depth of his insight into the heart of man and into the ideas of the Bible, the fervour and reality of his religious feelings, the manliness and tenderness of his spirit, the vehement eloquence with which he assails the Romish practical fallacies and abuses. He even contends with Luther when he lays too much stress on his Solifidian dogma, the exclusion of charity from the office of justifying; and on the certainty and perpetuity of faith in the elect preferred the notions of Hooker to those of the earlier assertor of faith.[61] Perhaps it may be ob-

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the decision. I think if he had fought with Luther himself instead of certain narrow-minded disciples of Luther's school, he would have been brought to see that the Solifidian statement was at least as good as his own. If *quæ* can be wrested into Antinomianism more easily than *qua*, on the other hand *qua* more readily slips into Judaism than *quæ*.

[60] Either the Romanist or the Lutheran doubtless may add to his belief of Redemption by the merits of Christ what overthrows or overshadows it, in practice. But these practical falsehoods and heresies do not appear in formal schemes of Justification; let them be hunted out and exposed, but not confounded with theories and confessions of faith.

[61] *Remains*, iv. p. 32. His views on this subject are given in his note on Fenelon, *Remains*, ii. p. 368.—in the notes on a Sermon of Hooker's, Ib. iii. p. 49—on Donne, p. 122—on Luther's *Table Talk*, Ib. iv. p. 1—on *A Barrister's Hints*, p. 320.—on *The Pilgrim's Progress*, p. 401—and in his *Essay on Faith*, p. 425.

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jected to Luther's teaching, that he does not expressly enough distinguish between the ideal and the actual, the abstract and the realized. Luther declares, after St. Paul, that the outward law remains for the outward man, is dead for the spiritual man: but in actual men and women the carnal and spiritual exist together in different proportions. If any Christian on the face of the earth should apply to himself without reserve what St. Paul and what Luther say of the spiritual man, he will fall into spiritual error of the deepest kind. There have been great disputes whether St. Paul in the viii$^{th}$ chapter of Romans, and in Galatians, v. 19, refers to the state of the justified or the unjustified. The disputants never seemed to ask themselves whether it appeared on the face of St. Paul's teaching, that he divided the world into the justified and unjustified, the regenerate and the unregenerate, as the shepherd divideth the sheep from the goats, after the manner of modern schools. But surely to suppose, that in describing those contests between the flesh and the spirit, he spoke of the absolutely unjustified, of persons in the main under the dominion of sin, and of them exclusively, is further from the truth than Luther's interpretation, namely, that the desires of the flesh will remain even in those who are believers unto salvation, and for the most part are walking in the light. There was a tendency in his time to understand fleshly desires of sensuality alone. He set himself to combat this notion and to show, that though *one set of vices* might be wholly kept down in this life, the flesh was never wholly subdued. Again in Luther's language, copied from Scripture, the *flesh* sometimes is to be understood in a neutral sense, and means the sum of outward things—

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that "other kingdom" distinct from the kingdom of grace. This way of speaking offended Romanists, who were bent on exalting the outward. They sought to christen the whole visible creation, and I think they introduced flesh and blood too much into the kingdom of heaven.

These were *practical* points, though they seemed to be theory, and Luther's sins against Rome were of a practical description. His *rationale* of grace never made Catholic divines his fierce opponents. As for the "heroic man's" rhetorical atrocities, his "tiger-lilies" of speech, as my Father called them, they are all capable of an innocent meaning at least; they are but "sheep in wolves' clothing," silly sheep enough perhaps, yet harmless to the persons to whom they were addressed, who took them as they were meant, knowing the speaker's mind at large. Now, adversaries of Lutheranism take up these spent rockets, and fling them into the arena of religious contention!—of course they look black and smell sulphureously. What makes the host of catholic divines a host of enemies to Luther is his enmity to the mediæval Church system with all the net-work and ramification of doctrine developed for the temporal advantage of the clergy—all the branchery of mystic beliefs and superstitious practices, works, vows, religious abstinences, self tortures which supported,—all the mummeries rehearsed by Hans Sachs in his *Nachtigall*, which adorned, this clerical polity—his determination that men should read the Word of God *itself*, though with every help to the understanding of it—his determination, powerfully carried out, to *simplify the access of the soul to God*,—not to make the narrow a broad way, as, in common with St. Paul, he is falsely reported, but a straight and short passage,

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though a passage through which no man could squeeze the bloated body of licentiousness—to batter down for as many as possible that labyrinth of priestly salvation, in the mazy windings of which the timid and tender-conscienced wander weary and distressed, while for the worldling and careless liver there lies a primrose path outside its gloomy walls, through which, if he will pay for salvation, he may saunter pleasantly to a better world; with many a short cut, such as Milton describes,[62] and which, my Father, when he visited Sicily knew, as other sojourners in Roman Catholic countries have known, to be actually provided by or in a church, which is rather too much *all things to all men.*

It is for these things that staunch "Catholics" hate, for these things that my Father loved and honoured, Luther's name. The Lutheran Church has not prospered well. But how would Christendom have fared without a Luther?—what would Rome have done and dared but for the Ocean of the Reformed that *rounds* her? Luther lives yet,—not so beneficially in the Lutheran Church as out of it—an antagonist spirit to Rome, and a purifying and preserving spirit in Christendom at large.[63]

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[62] "And they, who to be sure of Paradise,
Dying, put on the weeds of Dominick,
Or in Franciscan think to pass disguised."
Par. Lost, B. iii. l. 478.

[63] After describing the Papacy, or "the Papal Hierarchy, which is, in truth the dilated Pope," as "a power in the Christian Church, which in the name of Christ, and at once pretending and usurping his authority, is systematically subversive of the essential and distinguishing characters and purposes of the Christian Church," my Father, in his *Church and State*, proceeds to say, "It is my full conviction, that the rights and doctrines, the *agenda et credenda* of the Roman Catholics, could we separate

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I do not deny but that the Romish system, with its low checks and coarse incentives, may have some special effect in moralizing the Poor, while Protestantism, except as Methodism, is apt to fly above them, or to fleet before them, like a cold and formless vapour. Paganism was more effectual upon the minds of the many than Platonism; Judaism or self salvation by outward works will restrain a few who care not for Pauline doctrine: Montanism did more for some than the discipline of the Church. Nevertheless whatever is the purest, highest and most spiritual form of faith, to *that* must men be raised up if possible. Make them but spiritual enough to embrace it, and there will be no lack of power or of substance in a philosophical Christianity to fill the deepest and the widest soul that ever yet appeared among the sons of men.

Mr. Coleridge's love and respect for Luther I might well have allowed to vindicate itself, had I not felt so strong a desire to shew how deeply I sympathize with

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them from the adulterating ingredients combined with, and the use made of them, by the sacerdotal Mamelukes of the Romish monarchy, for the support of the Papacy and Papal hierarchy, would neither have brought about, nor have sufficed to justify, the convulsive separation under Leo X. Nay, that if they were fairly, and in the light of a sound philosophy, compared with either of the two main divisions of Protestantism, as it now exists in this country, that is, with the fashionable doctrines and interpretations of the Arminian and Grotian school on the one hand, and with the tenets and language of the modern Calvinists on the other, an enlightened disciple of John and of Paul would be perplexed which of the three to prefer as the least unlike the profound and sublime system he had learned from his great masters. And in this comparison I leave out of view the extreme sects of Protestantism, whether of the frigid or the torrid zone, Socinian or fanatic." pp. 145-6.

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him on that subject; his esteem and admiration of another great German, of a totally different spirit, a reformer of *philosophy*, I wish to set in the true light, lest it be mistaken for what it is not. My Father himself supposed that he had fallen into suspicion through his partial advocacy of Spinoza;[64] I believe he has done himself harm with those who, as Archdeacon Hare says, talk of Germany as if its history belonged to that of Kamschatka, by his language respecting Immanuel Kant.[65] Let the reader bear in mind that

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[64] My Father alludes to the defects of Spinoza's system in several of his writings. His ultimate opinion of that philosopher has been published in Mr. Gillman's Life of Coleridge, p. 319-22.

[65] "He calls Calvin a great man!"—I have seen specified as a charge in a religious indictment. I cannot sympathize with that "*catholicity*" which looks upon Luther as a "bold bad man," and thinks it a crime to call Calvin a great one; defames the characters of our noble Reformers, and disparages the glorious poetry of Milton; holds the memory of King William infamous, and that of Cromwell execrable; contemplates coldly the flames that consumed Latimer, and fires at remembrance of the axe that beheaded Laud; finds out that Dr. Arnold was over happy to be a saint, and attributes the power of Mr. Carlyle's writings to the Prince of the Air. Mr. Carlyle's "irreligion"* as well as Mr. Irving's "religion" the author of *The Doctor* reckons among those non-entities which pass for substance with a misjudging world. To the religion of Irving Mr. Carlyle himself has paid a most beautiful and affecting tribute, (see his *Miscellanies*, vol. v. p. 1-6.) He quotes this saying of one who knew him well; "His was the freest, brotherliest, bravest human soul mine ever came in contact with:

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* I find, on referring to the passage in *The Doctor*, that I have mistaken "Mr. Carlisle's irreligion," seriously meant for "Mr. Carlyle's irreligion" in the sense of irony. But the mistake is no misreport of my Uncle's opinion of Mr. Carlyle.

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he spoke and felt thus at the same period when he was ardently defending Christianity among the Germans against those whom he deemed undoubtedly its opponents.[66] The truth was that he never beheld in Kant the foe of Christianity; he kept his eye on the great characteristic parts of Kant's teaching, and these, he maintained, might be brought to the service of Christianity, as far as they went; might strengthen the faith by purifying it and bringing it into co-incidence with reason. They who pronounce the writings

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I call him, on the whole, the best man I have ever, after trial enough, found in this world, or now hope to find." But my dear Uncle saw Irving under the most unfavourable circumstances, when he had drunk that "foulest Circean draught, the poison of Popular Applause;" when "Fashion crowded round him with her meteor lights and Bacchic dances," and he seemed himself, perhaps, in some respects, like one of the empty, gaudy, intoxicated and intoxicating throng.—But who holds all this cluster of opinions? I know not whether any man holds them all, but the spirit of exclusiveness in the religious partisan has maintained every one of them, and earnestly too. Mr. Maurice's remark, in his *Boyle Lectures*, on one strong point in Mr. Carlyle's writings, the sense they exhibit of an Absolute Will and the necessity of absolute submission to it on the part of man, which they bring out with special force in a practical way, is an instance of that power of recognising the *substance* of religion wherever it be, and under whatever form, which is so characteristic of his own genius.

[66] This is an extract from a letter of Dr. Parry, printed by Dr. Carlyon in his recollections of my Father in Germany.

"Eichorn, one of the principal theologists in Germany, and a lecturer here, seems, from all accounts, to be doing his utmost to destroy the evidences on which we ground our belief. He is a good man and extremely charitable, but this attempt speaks neither for his head nor for his heart. Coleridge, an able vindicator of these important truths, is well acquainted with Eichorn, but this latter is a coward, who dreads his arguments

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of this great genius directly and positively adverse to pure religion, whether right or wrong, are but setting their judgment of what Christianity, historical as well as ideal, is and involves, of what Kant's doctrine is and involves, against my Father; they cannot accuse him of supporting a system of infidelity without first begging the question against him on both points. Kant is called an Atheist: yet who but he overthrew the grand atheistical argument of Hume? he is called a Pantheist, yet he it was who first discovered and clearly stated the fundamental error in the Pantheistic system of Spinoza: others had abused it as impious; he alone proved it to be irrational.[67]

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and his presence. Even atheism is not altogether unfashionable here, in the higher, and sometimes among the lower classes of society. The priests are *generally* weak and ignorant men, who pay little attention to their flocks, at least, out of the pulpit. *They are, however, paid badly.* I have twice mentioned Coleridge, and much wish you were acquainted with him. It is very delightful to hear him sometimes discourse on religious topics for an hour together. His fervour is particularly agreeable when contrasted with the chilling speculations of the German philosophers. I have had occasion to see these successively abandon all their strong-holds when he brought to the attack his arguments and his philosophy." (*Early Years and Late Recollections*, pp. 100-101.)

Dr. Carlyon himself, in my opinion, misunderstood my Father in many things, as he misunderstood some of his favourite authors: but I am obliged to him for his testimony on this point.

[67] "Zimmermann," says Dr. Carlyon, "gave us his opinion freely of Kant's philosophy, and no one could have more cordially reprobated its general tendency. After maintaining, as Kant has done, that the existence of a God can never be proved; to what purpose, asked Z. is it to tell the world that

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Everything that the Germans teach requires to be substantiated by the English mind, to be enlivened and spiritualized. They are analyzers,—all, more or less, what Kant was pre-eminently, *Alles-zermalmendern*—shatterers to pieces. But this process is a necessary preliminary to the construction of what is sound—a necessary work *toward* pure religion. They *can* overthrow permanently only what is ready to fall, or incapable by its nature of re-construction. They cannot extinguish the spiritual instincts of mankind, or blot out the records of history. The draining of marshes will never render a country dry and barren, while there are yet springs in the mountains whence

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the best argument which can be adduced in its favour is this very impossibility of proving it? The generality of mankind, he said, would recollect the possibility, but forget the inference." Dr. C. adds, "Coleridge attended to what he said, without showing any desire to defend the Philosopher of Königsburg on this occasion."

My Father perhaps thought it good economy to save his breath on *that occasion*, and to judge from the comments upon his writings of some who were present, very wisely. But I think I know what he would have said to this smart shallow objection of Zimmermann's, that if good for any thing it is good against every philosophical and religious argument that ever was published. What is there in the way of reasoning that may not be made false and injurious by being cut in half? That treatise of Kant's was addressed and adapted to students, and, if students had not misrepresented it the world would not have misunderstood it. So it is with the teaching of Luther: the simple hearers, who expect that the teacher will bring forth what is true rather than what is false, what accords with their moral ideas rather than what contradicts them, these found him scriptural enough I dare say. It was the systematic divines, the Romish and Romanizing sophisters, that turned his commentary into Antinomianism.

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clear streams may flow. If Germans disbelieve, it is not from their activity of intellect; their clear searching glances; it is more from what they leave undone than from what they do; from what they have not than from what they possess. Some of their marked writers want that imaginative power,—so necessary in religious speculation,—which brings the many into one, and judges the parts with reference to the whole.

Mr. Arthur Hallam, whose *Remains* inspire some who knew him not with deep regret that they are *remains*, not first fruits, and commencements, has said on this subject:[68] "I do not hesitate to express my conviction, that the spirit of the critical philosophy, as seen by its fruits in all the ramifications of art, literature, and morality, is as much more dangerous than the spirit of mechanical philosophy, as it is fairer in appearance, and more capable of alliance with our natural feelings of enthusiasm and delight. Its danger-

[68] *Remains in Verse and Prose*, p. 189. I think that Mr. A. Hallam might perhaps have modified his opinion of the Critical Philosophy, had he lived and thought longer. As a *substitute* for Christianity it is indeed but a beautiful shadow; unite the two and it becomes substantial. A really searching system can be injurious to none but those who are undone already, and adopt it as a goodly cloak for their own bare and hideous heart-unbelief. There will ever be in the world born Mechanicians, Pelagians, Psilanthropists, Antinomians, Judaizers, who will have systems that suit their feelings. But *these* systems are positively false and tend to corrupt the heart; while the Critical *philosophy*, considered apart from the religious opinions of Kant and some of his followers, has never yet been proved so by systematic and searching argument. See remarks in the *Mission of the Comforter*, vol. ii. pp. 799-800, on injustice done to German writers by party judges, slightly acquainted with their writings, whose irrelevant fine sayings are taken for confutations of their untouched adversaries.

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ous tendency is this, that it perverts those very minds, whose office it was to resist the perverse impulses of society, and to proclaim truth under the dominion of falsehood." The difference between the critical and the mechanical philosophy is this, that the latter is incongruous and inconsonant with Christianity; while the former (as far as it goes,) is capable of flowing along with it in one channel and even blending with it in one stream, as I contend that it does in the Christian philosophy of my Father. The latter blunts the religious susceptibilities—perverts the habits of thought—suppresses the inward fire which, at the impulse of the external revelation, springs upward into a living flame, as the flint draws the hidden fire from the rock. But the critical philosophy cultivates the moral sense while it clears the eye of reason; its positions are compatible with every spiritual truth, and to the spiritual are spiritual themselves. It is like the highest poetry—like the poetry of Mr. Wordsworth, not religion itself, much less dogmatic divinity, but cognate with it and harmoniously co-operative.[69]

Let it be understood, however, that by the *critical philosophy*, I mean the really *critical* part of Kant's teaching,—all his purely philosophical and metaphy-

[69] I do not speak here of the *Ecclesiastical Sonnets*, or parts of *The Excursion* expressly Christian and Catholic, but of Mr. Wordsworth's poetry in general, including much of an earlier date than those productions, in which formal religion is not apparent, but in which the spirit of Christianity is "the spirit of the whole." I do not say so much as *this* of the Critical Philosophy, but still I think it has been evolved by Christianity, (that is, by the general spirit of the religion surrounding men's minds as an atmosphere,) and agrees with it, though by itself it is not Christianity.



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sical doctrines, which have a most important bearing on religious belief *a posteriori*, but do not treat of it directly—of which the bulk of his works consist. I speak particularly of his *Logic, Prolegomena to every future system of Metaphysics, Critique of the Pure Reason*, (his greatest production), *Critiques of the Judgment and of the Practical Reason, Only possible ground of proof for demonstrating the Existence of God*, and *Metaphysical Elements of Natural Philosophy*. I do *not* speak of his *Religion within the bounds of pure Reason* so far as the doctrine of that work really conflicts with all outward Revelation and Historical Christianity. The treatise just mentioned,—which forms scarcely more than a four or five and twentieth part of the author's whole writings, though in the minds of some persons it seems to form the whole—contains an application of the critical philosophy, which many, who embrace the philosophy itself, may and do reject—which certainly my Father never adopted. His argument in the first *Lay Sermon* on miracles supposes the historical truth of the miracles recorded in the Bible, and the admiration he expresses of the treatise above-mentioned refers not to any portion of it, which is irreconcilable with the substance of the Catholic Faith, but to that part only which serves to place it in more complete accordance with Practical Reason, (the moral-intelligential mind,) than the primitive or mediæval conceptions. The general character and aim of the *critical* philosophy has been described by my Father, when he speaks of "that logical προπαιδεία δοκιμαστική, that critique of the human intellect, which previously to the weighing and measuring of this or that, begins by assaying the weights, measures, and scales themselves; that fulfilment of the heaven-

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descended *nosce teipsum*, in respect to the intellective part of man, which was commenced in a sort of tentative broad cast way by Lord Bacon in his *Novum Organum*, and brought to a systematic completion by Immanuel Kant in his *Kritik der reinen Vernunft*, *Kritik der Urtheilskraft*, and *Metaphysische Anfangs-gründe der Naturwissenschaft.*[70] "It was of the Kantean Philosophy considered in this point of view that Schiller said, in his correspondence with Goethe, though its "form shall one day be destroyed, its foundations will not have this destiny to fear; for ever since mankind has existed, and any reason among mankind, these same first principles have been admitted and on the whole acted upon."

Mr. Dequincey has spoken with horror of Kant's table talk infidelity. What authority he has for such a horrid charge I know not: he does not write well on personal points, though admirably always, when he keeps away from the *Maremma* or Snake Marsh of private anecdote. This is certain, that Kant's disciples and commentators in general are a most silent and discreet set of men if their master "planted his glory in the grave and was ambitious of rotting for ever." They seem profoundly ignorant of this part of his creed. This also is certain that he has amongst the admirers of his writings Churchmen and good Christians, who have found a coincidence between the more important parts of his teaching and the ideas of the Catholic faith, together with suggestions, that throw light on some of the dark places of divinity by clearly exhibiting the structure and limits of the human

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[70] Works. Leipzig, 1839. vol. ii.—vol. vii. p. 1-364.—vol. viii. p. 441-559.—*Remains* III. p. 157.

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mind,—which enlighten the object by pouring light into the subject. Is it of no use to religion to clear and correct its intellectual form? A great deal of superstition may hold a great deal of spiritual truth, as the wax of the honeycomb holds the pure nourishing honey. The honey may be drawn off into a glass bason; and how necessary would this be if the comb were not merely insipid and innutritious but unwholesome or even poisonous! It should ever be remembered that intellectual error in religion injures those least who are least intellectual; and hence it is a fallacy to argue that because men in past times, or *simple* Christians at all times, have lived holy lives though their creed may be challenged as in part irrational, *therefore* contradiction to the laws of the understanding in theological articles is of no consequence. It is of the more consequence the clearer-sighted we become; it is one thing to shut our eyes to falsehood, and quite another not to see it.

Most desirable is it that philosophy should be independent of religious shackles in its operations in order that it may confirm religion. It is even a benefit to the world, however great a loss to himself, that Kant, with his mighty powers of thought and analysis, was not religiously educated. Had he been brought up a Churchman he could never have divested himself of dogmatic divinity; he could never have given the *a priori* map of the human mind as independently as he has given it; and, if it had been less independently and abstractly given, the correlation of Christianity with the mental constitution of man could never have been so evident as it now is to those who have studied his writings, and who know and love and revere the Bible. I do not, of course, mean that mere spirituality interferes

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with speculative philosophy, but only that religious persons are generally such as have come early under the sway of some dogmatic system, which has guided their thoughts from the first; nor do I mean, that a man dogmatically educated may not become a great philosopher; but that it is an advantage to religious philosophy to obtain the undirected thoughts of a powerful investigator, who has considered the human mind by its own light alone; because thus the harmony of the outward revelation with our internal conformation is most incontrovertibly ascertained. No fervent devotee of the outward revelation could have done religion this particular service, or shewn how perfectly the reports of the mere intellectual explorer in the region of mental metaphysics coincide with the spiritual believer's scheme of faith; and, as on a clear view of this coincidence all correctness of religious theory depends, they who value such correctness ought not to despise the labours of a subtle analyst like Immanuel Kant, or deny, before examination, that they may be important "contributions to Catholic Truth." There is a maxim current among religious *Exclusives*, that he who is wrong positively or negatively in his creed can have no true insight into any province of human thought connected with Morals and Religion. This opinion if acted on would be most injurious to the cause of both, because great powers of thought belong to some who, unhappily for themselves, are not devout or spiritual-minded. Truth is advanced by the efforts of various minds, and what an irreligious man throws out may be converted to a use he little dreamed of by the religious. Mr. Dequincey has said finely of Kant contrasting him with my Father: "He was the Gog and he was the Magog of Hunnish desolation to the existing

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schemes of philosophy. He probed them; he shewed the vanity of vanities which besieged their foundations,—the rottenness below, the hollowness above. But he had no instincts of creation or restoration within his Apollyon mind; for he had no love, no faith, no self-distrust, no humility, no child-like docility; all which qualities belonged essentially to Coleridge's mind, and waited only for manhood and for sorrow to bring them forward." It was because my Father had these qualities that to him the philosophy of Kant was religion; and, indeed, I think it may be maintained, that although Kant's process was analytic rather than synthetic, and was occupied in clearing away rather than in erecting, it was by no means purely destructive, but, after the clearance, had materials enough left wherewith to construct the base of a philosophy co-incident with a spiritual Christianity.

It was affirmed by Hume that religion must rest on faith—that reason could not prove its truth. This proposition was re-affirmed by Kant, but with an utterly opposite inference from that which Hume drew from it, for *he* saw what Hume saw not, that there is a power in the human mind sufficient to support and substantiate religion, apart from the mere speculative faculty; that spiritual truths must have their own specific evidence; that if there is no absolute demonstration in these matters for the mere understanding, none is needed, none would serve any purpose of religion; that theoretic reason has performed her whole office in religious proof when she has shewn the impossibility of disproving the objects of faith. Reason cannot oblige us to receive, said Kant, more than reason can prove. But what mere Speculative Reason cannot oblige us to receive, the Moral and

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Spiritual within us may. This is the doctrine of the *Aids to Reflection;* I believe that my Father, in his latter years, added something to it, on the subject of Ideas, which will appear, I trust, hereafter.

The question *for us* is not, did Kant himself accept the outward Revelation, but does his teaching overthrow or does it establish the religion of the heart and conscience? If it establishes the law written in the heart it will assuredly strengthen the outward Revelation, when rightly used. There are some who say, that God and Christ and Law and Nature and Scripture have all placed religion on the rock of external evidence. The larger and stronger this rock can be made to appear so much the better. To rest the whole structure of the faith upon it my Father ever held to be a most venturous and blind proceeding. He held that beneath this rock there is a broad and deep foundation, out of which the rock grows and with which it coheres as one,—that this foundation was laid by the Creator himself—that His voice, both as it speaks in the heart and reasonable mind, and as it is uttered in the Written Word, refers us to internal evidence as the only satisfying and adequate evidence of religion;—that on this foundation, the accordance of the Bible with our spiritual wants and aspirations, the internal coherency of the whole scheme of Revelation within itself to the eye of Reason and the Spirit, Christianity ever has been and ever must be supported and maintained. They who term external evidence *the rock* of the Faith, its only *secure* foundation, never scruple to adopt from those whom they condemn as Rationalists, because they hold the internal evidence indispensable, thoughts and sentiments which they, with their professions, have but little right to. They make themselves

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fine with borrowed plumes, and talk of spiritual ideas, instincts, needs, aptitudes, preconfigurations of the soul to religion and correspondences of the heart and spirit to doctrine.[71] They say that religion is to be known by its fruits, the nobleness, the blessedness, the inward peace and beauty that it produces. Now if these deep ideas, these harmonies of the human spirit with objects of faith, presented by the Written Word and Tradition, exist, must not *they* be the rock that underlies the structure of external evidence and substantiates it? Can we think that it is in the power of any appearance to the outward sense, any vision or voice, to *implant* the ideas of God or of any spiritual reality? Can these outward signs do more than excite it? Maintainers of external evidence, as *the rock* of the faith, insist that religion must first be proved historically, and then brought home to the heart by its internal merits. It never can be proved historically unless, as a whole, it be ideally true, and if the power of ideas

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[71] Mr. Allies in his *Church of England cleared from the charge of Schism*, and Mr. Archer Butler in his Letters on Mr. Newman's *Essay on Development*, have treated in a searching and masterly way certain portions of the external evidence against Romanism in defence of our church. A man who clearly and learnedly sets forth historical records must throw light on the truth; but no good is done to the cause of religion by those declaimers, who exalt outward evidence without bringing it forward, and condemn the demand for internal evidence while they are presupposing the need and existence of it in their whole argument; who look one way and row another; who rave at Rationalism while they are picking her pocket, and jumble together whatever is most specious in different systems, without regard to consistency. This kind of writing pleases the mob of the would-be orthodox—the *Majoritarians;* but it is of no service to religion.

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within us shew it to be such, this must be the deepest and only sufficient proof of its reality. To say that Reason and the Moral Sense may speak, but only after outward evidence has been given to the Understanding, is to annul the very being of Reason. For that is a spiritual eye analogous to the bodily one. What should we say of an eye that could not be sure whether a particular object was black or blue, round or square, till it was declared to be so by authority? Should we not say that it had no power of sight at all? Let the maintainers of external evidence and historical proof guard this rock and make as much of it as they may; but let them not cry out angrily against those who seek to probe and examine it; for assuredly if it will not bear the hammers of all the Inquisitors in Christendom it is no true granite but crumbly sandstone. Doubtless religion, as far as it is outward history, and involves facts and events, must be outwardly proved and attested: but how insignificant would be the mere historical and outward part of religion, how unmeaning and empty, if it were not *filled* and quickened by spiritual ideas, which no outward evidence can prove; which must be *seen* by the eyes of the spirit within us; must be embraced by the will, not blindly and passively received! Mr. Archer Butler, in his Letters on Development, observes: "A man who should affect to discard all revealed testimonies, and to prove the divinity of Christ or the Doctrine of the Trinity exclusively by internal reason, would be a rationalist, though his conclusion be not a negative, but a most positive dogmatic truth." Here the misemployment of reason, in which the formal nature of rationalism had just been declared to consist,[72]

[72] "The formal nature of rationalism is the undue employment

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is assumed, and we are told that rationalism is the discarding revealed testimonies and trusting solely to the internal; and indeed the term is constantly applied in a manner that begs the question,—applied to those who insist upon the paramount necessity of internal evidence in the things of religion. Certainly he who should *discard* all external testimonies of the Gospel Revelation, would be irrational and ungrateful to God who has given them; but the endeavour to shew, that by the light within us alone we may perceive their truth, is no misemployment of reason or evasion of the obedience of faith. Faithless far rather are they, who mistrust internal evidence and seek preferably the external; how must they want the spiritual mind, which *sees* what it believes and *knows* in what it is trusting! The question is this, Can external tes-

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of reason in the things of religion, with a view to evade in some way the simplicity of the obedience of faith." Rationalism in one of the *Tracts for the Times* was called "asking for reasons out of place." According to these definitions rationalism is as general a term as impiety or presumption, with which indeed it is commonly identified. Now I think, that a man can be guilty of this error only in this way; he may ask for a *kind* of reasons in spiritual matters, which are inappropriate to such matters; he may ask for positive logical proof of spiritual verities, or outward evidence of that to which the spirit within can alone bear witness; but I believe, first that there is no religious article for the reception of which we are not bound to give a sufficient reason; secondly that sufficient reason for the reception of any religious article can never be found extrinsically; that its *internal* character, tried by the religious faculties given us by our Maker, ought to determine its acceptance or rejection. Leibnitz' *Discours de la Conformité de la Foi avec la Raison*, contains a very clear view of this subject, as far at it goes. He maintains that the Fathers never simply rejected reason as modern teachers have done, both in the High Church and Puritan Schools, s. 51.

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timony by itself or principally and primarily prove the truth of revelation? The "rationalism" of my Father assigns to outward testimony and internal evidence independent functions in the instruction of man; he conceived that the former must prove religious truth, so far as it is historical and logical; the latter must evidence it, so far as it is spiritual and ideal. Outward evidence can apply only to the outward event or appearance, and this, apart from the ideas of which it is the symbol, could never constitute an article of religion. The only office of external testimony with respect to the spiritual substance of the faith, in my Father's view, was that of exciting and evolving the ideas, which are the sole sufficient evidence of it,—at once the ground that supports it and the matter of which it is formed. The Incarnation and Atonement he believed to be both spiritual facts, eternal and incomprehensible, and also events that came to pass in the outward world of Time; he believed therefore, that in the proof of both, external and internal evidence must work together, but that the work of the last is the deeper and more essential. Before the publication of the Gospel no man could have discovered that the Son of God was to come in the flesh; nevertheless it is reason and the spirit that has, in one sense, *shewn* to men those deep truths of religion, the Redemption of mankind, the Divinity of the Redeemer, and the Tri-unity of Father, Son and Holy Ghost. Outward appearances have led men to the knowledge of them, but the recognition itself, which constitutes saving faith, is from within. To this *rationalism* Professor Butler himself draws very nigh when he says, that "the fundamental error" (of Mr. N.'s whole Development system,) "consists in this very thing,

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that it conceives Christianity is to be investigated as a mere succession of historical events in order to determine faith." "This," he says, "is to confound the knowledge of Church history as a succession of events, with the knowledge of Christianity as a Rule of Duty: to confound Christianity as a mixed earthly Reality with Christianity as a pure heavenly Ideal." Can we attain the knowledge of a pure heavenly Ideal, or a Rule of Duty, by outward attestation? Is it not the law written in the heart that interprets and substantiates the teaching of the Scriptures?—and if the divinity of the Bible did not shine forth by its own light, could the belief of a certain number of persons, that it was the Word of God, have imposed it upon the world and sustained it in credit from age to age? This error of substituting historical for internal evidence runs through the whole Antiquarian theory of faith; that theory proposes to establish all religious doctrines by the former alone or chiefly, whereas but for the latter, the structure of external evidence would fall into a shapeless heap, as a brick wall would do if all the mortar were withdrawn. I will conclude this subject by referring the reader to a passage on the relations of evidence *a posteriori* and *a priori* in the notes to the First *Lay Sermon, Appendix* E. pp. 293-4; and requesting that it may be read in connection with the statement of belief on the evidences of Christianity contained in the last chapter of Vol. II. of this work. The whole is too long to quote, but this is a part of it:

"In each article of faith embraced on conviction, the mind determines, first intuitively, on its logical possibility; secondly discursively, on its analogy to doctrines already believed, as well as on its corres-

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pondence to the wants and faculties of our nature; and thirdly, historically, on the direct and indirect evidences. But the probability of an event is a part of its historic evidence, and constitutes its presumptive proof, or the evidence *a priori*. Now as the degree of evidence *a posteriori*, requisite in order to a satisfactory proof of the actual occurrence of any fact, stands in an inverse ratio to the strength or weakness of the evidence *a priori*, (that is, a fact probable in itself may be believed on slight testimony), it is manifest that of the three factors, by which the mind is determined to the admission or rejection of the point in question, the last, the historical, must be greatly influenced by the second, analogy, and that both depend on the first, logical congruity, not indeed, as their cause or preconstituent, but as their indispensable condition; so that the very inquiry concerning them is preposterous, (*σόφισμα τοῦ ὑστέρου προτέρου*) as long as the first remains undetermined." [73]

Lest what has been said on my Father's view of the Atonement should be misconstrued, I would say a few words more upon that point. It is too common, I fear, to confound a denial, that the language in which "the nature and extent of the consequences and effects of the Redemptive act" is described in Scripture, ought to be literally understood, with a denial that these terms stand for a real act on God's part. Thus they who mean only to deny, that "*the essential character* of the causative act of Redemption can be exactly defined by the metaphors used in Scripture to describe its effects

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[73] Mr. Newman's Presumptive character of the Proof, in his *Essay on Developement*, p. 131. coincides, as far as it goes, with my Father's positions in the above passage.

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and consequences, are spoken of as if they had denied the *causative act itself*,—the remonstrance of those who humbly but firmly maintain that, this act being truly transcendent and mysterious, it can be known to us only in and through these effects and consequences; that the human conceptions in which the Sacred Writers present it to us do but shadow it forth, not properly express it; that we are not bound to receive as Gospel all that divines have laid down respecting the vindictive justice of God, of this *justice* being satisfied by a substitution of the sufferings of the innocent for those of the guilty, and of the divine wrath being transferred from the sinful to the sinless,—that "change of purpose" cannot be *properly* predicated of the eternal, omniscient, omnipotent God, any more than *arms* or *wings* or *bowels of mercy*, is strangely supposed to imply a notion, that Atonement is true only in a subjective sense, that instead of Redemption having been wrought for us by the act of God and our Saviour Christ, only the phantom of such a thing is made to play before our eyes,—a scenic representation of it set forth upon the theatre of Holy Writ in order to produce certain effects on the souls of spectators! For proof that the two views are wholly distinct and that the latter was foreign to the mind of Coleridge, I refer readers to the *Aids to Reflection*.[74]

I believe too that it is foreign to other minds to which it has been imputed, "Thus Christ is emphatically said to be our Atonement; not that we may attribute to God any change of purpose towards man by what Christ has done; but that *we may know* that we have

[74] *On Spiritual Religion.* Comment on Aphorism, xix. p. 241, edit. 4, vol. 1, p. 248, edit. 5.

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passed from the death of sin to the life of righteousness by him; and that our hearts may not condemn us." This passage has often been cited to fix a charge of deepest heterodoxy upon the writer, a living divine. It is conceived to contain a denial of the Atonement in any but a subjective sense, although it affirms that by *what Christ has done* we have passed from the death of sin to the life of righteousness; but further, that this mystery has been presented to us under a certain figure, in order that we may judge rightly of its effects and consequences for them that believe. Thus to speak and think is, in the apprehensions of some, to deny Redemption objectively considered! To believe that *by what Christ has done we have passed from death unto life* is nothing,—a mere shadow of faith, unless we are ready to say also, that the eternal Redemption, fore-ordained before the foundation of the world,[75] actually produced a *change* in the mind of Him who willed it, the Eternal, with whom is no variableness nor shadow of turning!—that after a manifestation made in these last times the *designs* of the Infinite were altered, and He began to consider that pardonable which before he had considered unpardonable. What has this latter doctrine beyond the former, save a contradiction? Can we ascribe *change of purpose*, in the literal sense, to the omniscient God without contradicting the very idea of a God? We might indeed believe that a something, veiled not revealed by those words, is true, had we assurance to that effect; but this would not be what seems to be contended for,

[75] See 1 Peter, i. 20. *Who verily was fore-ordained before the foundation of the world, but was manifest in these last times for you.*

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namely an admission, that they are true in the literal sense. I suppose there is no Christian who doubts that the mystery of Redemption has more in it than man can fathom. When I see how some men impregnate the writings of others with the products of their own swarming brains, supposititious heresies, felonies, fantasies, fooleries, false philosophies, demoniacal doctrines and so forth, I often recall a couplet of Dryden's respecting perversions of the Bible:—

> The fly-blown text conceives an alien brood,
> And turns to maggots what was meant for food.[76]

I would fain learn of those, who look upon my Father's scheme of faith as something less satisfactory to a religious mind than that which they have embraced, if they can point out any important moral truth, any great spiritual idea, any soul-sustaining belief, any doctrine unquestionably necessary or highly helpful to the support and safety of the Christian faith, which was rejected or unrecognised by him. Can they shew that his "rationalizing," as some designate the efforts he made to free the minds of Christians from schemes of doctrine, which seemed to him "absolutely irrational," and therefore derogatory to God and injurious to man, excluded him from participating in any practical results, that can be deemed favourable to a pure, deep, earnest Christianity. If they are unable to do this, and neither on the doctrine of the Church, of Original Sin, of the Inspiration of Scripture, of Sacraments, of Justification, as far as I am aware, has any opponent of his Christian philosophy hitherto even attempted to shew that his conceptions were not as pregnant

[76] *Religio Laici.* This pungent couplet was pointed out to me, some years ago, by my friend, Mr. H. C. Robinson.

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and spiritual, as deeply pervaded with the sense of the relations betwixt the creature and the Creator as those to which they adhere; instead of asserting that his creed is less pious and religious than their own, they should try to prove that it is less reasonable and stands upon a less secure foundation. When they have shewn this they will have inclusively proved, that, whatever spiritual ideas *he* may have possessed, his *system* did not properly contain them. But such a proof can only be furnished by strict logical processes; there can be no short cut to it by assumption, or representations concerning his state of mind, and the influences upon it, calculated to lessen the value of his testimony.

I cannot quit the subject of my Father's competency for the investigation of religious questions, without noticing another suggestion which has been thrown out on this same point, and which, from its partial truth, seems likely to confirm or convey what is very far from true. It has been observed that Coleridge was given to contemplation rather than to action, and that he even resembled Hamlet in carrying to excess the habit of abstracting. But religious doctrine is to be tried by its capability of practical application, its relation to appointed ends, and hence the speculative mind is ill qualified to judge truly on a subject of this nature; instead of acquiescing in a sound and pious creed, persons of such a character are apt to prefer a shallow, unsubstantial and fantastic one, framed by their limited understanding and human imagination. The following is part of a passage once applied to my Father in a striking article in the Quarterly Review. "When a religious creed is presented, say to a disputatious and subtle mind, in which the action of the critical



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faculty overbears and absorbs all other energies, that faculty regards the creed proposed polemically, considers it with reference to logical and technical precision, and not in respect to its moral characteristics and tendencies, and wastes upon this theoretic handling of sacred themes all the sedulity which ought to be employed in seeking to give effect to the proffered means of spiritual amelioration." [77]

All this may be true enough of the mere intellectualist; but who that was well acquainted with Coleridge, as an author or as a man, could suppose that such was his character, or speak of views like his as the product of understanding unirradiated by reason, and fancy uninspired by the spiritual sense? Of all men in the present age he was among the first and ever among the most earnest to maintain, that "religion must have a moral origin, so far at least that the evidence of its doctrines cannot, like the truths of abstract science, be wholly independent of the will:" [78] that religion is designed to improve the nature and faculties of man, and that every part of religion is to be judged by its relation to this main end." [79] These maxims he insisted on during his whole course as a religious writer; they plainly had a deep hold on his mind, and were uttered by him, not with the lip only, as if learned from others, but as if they had indeed been drawn from "the fountain-head of genuine self-research." If he then tried a religious creed "with reference to logical and technical precision, and *not in respect to its moral*

[77] See the Quarterly Review for December, 1841, pp. 11-12. The passage is from Mr. Gladstone's "*Church Principles considered in their results*," p. 68.

[78] *Biog. Literaria*, vol. i. pp. 206-7.

[79] *Aids to Reflection*, p. 138. edit. 5.

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*characteristics and tendencies,*" how strangely must he have deserted a principle which his own experience had established!—how unaccountably shut his eyes to the light of a "safety lamp," [80] which his own hands had hung up for the guidance of others! Let any candid reader consult on this subject the *Aids to Reflection,* especially that portion in which the author maintains, that revealed truths are to be judged of by us, as far as they are grounds of practice, or in some way connected with our moral and spiritual interests," —that "the life, the substance, the hope, the love, in one word, the faith,—these are derivatives from the practical, moral and spiritual nature and being of man;" and then ask himself whether he who wrote thus could be capable of falling into the error described above. And again let him see whether he can cite a single passage from his writings in which he appears to be trying a creed according to logical precision alone, without regard to its deeper bearings. So far from being apt to consider articles of belief exclusively in their intellectual aspect, in his departures from received orthodoxy he was chiefly influenced by moral considerations, by his sense of the discrepancy betwixt the tenet, in its ordinary form, and the teachings of conscience,—his conviction that the doctrine, as commonly understood, either meant nothing or something which opposed the spiritual sense and practical reason.[81]

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[80] See the *Aids to Reflection* on Spiritual Religion. Comment on Aph. II. p. 124, edit 4. p. 127, edit. 5.

[81] The interesting Article on Development in the *Christ. Remembrancer* for January, which has just come into my hands, and in which I find a confirmation of some remarks of mine, in this Introduction, on the Romish doctrine of the Eucharist, contains the following sentences, which I take the liberty to

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The *mere intellectualists*, who try divine things by human measures, had in my Father a life-long opponent. Why then is a charge of mere intellectualism brought against himself? Is it because he resisted the insidious sophism which splits the complex being of man; separates the moral in his nature from the ra-

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quote for the sake of explaining more clearly my Father's mode of thought on the relation of divine truth to the mind of man: "Our ideas on mysterious subjects are necessarily superficial; they are intellectually paper-ideas; they will not stand examination; they vanish into darkness if we try to analyze them. A child, on reading in fairy tales about magical conversions and metamorphoses, has most simple definite *ideas* instantly of things, of which the reality is purely unintelligible. His ideas are paper ones; a philosopher may tell him that he cannot have them really, because they issue, when pursued, in something self-contradictory and absurd; that he is mistaken and only thinks he has them; but the child has them, such as they are, and they are powerful ones, and mean something real at the bottom. Our ideas, in the region of religious mystery, have this childish character; the early Church had such. It held a simple, superficial, childlike idea of an absolute conversion of the bread and wine into the Body and Blood; and with this idea, as with an hieroglyphic emblem of some mysterious and awful reality, it stopped short," pp. 135-6. Our ideas on the supersensual and spiritual are without the sphere of the understanding, the forms of which are adapted to a world of sense, though it is by the mediation of the understanding alone, by its "hieroglyphic emblems," that we can take any cognizance of them or bring them into the light of consciousness: still to describe these ideas as "superficial," and as merely indicating "*some* mysterious and awful reality," appears to be scarcely doing them justice. There is indeed a background of mere mystery and undefined reality in all our religious beliefs; *exeunt omnes in mysterium;* but they have a foreground too, a substance apprehensible by faith, visible to the eye of reason and the spirit, as truly and actually as the things of sense are perceptible by our senses. A vague belief that *something*, referred to

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tional, the spiritual from conscience and reason; thrusts aside the understanding from its necessary office of organizing and evolving the whole mind, and thus brings half truth and confusion into every department of thought? Did he shew himself unspiritual in declaring that superstition is not, as some will have it,

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by the words "conversion of bread and wine into the Body and Blood," is a religious reality,—can this be dignified with the name of an *Idea*? What can verify or attest the truth of a vague spiritual *Something*? What spiritual benefit can such vague belief confer upon our spirits? If religious ideas are vague and superficial, what ideas are positive and profound? Again, is it true that the ideas of children and of the early Church were of this description? I more than doubt that. A child who reads of magical metamorphoses has very *definite* conceptions before his mind, and so had the early Church in regard to the Eucharist. The early Fathers seem to have held, that the consecrated elements became the material body and blood of Christ; that, his body being immortal, to feed upon it immortalized our bodies, even as his Word and Spirit gave eternal life to our souls; that by miracle the divine Body and Blood were multiplied as the loaves and fishes had been, and retained the *phenomena* of bread and wine. This ancient sensuous notion of the Real Presence is definite enough; and equally definite is the modern spiritual notion, that by the Body and Blood we are to understand the life-giving power and influence of the Redeemer upon our whole being, body and soul, and that this power of eternal life is conveyed to us in an especial manner when we receive the appointed symbols in faith. The sensuous tenet has been exchanged for the spiritual doctrine because that sensuous tenet was no mere mystery but a plain absurdity,—a poor, weak, grovelling, shallow conception. Yet this low conception preserved the substantial truth; it was a cocoon in which the spiritual idea was contained, as in a tomb-cradle, buried, yet kept alive. The spiritual ideas contained in the doctrine of the Eucharist, and the intellectual statement of the doctrine, are of course different things; the former ought to be positive and certain,—the latter intelligible and distinct.

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a debased form of *faith*, but a disguised infidelity, since men become superstitious inasmuch as they are "sensuous and dark, slaves by their own compulsion;" or heartless because he refused to establish faith on feeling and fancy, apart from reflection, and to adopt the slavish maxim, that forms of doctrine, which have been associated with religious ideas are to be received implicitly,—are not to be examined whether they stifle the truth or convey it rightly? No! it is not from a strict and careful examination of his *writings* that these notions have arisen, but from a partial view of his *life* and its bearing upon his character. It has been thought that he led too exclusively a life of contemplation to be thoroughly well qualified for a moral preceptor, that he dwelt too much on the speculative side of philosophy to have, in fullest measure, a true philosopher's wisdom. It has been affirmed that he dealt with "thoughts untried in action, unverified by application, mere exercises of the thinking faculty revolving into itself:" that he "lived a life of thinking for thinking's sake." I cannot admit that this is true. Whether or no it would have been better for Mr. Coleridge's own mind and character had he exercised a regular profession, and been less withdrawn from family cares, it is not for me to determine: but this I can affirm, that to represent him as having spent a life of inaction, or of thinking without reference to practical ends, is an injustice both to him and to the products of his mind. To write and to think were his chief business in life; contemplation was the calling to which his Maker called him; but to *think merely for thinking's sake*,—merely for the excitement and pastime of the game, is no man's calling; it is an occupation utterly unworthy of a rational and immortal being.

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Whether or no he deserves such a judgment let men determine by a careful survey of his writings; in connection with all those studies which are necessary in order to make them understood; let them pronounce upon his character afterwards; perhaps they will see it with different eyes, and with clearer ones when they have finished the course. I cannot of course attempt here to vindicate his claim to some "gift of genuine insight," as an ethical writer; but in reference to the remarks lately cited I ask, of what sort are the thoughts dealt with in *The Friend*, the *Aids to Reflection*, the *Lay Sermons*, the *Church and State*, the *Literary Remains?* May it not be said that, of the thoughts they contain, one large class, that relating to politics, cannot, by their nature, "*issue out of acts*," —out of the particular acts of an individual life,—or be tried and applied in action by the individual who treats of them, though they *tend* to acts and are to have practical consequences; seeing that they relate to national movements, interests of bodies, dealings of communities; while another still larger class, which concern the moral and spiritual being of man, are capable of being tried and verified in the life of every Christian, whether he be given to outward action, or whether activities of an inward character, have been his chief occupation upon earth? To deny their author *this* practical knowledge and experience would be a satire on his personal character rather than a review of his philosophic mind. All the poetry, all the poetical criticism which my Father produced has a practical end; for poetry is a visible creation, the final aim of which is to benefit man by means of delight. As for his moral and religious writings, if practical wisdom is not in them, they are empty indeed, for their whole aim is

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practical usefulness—the regulation of action, the actions of the heart and mind with their appropriate manifestations—the furtherance of man's well being here and hereafter. This remark, that my Father lived a life of thinking for thinking's sake is either the severest of judgments, more severe than his worst and most prejudiced enemies ever passed on him in the heat of conflict, or it is no censure at all, but rather a commendation; inasmuch as the soul is better than the body and mental activity nobler than corporeal.

It may interest the reader to see in conclusion, Mr. Coleridge's own opinion of an excessive *practicality*, or what is commonly so called, for the term is commonly, though I believe incorrectly, applied to a mere *outward* activity.[82] Thus he spoke of an excellent

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[82] Men who are given to outward action think all else idleness or worse, while men of thought can estimate *their* usefulness and do them honour, when they are consistent and at one with themselves. But thought is the *active business* of a certain part of mankind. Literary men and teachers who affect to be men of the world and unite a great deal of ordinary *practicality* with their peculiar vocation, are apt to become low in their aims and superficial in execution. A poet is, in my opinion, far better employed in perfecting an ode, if it be worth writing at all, or conforming a drama to the rules of art, than in directing a farm or regulating a railway or arranging a public spectacle. If his poetry is what poetry ought to be, it is worth the devotion of all his time and energies, save what are required for the charities of life, or for procuring the means of subsistence.

The article in the *Quarterly*, referred to above, speaks so well and powerfully of Mr. Wordsworth, that I the more regret its containing anything calculated to strengthen misunderstandings in regard to my Father. They who best understand the Poet and Philosopher best understand the Philosophic Poet his Friend. Let them not be contrasted, but set side by side to throw light and lustre upon each other.

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man, whom he deeply honoured and loved, to his friend Mr. Stutfield:

"I was at first much amused with your clever account of our old and valued Friend's occupations—but after a genial laugh, I read it again and was affected by its truth, and by the judicious view you have taken. My poetical predilections have not, I trust, indisposed me to value utility, or to reverence the benevolence, which leads a man of superiour talents to devote himself to the furtherance of the Useful, however coarse or homely a form it may wear, provided, I am convinced that it is, first, actually useful in itself, and secondly, comparatively so, in reference to the objects on which he would or might otherwise employ himself. . . . . It seems to me impossible but that this incessant bustle about little things, and earnestness in the removal of stupid impediments, with the irritations arising out of them, must have an undesirable effect on any mind constituted for nobler aims;—and this unquiet routine is, in my judgment, the very contrary to what I should deem a salutary alterative to the qualities in our friend's nature, of which the peccant excess is most to be apprehended. It is really grievous, that with a man of such a head and such a heart, of such varied information and in easy circumstances too, the miracle of Aaron should be reversed, a swarm of little snakes eat up the great one, the sacred serpent, symbol of intellect, dedicated to the God of Healing. I could not help thinking, when I last saw him, that he looked more aged than the interval between that and his former visit could account for."

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## *Mr. Coleridge's "Remarks on the present mode of conducting Public Journals."*

THERE is one other subject, on which, after going through the present work in order to finish preparing it for the press, I have found it necessary to give some explanation. Throughout this edition I have abstained from interference with the *text*, as far as the *sense* was concerned, though the changes wrought in the course of thirty years would probably have led the author to make many alterations in it himself, had he republished the work at all in its present form. In one or two sentences only I have altered or removed a few words affecting the *import* of them, in order to do away with unquestionable mistakes respecting literary facts of slight importance. But from the end of the last chapter of the critique on Mr. Wordsworth's poetry I have withdrawn a paragraph concerning the detractors from his merits—the mode in which they carried on their critical warfare against him and some others—for the same reason which led the late editor to suppress a note on the subject in Vol. I.—namely this; that as those passages contain *personal* remarks, right or wrong, they were anomalies in my Father's writings, unworthy of them and of him, and such as I feel sure he would not himself have reprinted. This reason indeed is so obvious, that no explanation or comment on the subject would have been given, if I had not been told that Lord Jeffrey had of late years republished his reply to those remarks of Mr. Coleridge; this makes me feel it proper to say, that I suppress the passages in question, and should have done

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so if no contradiction had been offered to them, simply because they are personal, and now also because I believe that some parts of them, conveying details of fact, are inaccurate as to the letter; but at the same time with an assurance that in *spirit* they are just and true. They may be inaccurate in the letter: the speeches referred to may never have been uttered just as they were told to my Father and repeated by him; Mr. Jeffrey's language to himself he may not have recalled correctly; and I am quite willing to allow that in the way of hospitality he received more than he gave, the fact of *apparent cordiality*, however, being equally attested whether Mr. Jeffrey asked Mr. Coleridge to dinner or received a similar invitation from him. By the mention of these particulars my Father injured, as I think, a good cause; a volume of such anecdotes, true or false, would never have convinced men of the party which he had opposed, or brought them to confess, that the criticisms of the E. Review were in great measure dictated by party spirit; to men not of the party, who should take the trouble of referring to them, I have little doubt, that this would be apparent on the face of those writings themselves,—from the manner and from the matter of them. I must repeat, that I believe the suppressed passages to be neither mistaken nor untruthful as to their *main drift*, which I understand to be *this:* that the E. Reviewers expressed a degree of *contempt* for the poetical productions of their opponents in politics, which it is scarcely conceivable that they could have really felt, or would have felt had politics been out of the question—more especially with regard to the poems of Mr. Wordsworth, that they imputed a character to them, and as far as in them lay, stamped that character upon them to the eye of the

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public, which those productions never could have borne to the mind of any unprejudiced, careful, and competent critic—indeed such characters at once of utter imbecility and striking eccentricity as appear at first sight to be the coinage of an ingenious brain, rather than the genuine impression which any actual body of poetry could make upon any human mind, that was not itself either imbecile or highly eccentric. This charge was, indeed, not capable of a precise proof, and Mr. C. acted with his usual incaution in openly declaring what he felt quite certain of but could not regularly demonstrate. Whether or no he had good reason to feel this certainty—waiving his personal recollections, even those that have not been denied—I willingly leave to the judgment of all who are capable of comparing the critiques in question with the poems of Mr. Wordsworth, and with the general estimate of them in the minds of thoughtful readers and lovers of poetry in general, from the time when the *Lyrical Ballads* first appeared till the present day. There was doubtless a *petitio principii* on Mr. Coleridge's part in this dispute; he assumed the merits of his friend's poetry; for though this was a point which he often sought to prove, by shewing that, taken at large, it treated of the most important and affecting themes that can interest the heart of man, and, for the most part, in a manner that would stand the test of any poetical rule or principle that could be applied to it, and this without contradiction from any one meeting him on his own ground, not merely baffling him by rude, reasonless irony, and boisterous banter—those heavy blunt weapons of disputants who abound more in scorn than in wisdom,—still questions of poetical merit are so fine and complex, that they can hardly be decided

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*altogether* by rule, but must be determined, as spiritual matters are to be determined, by specific results and experiences, which are, in this case, the effects produced on the poetic mind of the community. Before this proof was complete he in some sort assumed the point at issue;—he knew the critic to be possessed of superiour sense and talent, and he felt sure that though it might be possible for a man of good understanding and cultivated taste not to love and admire the poetry of Mr. Wordsworth, it was almost morally impossible that the great body of it could appear to such a person as it was presented in the pages of *The Ed. Review*,—a thing to be yawned or hissed off the stage at once and for ever.—Such strains of verse as *Tintern Abbey, The Old Cumberland Beggar, Address to my infant Daughter, Boy of Wynander-mere, Lines left upon a Yew-tree seat, Character of the Happy Warriour*;—such poems as the *Ode to Duty, Evening Walk, Rob Roy's Grave, Highland Girl, Yarrow revisited, Ruth, Landamin, The Brothers, Female Vagrant, Forsaken Indian Woman*,[1]

[1] This *Complaint* of the perishing mother may be compared with Schiller's admired *Nadowessische Todtenklage*; but I think that both in poetry and in pathos the English poem strikes a far deeper note. The anguish of a bereaved mother's heart no other poet, I think, has ever so powerfully pourtrayed as Mr. Wordsworth.

Warmly as I admire the poetry of Keats I can imagine, that an intelligent man might read the *Endymion* with care, yet think that it was not genuine poetry; that it shewed a sheer misuse of abundant fancy and rhythmical power. For its range is narrow; like the artificial comedy it has a world of its own, and this world is most harmonious within itself, made up of light rich materials; but it is not deep enough or wide enough to furnish satisfaction for the general heart and mind. The passion of love excited by

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*The two April Mornings, The Fountain, Yew-trees, Nutting, Peel Castle, 'Tis thought that some have died for love, Lines to H. M.;*—such sonnets as that *Composed on Westminster Bridge, On the Eve of a Friend's Marriage, The World is too much with us, Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour*, those four called *Personal Talk*, so frequently quoted—could any cultivated and intelligent man read these productions attentively without feeling that in them the author had shewn powers as a poet which entitled him at least to a certain respect and even deference? Is there anything very strange or startling in *these* compositions? Or are they flat and empty, with nothing in them—no freshness of thought or feeling? Seen through a fog the golden beaming sun looks like a dull orange or a red billiard ball;—the fog that could rob these poems of all splendour must have been thick indeed! I have not mentioned all the most admirable of Mr. Wordsworth's poems; but those which a general acquaintance with poetry, and general sense of the poetical might enable any one to understand; for we may understand and respect what we do not deeply enjoy. The multitude of laughers knew nothing of the Wordsworthian poetry but what they saw in the pages of the Review, through the Reviewer's tinted spectacles; the Reviewer himself must have known it all, in its length and breadth. If he seriously avows that the pages of that Journal give a

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beauty is the deepest thing it contains, and therefore, though its imagery is so richly varied, we have a sense of the monotonous in reading it long together. It is *toujours perdrix* or something still more dainty delicate, and we long for more solid diet, when we have had this fare for a little while. But if ever a poet addressed the common heart and universal reason it is Mr. Wordsworth.

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correct view of his notion of Mr. Wordsworth's poetry, nothing more can be said than that it is a curious fact in the history of the human mind;—Mr. Coleridge could but judge by appearances, and I think he has not misrepresented *them*.

In regard to the review of the *Lay Sermon*, I am not surprised that the Editor saw nothing in it to disapprove; though few, I think, who, at this hour, standing without the charmed circle of party, perused that article, would fail to see, that it is not so much a critique of the *Sermon* as a personal pasquinade—(what are "caprice, indolence, vanity," but *personal* charges?) —penned by one, who had scanned the author narrowly, in order to abuse him scientifically, and with a certain air of verisimilitude.[3] He had enjoyed special opportunities of taking those observations, which he afterwards recurred to for such an ill purpose. My Father had received him, (at Stowey and, I *believe*, once again at Keswick), with frank hospitality under his own roof; had extolled his talents when others saw no lustre in the rough diamond; had furnished his mind with pregnant hints—intellectual seed, which, as the soil was very capable, bore, in due time, a harvest

[3] This air of verisimilitude is less in that article than in the parent lampoon, (in Mr. Hazlitt's *Political Essays*), any distorted resemblance which the latter may be thought to contain, being frittered away, in the Edinboro' copy, by an evident desire that the portrait should be pure deformity. In the former Mr. Coleridge is described as "belonging to all parties," and "of service to none." This might be favourably interpreted; he who belongs to all parties at one and the same time, belongs to none in particular and can serve none in particular; but he may serve his country all the more. *This* feature was not copied; but the portion that follows, "he gives up his independence of mind," in which there was no truth at all, was carefully transfused,—the spirit of it at least,—into the second portrait. Both

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of fruit for his own enrichment. I think *he* did not deny these obligations, even while he was privately expressing that personal pique and hostile feeling, which he vented to the public under cover of patriotism and concern for the people. Under cover, I say, without impugning his sincerity and earnestness in either; the former, the angry feeling against Mr. Coleridge, he made no secret of among his associates in general. Under the circumstances my Father was to be excused for supposing that this gentleman of "judgment and talents" had been *employed* to run down the *Lay Sermon* in the E. Review, on account of his known *talents* for satire, and the severe *judgments* he had already published on himself in particular; but, as this has been denied, I have withdrawn two expressions which contain the imputation; the passage concerning the satirist himself I have *not* thought fit to withdraw.

Mr. Jeffrey's demeanour at the Lakes in 1810 should never have been brought into this question; but from a natural wish to maintain the general truthfulness, if not the prudence and propriety, of my Father's lan-

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contain the same insinuation respecting my Father's fundamental religious principles—the same attempt to cast them into suspicion with the unphilosophic world—upon which *I need make no remark.* At *that time* it may perhaps have brought some additional discredit upon his name, that he imputed catholicity to his mother church. "The Church of England, which he sometimes, by an hyperbole of affectation, affects to call the Catholic Church"—!!!

These things are said in the supposition that my Father was not wrong in believing the anthor of the critique in the E. R. and the writer of the two critiques in the Pol. Essays, to be the same person. Either they are identical, or the one is a close copyist of the other,—his spleen the same, only colder and more unrelenting.

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guage on the subject, I cannot help saying, that Lord Jeffrey's own account of it serves quite as well as Mr. Coleridge's, to illustrate the difference,—I think I may say the discrepancy,—between the gentleman conducting himself kindly and courteously in social life, and the same gentleman performing his *duty* as a reviewer. My Father had undergone no essential change, in the interval, either as a poet, a politician, or a man, nor had he shewn any. *The Friend* was before the public. To pay compliments, even when they are no more than the genuine overflow of the soul, is a mark of complacency; but to have made efforts to "gratify" a gentleman under a notion that he "liked to receive compliments," was a still greater exercise of politeness. The critique of *Christabel* did not seem quite symphonious with compliments paid to the poetic mind of him who was best known to the public as the author of *The Ancient Mariner*, a poem which, equally with that and on very similar grounds, deserved to be called a "mixture of raving and drivelling."[4] "I cheerfully

[4] An article on Coleridge in the *Penny Cyclopædia*, which, together with some misstatements of fact, contains the Ed. Review opinions on my Father's merits as an author, to wit, that he had next to none at all, and seems to have been written by a disciple of the critic who pronounced *Christabel* worthless with the exception of one passage, after referring to what was pointed out on this subject by Mr. Dequincey, proceeds thus: "Of this habit," (that of "trusting to others for suggestions which he improved, and for ideas which he elaborated,") another instance is supplied by Alvar's dungeon soliloquy in the *Remorse* (Act. v. Scene 1.) the ideas, and, to a certain extent, the words of which are derived from Caleb's prison soliloquy in *Caleb Williams*." Impressive writer in his own line as I knew Mr. Godwin to be, I was surprised to learn that he had written anything so *poetical* as Alvar's dungeon soliloquy. Anxious how-



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acquit" the writer of any the least perception of merit in the poem; although Scott and Byron, the most ad-

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ever to give him his *due* I took up *Caleb Williams*, and for pleasure, as well as duty, read it all through for the second time in my life. I perused with special care the three powerful chapters in which Caleb describes his imprisonment; I found that he dwells upon the "squalid solitude" of his forced abode, and Alvar mentions "friendless solitude;" that he speaks of a "groan" uttered in sleep, and Alvar speaks of "groaning and tears;" but with these exceptions I found neither the ideas nor the words of Alvar's soliloquy in *Caleb Williams*. My Father may possibly have been led to make the reflections and form the images of that soliloquy by Godwin's striking novel, as Thomson was led to write *The Seasons* by the perusal of Nature; but he certainly did not borrow them ready-made therefrom. The closest resemblance to *Caleb Williams* that I can find in the *Remorse* is not in Act. v. but in Act. i. where Alvar says,

> "My own life wearied me!
> And but for the imperative voice within,
> With mine own hand I had thrown off the burthen."

At the end of Chap. xi. Vol. ii. Caleb says, "I meditated suicide and ruminated, in the bitterness of my soul, upon the different means of escaping from the load of existence." Caleb is restrained from self-murder, not by "an imperative voice within," a voice which "calmed" while it "quelled;" his words are, "still some inexplicable suggestion withheld my hand. I clung with desperate fondness to this shadow of existence, its mysterious attractions and its hopeless prospects." The three preceding pages are very fine in their way, but have nothing in common with the *Remorse* except of the most general description. Indeed unless my Father had been the first man that ever described imprisonment, he could not have avoided some general similarity with former describers.

The whole article I would recommend as a study to those who are desirous of acquiring the art of depreciation; the principle of which rests on the force of contrast with a pretence of candour, and may be thus thrown into the form of a rule; give the man praise *a minori* in order to take away all the

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mired poets of the day, were known to have expressed admiration of it, he naturally preferred his own judg-

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credit commonly given him *a majori*: exalt other men, in order to pull *him* down from his seat, although these other men would themselves be the first to replace him in it. The Cyclopædist denies my Father originality of mind on plausible grounds, perhaps, and yet, I think, on insufficient ones. The habit of obtaining from others "suggestions to improve" and "ideas to elaborate" may be almost called common to the *genus vatum*. Dante is esteemed a vigorous and original writer: yet it has been clearly shewn that the vision of the boy monk Alberico "served as a model for the entire edifice of his poem," and furnished him with some of his striking details.* Dante adopted everything in the *Vision* that he could turn to advantage, and left it to his commentators to make his acknowledgments to the youthful Visionary. Milton borrowed from all quarters, as may be seen in Todd's edition of his works. Tasso took wholesale from preceding Italian poets and from the Classics. Gray's *Elegy in a Country Churchyard* contains scarcely a single image or sentiment that is entirely new, and in all his other poems he helps himself without scruple to the ideas and sometimes to the words of other poets. Shakespeare is full of borrowed pegs to hang his thoughts upon. Lord Byron declared that these charges of plagiarism against particular poets were a folly, since all poets are guilty of it. I think that almost all poets borrow a good deal in one way or another; but there is a difference in the mode of their borrowing; some take the thoughts and images of other writers and combine them with new matter; some take a great deal of what constitutes the substance and brilliancy of their compositions from historical or descriptive books in prose. Writers of a rich and ornate style borrow more than those of a severer cast: Byron borrowed far more from books than Crabbe, and Mr. Wordsworth has borrowed less, I believe, than any other great poet. Nature is

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* See the Essay on this subject, extracted from an ancient manuscript, prefixed to Zotti's Dante, p. 19-42.

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ment; but I will take upon me to say, however true this may be, that no mere *poetical* demerits ever called forth such a vehement explosion of hisses as that with which *Christabel* was greeted in the E. Review; that the hisses were at the *author*, because his "daily prose" was "understood to be dedicated to the support of all

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the book that he has studied the most. The Penny Cyclopædist has added nothing but a mare's nest to Mr. Dequincey's instances of borrowing in my Father, of which Mr. Dequincey himself thought so little, that in spite of them all, he "most heartily believed" my Father "as entirely original in all his capital pretensions, as any one man that ever has existed; as Archimedes in ancient days, or as Shakespeare in modern."

An author is to be judged, in respect of original power, by the total result of his productions. Is *the whole* a new thing, or is there *in* the whole a something new interfused? Can you find the like elsewhere? By this test my Father's writings must be tried, and perhaps they will be found to stand it better than those of many an author, who has carefully abstained from any formal or avoidable borrowing. That his are "the works of one who requires something from another whereon to hang whatever he may himself have to say," is just such a specious objection as the former. But it should be considered that every writer, in moral or religious disquisition, starts in fact from previous thought, whether he expressly produces it or not. In the *Aids to Reflection* and in the *Remains* my Father has given his thoughts in the form of comments on passages in the works of other men; and this he did, not from want of originality of mind, but from physical languor,—the want of continuous energy,—together with the exhaustive intensity, with which he entered into that particular portion of a subject to which his attention was directed. I do not believe, however, that the value of what he has left behind is so much impaired by its immethodical form as people at first sight imagine. The method and general plan of a literary work are often quite arbitrary, and sometimes, for the sake of preserving regularity of structure in the architecture of a book, a writer is obliged to say a great deal which is but introductory to that of his own which he has to impart.

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that courtiers think should be supported:"[5] what Mr. Coleridge endeavoured to support being first, *the war against the would-be invader and subjugator of his country;* secondly, *the Church of England.* No matter for the "compliments;" *now in* 1847; no, nor the disparagements either; "not of a pin;"—as the tedious man says in *Measure for Measure.* I do not recur to them on their own account. Perhaps an editor may "lawfully" make himself pleasant to gentlemen whom afterwards he shall be obliged to expose as "whining and hypochondriacal poets" in his review: but it does seem rather a special, and somewhat pliant and elastic law, that can permit a gentleman to be sociable and friendly in his private behaviour toward persons, whom, some years afterwards, casting his eye back on their literary and political career, it will be his duty to stigmatize, not only as men of "inordinate vanity and habitual effeminacy,"—that is a trifle,—but—upon whose heads he is bound to pour that dark flood of politico-personal accusations which may be seen and analyzed at this day in pages 314-15 of vol. xxviii. of the *Ed. Review.*[6] Utter disregard of consequences to the public,—vanity and effeminacy,—violence and vulgarity,—fantastic trickery,—a morbid appetite for infamy with an ardent love of corruption,—folly that reels with a sickening

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[5] *Ed. Review*, vol. xxvii. p. 67.

[6] This fine specimen of a modern Philippic,—an Edinboro', *Anti-Lakiad*,—is contained in the review of the *Literary Life* of August, 1817. I would wish any reader who has the opportunity, to compare it with the language, tone, and character of *Remarks on the present mode of conducting Critical Journals*, contained in the second volume of this work. The reviewer adds, "This is the true history of our reformed Anti-Jacobin poets, the life of one of whom is here recorded;" and then takes

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motion from one absurdity to another,—adherence to notions that are audacious and insane, revolting and nonsensical,—entire want of charity, common sense, wisdom and humanity,—romantic servility,—heartless vice,—these are attributes of the *man*—they cannot be confined solely to the politician. We may charitably presume, indeed, that he who penned this tirade, (one stroke of which I have passed by as too "*rank*" for my pen,) never imagined that the characters he was blackening in effigy would look a single shade the darker to any one who beheld them as a neighbour of flesh and blood in actual life—the life of truth and reality; but is it not a strange state of things, when we must believe respecting an organ of public opinion, that it is not most unconscientious only because it is out of the domain of conscience altogether, and declaims upon virtue and vice, wisdom and folly, —*the* vice and folly of individuals—without any earnest feeling or belief on subjects, which demand the utmost earnestness and carefulness from all who think or speak of them? Thirty years ago many things were done by honourable men which honourable men would not do now, or would gain great dishonour by doing; money intended for the benefit of the Public, especially for making men living members of the Church and

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up Mr. C. by himself again, still more in that style, which is described in the B. L., where it speaks of the critic losing himself in the *pasquillant*.

The readers of the E. R. of that day were not fond of subtleties or fine-drawn sketches; otherwise we might say of the writers:

Νήπιοι, οὐκ ἴσασιν ὅσῳ πλέον ἥμισυ παντός.

Such *criticism* prevents the assailed from seeing their real faults, while it precludes others from any knowledge of their excellencies.

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followers of Christ, public functionaries too often thought they might employ according to their own private fancies; and such a notion has even been acted on by men undoubtedly public-spirited and disinterested. A dimness of vision on the subject of duty prevailed among the servants of the public in general; and reviewers were not more clear-sighted than the rest; they thought themselves quite at liberty to make the public taste in literature subservient to their own purposes as members of a party; to choke up with rubbish and weeds the streams of Parnassus, if a political adversary might be annoyed thereby, though all parties alike had an interest in the water;—to bring the most sweeping and frightful charges against their opponents in general terms, whether they had or had not the slightest power to verify them in particulars. Against this system the *Biographia Literaria* contains a strong protest, a protest to which private feeling has given a piquancy, but which in the main it has not corrupted or falsified. I regret that my Father, in exposing what he held to be wrong methods of acting on the public mind, should have been betrayed into any degree of discomposure in his own; but I feel confident, that he would not have given way to indignation on these subjects, if he had not believed his cause to be the cause of the public also; that the things of which he complained were parts of a *system*, the offences of which against principle it was matter of principle to point out.

I have not brought forward these grounds of complaint out of any resentment against those who shewed so much against my Father, or,—(I say it for my own sake not as deeming it important to others,)—in any feeling of disrespect for their characters in the main. I make no doubt of their possessing all the wit, worth

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and wisdom which their friends ascribe to them, and am better pleased to think that my Father was beset and hindered on his way by lions than by assailants of a more ignoble kind. I have recurred to those grounds of complaint in justification of the language used in this work on the "present mode of conducting public journals," and also to justify the children of Coleridge in republishing it, aware as we are, that it will have an interest and even an importance as a voice from the grave of one whom, now that he is removed from all eyes in this world, many desire to have heard and looked upon, which it had not when the author was still struggling through his earthly career. Some persons will say, that hostility which so little succeeded in its object of casting my Father's works into general contempt and oblivion, is unworthy of present regard. But there is a little anachronism in this. It is like saying, that because a few storms or an inclement season did not ruin a nascent colony, and years afterwards the colony is in a flourishing state, it was therefore of no consequence to the colonist and not worth mentioning in his history. The colony lives and blooms, like the baytree by the river-side, while the poor worn colonist moulders in the grave. What is literary reputation now to the author of *Christabel* and the *Lay Sermon*?[7] Those works are read by many at this

[7] My Father has observed, that an insignificant work was sometimes reviewed for the sake of attacking the author; on the other hand the more important works of obnoxious authors were often absolutely unnoticed. Some of his own were never reviewed in any leading journal; but *Christabel*, the *Lay Sermon*, and the *Biographia* were caught up and violently twisted into whipcord to lash him who had written them, and drive him if possible out of the temple.

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time with as much pleasure as if they had never been declared worse than waste paper by the E. Review; they could not be slain by arrows of criticism if they had any vitality of their own; if they had it not, who would wish to give them a galvanized life—the only life which some productions ever have to sustain them—a mere emanation from the hot orb of party spirit? But he who wrote those works wanted a "little here below" ere he went hence and was no more seen: he wanted a little encouragement from friends, a little fair play from adversaries, a little sympathy, and a little money. That he wanted these things was at least a grievance, whether it was most the fault of others or chiefly his own. But I think it will be granted by impartial persons, that there was some fault and deficiency on this score in others; an honest argumentative review, if ever so severe, would have done my Father's works good, had the reviewer strained every nerve to convict them of absurdity. But he was reviewed in a way not to expose his errors but to prevent people from attending to him at all; not to make him understood but to stamp upon him a character of hopeless unintelligibility; with an artful shew of contempt, and a sort of ridicule, that might have been employed with equal success upon Plato or upon Shakespeare. A searching criticism, even from a determined opponent, would have been to him like that *excellent oil* of reproof, concerning which the Psalmist says that it *breaks not the head* nor depresses it.[8]

A few words in conclusion on Mr. Coleridge's "abuse of his contemporaries;" for on this score he

[8] The same method of shooting at him from a distance and declining close fight is practised even now by writers of a newer

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was assailed in the review of the *Biographia*, with a particular reference to his critique on *Bertram*; though without a syllable to shew that the censures it contained were unjust, or not rather a *service* to his contemporaries in general. This "abuse" was not, I think, of the same nature as that which he condemned in others. It was of two or three different kinds: the first, to which belong the Letters to Fox, Letters to Fletcher, strictures on Lord Grenville, character of Pitt, sketches of Buonaparte, consists in examinations of the public conduct and published opinions of eminent men under the light of principles; not a prejudging of their acts and opinions by supposed circumstances made to cast their colouring upon the former, as stained lamps dye the radiance of the flames they inclose; but an examination of the acts and opinions themselves, and only in due subordination to the former, if at all, a notice of *circumstances* which may have tended to produce their peculiar character.[9]

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school, who dispose of him *en passant*, in their way to other objects of attack, by settling that he was certainly a man of some genius, and had a modicum of light to dispense, going before the torch-bearers of their party with his little fancy lamp in his hand; but that he is by no means a safe or sound writer; though where, how, and why, he is unsafe and unsound they are far too much in a hurry to state. They seem indeed to consider him not only unsafe, but so dangerous, that prudence requires them to keep a good way off; as if the poor old steed, though *unsound* and superannuated, might still give an uncomfortable kick, if you came too close to his heels.

[9] The *Character of Pitt*, which I like the least of my Father's political writings, except certain passages against the same minister in his youthful *Conciones ad Populum*, the general drift of which, however, he has shewn to be strictly in consonance with all his later politics,—and in *these* passages it is the tone

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These treatises are chiefly composed of close reasoning and illustration; the censures they contain are expressed in stern and vehement, but not in coarse or bitter language; and they burst forth from a carefully constructed argument like strong keen flames from a well heaped funeral pile. If they quiver as they stream upward—those flames of censure—it is from a meditative emotion, not from the turbulence of a spirit agitated by personal or party rage. Could any specimen of "abuse" be extracted from his writings at all similar to that "true history of the Anti-Jacobin poets," referred to above, in which three men of different characters and courses of life are put into a heap and conjointly accused of every turpitude which a politician can be guilty of, the language of the E. Review respecting his "abuse of his contemporaries" would so far not be unmerited. The strictures on that Journal in this work are also pieces of reasoning, and, when cleared from a few excrescences of personal

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and language not the opinions that he would ever have wished to retract,—commences with an account of Mr. Pitt's education and its effect on the formation of his mind; "he was *cast*," my Father says, "rather than grew." But this is only a subordinate part of a general survey of his character as evinced in his public conduct. There is no attempt to characterize opinions *not under examination* by *conjectures* respecting the circumstances under which they may have been formed. The *Character* contains also a few sentences relating to Mr. Pitt's private life; but it should be remembered that some parts of a Prime Minister's private life, or what is private life in other cases, are necessarily before the public. My Father referred to tastes and habits of Mr. Pitt which were matters of notoriety. Still that passage is a blot in the essay, and I doubt not that, though interesting as a psychological analysis, the whole *Character* is too unmodified and severe.

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anecdote and complaint, are not unworthy of a writer who ever strove to keep principle in view. Of the *Critique of Bertram* I have spoken elsewhere.

The second sort of "abuse" that he dealt in, and which it were to be wished that all men would refrain from, consisted in pointed remarks, made in private respecting private things and persons. Some of these were as strictly true as they were clever and rememberable; some were just in themselves, but sounded unjust as well as unkind, when repeated unaccompanied by what should have gone along with them to take off their edge, expressed or understood by the utterer. Some, I dare say, were not wholly just; few men are wise or just at all hours; my Father had *fits* of satirizing with a habit of praising. I have heard a friend of his and mine remark, that some men "talk their gall cleverly," while there are others, who will shew their cleverness though at the expense of being, for the moment, ill-natured. My Father's sharp speeches were not mere improvements of gall. But I do not defend them. Psychological analysis on the living individual subject is an operation that can with difficulty be kept within the bounds of Christian justice and charity; even if we have a right to cut the pound of flesh at all, how can we be sure of cutting it exactly? But *most* to be blamed are they who repeat these keen sayings,—treasuring up the darts which they have not the skill to forge,—and bring them to the ears of those very persons, who are least likely to see their truth and most liable to feel their sharpness,—the persons of whom they are said.

There is a third part of this subject, respecting which I refer the reader to an apology by Mr. C. himself, placed at the end of vol. i. of the Poetical Works;

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I mean his flights of extravagant satire, the *real* objects of which existed no where but in the Limbo of wild imagination. These extravagancies of his early day, though I believe his own account of them to be strictly true—indeed can *see* the truth of it on the face of the productions themselves,—have given me great pain; not for the vials of wrath that have been poured forth on occasion of them; *they* were filled, I well knew, mainly from another cistern;[10] but because I see in these productions, though inspired by a petulant fancy rather than by an angry heart, the one stain upon the face of my Father's literary character. Yet though I deeply regret in regard to both, but by far the most in regard to one of them, that he should ever have

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[10] It is not my Father's rash sayings, but his conscientious and well weighed ones, his warm opposition to the "anti-national" policy, his free opinion of the philosophy of certain Northern schools,—his venturing to find fault with some of their Most Profound and Irrefragable Doctors—that ever has excited, and still does excite, the animosity of the Northern critics against him. His politics were a reproach, his philosophy a disparagement to theirs, and the B. L. added vinegar to the bitters of the cup. What my Father said of Hume in the *Lay Sermon*, p. 222, is styled by the E. Reviewer, (who puts on the Scotch mantle for the nonce,) "a mean and malignant fabrication," "a transition from cant to calumny," "a sting, the venom of which returned into his own bosom, to exhaust itself in a bloated passage," &c. Supposing the anecdote untrue, of which the reviewer gives no proof, (his calling it a fabrication of my Father's is a "gratuitous assertion" on his own part,) where was the deep *malignity* of ascribing to Hume at his *death* a sentiment undeniably consonant with the tenour of his *life*? The reviewer could not deny that he "devoted his life to undermining the Christian religion;" why then should he rage so at the second clause of the sentence, "expended his last breath in a blasphemous regret that he had not survived it?"

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penned such pieces or suffered them to get abroad, I do *not* blame him for including them in his works when it was plain that they could not be suppressed. The wine was coarse and burning, but it was the same, however bad a sample, as that which glows in *Kubla Khan* and *The Ancient Mariner*, and no production, marked with a peculiar genius, if short and rememberable, will perish, though of small merit,—especially when other more considerable fruits of that

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Was it more discreditable to *wish* Christianity extinct than to have deliberately endeavoured to destroy it? However if there be no authority for the anecdote reported in the *Lay Sermon*, a mark shall be set against it in future.

Mr. Coleridge's "ignorant petulance" on the subject of Hume's history has been amply confirmed by examiners on opposite sides in politics since the opinion was expressed. If that history be faulty at all, it is not superficially so but internally and radically—it is to a considerable extent virtually faithless and misleading; no one less cool, calm, and able than Hume *could* have given so misleading a representation of a certain most important part of English history. Like Hobbes, because he had no eye for a spiritual law, and because man must find firm ground to rest on somewhere, Hume rested his whole weight on human authority and kingship—an *earthly* divine right. Every one must admire his fine talents, must like his kindly and gentle nature; but is not an Infidel writer's hand against every Christian, and must not every Christian's hand be against him,—not of course to write a word that is untrue concerning his life and actions, but to struggle with him when he strives against eternal hopes,—nay to trample on him, when, like Caiaphas in Dante's penal realm, he lies across the way—if that be the way of faith and salvation? Surely the Scotch may well afford to let Hume be judged according to his *works*,—I should rather say to let his works be judged according to their contents. They are not so deficient in worthies whom a Christian can approve that they must vehemently patronize the patron of despotism and infidelity. My Father did not abuse him because he was a Scotch-

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genius are before the world. It will ever be a grief to those interested in my Father's name that, when a young man, he wrote a lampoon, in sport, upon a good and gifted contemporary; but I scarce know what he could do more, after shooting off an arrow, which others would preserve on account of its curious make or some fantastic plumage with which its shaft was adorned, than try to blunt its point, and beg that it might be considered only as a plaything.

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man; he had contended warmly against Infidels in Germany, partial as he was to Germans and German writers. One thing I regret in Mr. Carlyle's admirable essay on Johnson, that deep-hearted essay!—the parallel at the end between Johnson and Hume. Oh! surely Hume should not have been set over against Johnson, who could not have looked him in the face without shuddering, and turning pale for sorrow!

Right loth should I be to consider these Boreal blasts and Scotch mists, that have so outraged and obscured the Exteesian domain, as coming from bonny Scotland at large. The man of genius—the wise and liberal critic—is always a true Briton —neither English, Irish, nor Scotch. *Acer Septentrio* to S. T. C. —but this is a synecdoche—part for the whole. I have necessarily been looking of late more at the bad weather of my Father's literary life,—the rough gales and chilling snow-falls, —than at its calm and sunshine: but these were not present always, and I trust they will henceforth be infrequent.

Non semper imbres *dulce-poeticos*
Manant in agros; nec mare *lucidum*
Vexant inæquales procellæ
Usque; nec *ætheriis* in oris,
*Esteese Parens*, stat glacies iners
Menses per omnes; aut Aquilonibus
*Myrteta Colerigi* laborant
*Vitibus et* viduantur *ulmi*.

The twining vines are popularity and usefulness: the elms literary productions of slow growth and stately character.

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The Apologetic Preface has been much misrepresented: it has been represented as a defence and a sophistical one; if it were intended as a defence or vindication it would be sophistical indeed; but it is no such thing: it is an apology in the modern sense of the term; that is an excuse. "It was not my intention, I said, to *justify the publication*, whatever its author's feelings might have been at the time of composing it. That they are calculated to call forth so severe a reprobation from a good man, is not the worst feature of such poems. Their moral deformity is aggravated in proportion to the pleasure which they are capable of affording to vindictive, turbulent and unprincipled readers."[11] Notwithstanding this declaration, an admirer of Mr. Pitt has affirmed that "the Apology is throughout defensive." As this charge is made in the shape of mere assertion "to refute it with *not*" will perhaps be sufficient. This and other assertions of the Pittite may be met with the counter-assertion, that the Preface contains neither "metaphysical jargon," "unphilosophical sentimentality," nor "wire-drawn argumentation," but expresses in clear language, and illustrates, I think, with some eloquence, the simple but not uninteresting psychological fact, that the wilder and more extravagant a satire appears, the more it contains of devious irrelevant fancy, and the less of individual application, or any attempt to give an air of reality and truth of fact to the representation, the less harm it does and the less of deliberate malice it shews.[12]

[11] *Poet Works.* vol. i. p. 275. The next sentence shews impliedly that *palliation* is the writer's aim. See also p. 280.

[12] Mere outward marks for the identifying of the object, as 'letters four do form his name," are distinct from individualizing features of mind.

The admirer of Mr. Pitt, who is so dissatisfied with the Apo-

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Such attacks may indeed be insults, but they are very seldom injuries, except so far as the one is the other. Had no one said *worse* of Mr. Coleridge himself than that the Old One was sure of him at last, he would never have complained so bitterly as he sometimes did of the mischiefs of the tongue. When Mr. Hatelight and Mr. Enmity employ a skilful artist to paint their enemy's portrait, he does not take a plain likeness of Satan and put the enemy's name under it; he takes the enemy's face as a foundation and superinduces that of Satan upon it; there are perhaps few strongly marked minds that may not, with pains and skill, be made to assume somewhat of a Satanic aspect. On these points I think indeed that my Father, upon the whole, was more sinned against than sinning; but I should be far from attempting to vindicate *all* the condemnatory parts even of his serious writings. Since he was laid in the grave there have been vehement renewals of former attacks upon him; but if I had not been called upon to republish his Literary Life personalities of this sort would not have engaged my thoughts for more than a passing moment. He is at rest; no longer to be disquieted by injustice or capa-

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logetic Preface, is highly displeased because Mr. Coleridge did not express the deepest contrition for his censures of that minister, without sufficiently considering, that, as Mr. Coleridge's opinion of the Pitt policy continued pretty much the same throughout his life, he could not *repent* of it, to please Mr. Pitt's devotees; and that he expressed quite as much regret for, and disapproval of, his "flame-coloured" *language* on the subject as may suffice to satisfy any but partisans and bigots, whom he never considered it his duty to conciliate. Let them pour out their streams of "trash," "nonsense," "jargon," "muddy metaphysics" over his pages; of the abundance of the *head* the mouth speaketh when it speaks at this rate.



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ble of being harmed by it; "the storms, reproaches and vilifyings" of this angry world come not nigh his dwelling. But some willingly hear his voice, as it yet speaks in his written remains, and will read with pleasure the following extract from the *Aids to Reflection*, "on the keen and poisoned shafts of the tongue," which I give in conclusion, as applicable to the subject that has been discussed, but without intending any particular application whatever.

"The slanders, perchance, may not be altogether forged or untrue; they may be the implements, not the inventions, of malice. But they do not on this account escape the guilt of detraction. Rather it is characteristic of the evil spirit in question, to work by the advantage of real faults; but these stretched and aggravated to the utmost. It is not expressible how deep a wound a tongue sharpened to the work will give, with no noise and a very little word. This is the true white gunpowder, which the dreaming projectors of silent mischiefs and insensible poisons sought for in the laboratories of art and nature, in a world of good; but which was to be found in its most destructive form, in "the World of Evil, the Tongue."[13]

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I have heard it said that the lives and characters of men ought never to be handled by near relations and friends, whose pride and partial affection are sure to corrupt their testimony. This is like saying that animal food should never come to table because it is liable, in warm weather, to become tainted; reports of

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[13] Edit. 5. vol. i. p. 78.

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friends and relations are the flesh diet of the Biographical Muse, whereby she is kept in health and strength; without them her form would become attenuated and her complexion sallow and wan. Contemporary biography can only proceed either from friends, from enemies, or from indifferent persons; the last class may be the most unbiassed in their testimony, but for the most part they have little testimony to give; they know nothing and care nothing about him whose life is to be recorded, till the task of writing it falls into their hands. It should be remembered too that a man's enemies,—(and it is wonderful how many enemies men of mark are sure to acquire—among the vulgar-minded, who hate genius, for its own sake, while they envy its outward rewards—among the high-minded and strong-headed, who are in violent antagonism to an individual genius through the bent of their own,)—that these will give *their* testimony against him gratuitously, and that unconcerned persons will adopt it for mere amusement's sake,—will carelessly repeat the severest judgments, insensible as the "two handed engine" itself, that cares not whether it descends upon a reprobate or a royal martyr. The testimony of friends is needed, if only to balance that of adversaries; and indeed what better grounds for judging of a man's character, upon the whole, can the world have, than the impression it has made on those who have come the nearest to him, and known him the longest and the best? I, for my part, have not striven to conceal any of my natural partialities, or to separate my love of my Father from my moral and intellectual sympathy with his mode of thought. I have endeavoured to give the genuine impressions of my mind respecting him, believing that if reporters will but be

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honest, and study to say that and that alone, which they really think and feel, the colour, which their opinions and feelings may cast upon the subject they have to treat of, will not finally obscure the truth. Of this I am sure, that no one ever studied my Father's writings earnestly and so as to imbibe the author's spirit, who did not learn to care still more for Truth than for him, whatever interest in him such a study may have inspired.

These few lines are an attempt to bring out a sentiment, which my Father once expressed to me on the common saying that "Love is blind."

> Passion is blind not Love: *her* wond'rous might
> Informs with three-fold pow'r man's inward sight:—
> To her deep glance the soul at large display'd
> Shews all its mingled mass of light and shade:—
> Men call her blind when she but turns her head,
> Nor scans the fault for which her tears are shed.
> Can dull Indifference or Hate's troubled gaze
> See through the secret heart's mysterious maze?—
> Can Scorn and Envy pierce that "dread abode,"
> Where true faults rest beneath the eye of God?
> Not their's, 'mid inward darkness, to discern
> The spiritual splendours how they shine and burn.
> All bright endowments of a noble mind
> They, who with joy behold them, soonest find;
> And better none its stains of frailty know
> Than they who fain would see it white as snow.

## OMISSA.

. . . . . "principles in no danger of being exaggerated." Introd. p. xliv. Principles cannot go too far, because they have the boundless realm of spirit to move in: manifestations,—thoughts, words, deeds, (for *thoughts* are manifestations to the mind of the subject,)—are in that other kingdom of Space and Time, which is essentially limited;

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and hence they *may* exceed in degree, even if they correspond to what is right. We cannot really possess any *virtue* in excess. Rashness, for example, is not exaggerated courage; it is courage unattended by good sense, consequently wrong in the mode, and possibly extreme in the measure, of its *manifestations;* and the same may be said of every vice which appears to be the wrong side of a virtue; it is a vice, not from intensity of degree, but from the want of true discernment and just feeling, *quoad hoc*, in the subject. For surely the prodigal giver is not more *liberal* than the generous man; neither are the rash more *courageous* than the truly brave. To be rash is to be *fool-hardy;* to be prodigal is to be a *spendthrift*. The truth is, that the *matter* of every virtue and vice is simply indifferent; it is the *form* alone that constitutes it good or evil. The mere natural disposition, which may be called the base of a virtue or a vice, is neutral; it becomes good by the direction which it receives from the Practical Reason; or evil from the obliquity which it is sure to assume in the *silence* of the Divine Light. Compare with our 9th and 13th Articles.

. . . . . "Waterland modernizes Tertullian." Ib. p. lxxxviii. Dr. Pusey does the same, I think, when he argues that the ancient writer *could* not have separated the *new birth* from *reception of the Spirit*. (*Script. Views*, pp. 152-4 and *Lib. of the Fathers*, 10, p. 263.) From T.'s own language it seems clear enough that he *did* separate them; that he believed the soul to be *re*formed by water and supernal virtue first, *in*formed by the Spirit afterwards; the tenement to be prepared before the Divine Tenant entered. His words are, (I give Dr. P.'s own translation, only changing *water* for *waters*, as more literal,) "Thus man, who had aforetime been in the image of God, will be restored to God after his likeness, &c. For he receiveth again that Spirit of God, which he had then received by his breathing upon him, but had afterwards lost by sin. *Not that we obtain the Holy Spirit in the waters*, but being cleansed in the water, under the Angel, *we are prepared for the Holy Spirit.*" To make his plain meaning doubly plain he adds, "For thus was John aforetime the forerunner of the Lord, preparing his way." I do not forget that, in those days, Anointing and Imposition of hands were immediate adjuncts of Baptism, and T. affirms that in them "the Spirit descends upon the flesh;" but to call them *parts* of Baptism, is surely to use a deceptive phrase; if they were component *parts*, the

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Church could not have detached them from that which they helped to constitute; they are either distinct sacraments or no sacraments, in the higher sense here in question, at all. On this and *other* points Tertullian's doctrine of baptism differs *essentially*, as it seems to me, from that which is now set forth as *the* doctrine of the Fathers,—which *was* the doctrine of *some* of them. True it is, that such a separation of ideas as I have ascribed to Tertullian, argues an utter want of metaphysical insight into the ideas themselves; but I believe that in the early times of Christianity there *was* this want of insight in Christian writers; Hermas, the *inspired* Shepherd, as Irenæus and others then thought him, separates ideas still more strangely, and his strange separation seems to be adopted by Clemens Alexandrinus! (Hefele's edit. p. 224. with extract in note from *Strom.* II. p. 452.)

. . . . . "tacit establishment." Ib. p. c. I mean silent as to its coincidence with Luther's doctrine. But Mr. N. expressly admits that Luther is "in the right" with regard to "the exact and philosophical relation of justification to sanctification," and "prefers" his statement *scientifically* considered, to that of St. Austin; Luther himself considered St. Augustine to be substantially of his mind in the matter. See *Table Talk*, p. 211. Truly as now Mr. N. teaches a "rationalistic Romanism," so formerly he taught a Lutherano-Anglicanism: he never has succeeded in blinding his mind's eye to one whole side of truth. His literary genius and intellectual power are as apparent in his last work as ever; but it is one thing to walk in the high road, and quite another to make paths in an untrodden territory.

. . . . . "faith justifies before and without charity." Ib. cxiv. In Gal. ii. 16, the *grace*, charity, is so connected with *deeds* of charity, *bona opera*, that it is not easy to tell, from the author's mere words, whether he meant the former by itself, or as *incarnated* in the latter, when he says, *hæc fides sine et ante charitatem justificat.* But even if he meant that faith justifies before the inward grace of charity, this is but asserting that priority of faith, in the order of thought, which the mind cannot reject,—which is involved in the Tridentine saying, that faith is the *root* of all justification; for the *root* is before the stem and branches. Faith justifies before outward charity in time; before inward charity in order of nature. Mr. Newman asks, in reference to Melancthon's and Calvin's statements on this point, "what

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is the difference between saying, that faith is not justifying unless love or holiness be *with* it, or with Bellarmine that it is not so, unless love be *in* it?" Answer, none at all, if *in* be taken merely to denote the relative situation of love and faith in the human mind. But that is not the point; the point is, does the justifying power belong to faith, as faith, or does love help it to justify? By denying that faith is informed with charity, Luther only meant to deny that it is rendered justifying by charity. Mr. N. himself teaches that faith has the exclusive privilege of connecting the soul with Christ, and thus implicitly denies, that love is *in* it for the purpose of such connection; while to works he seems to ascribe another sort of justifying power. What Luther meant to insist upon is, that it is the *apprehension of Christ* that justifies rather than any quality of the mind considered *as such*.

. . . . . "substituted for general renovation." Ib. p. cx. Mr. Ward holds it a sure sign of moral corruptness in Luther's doctrine of faith that it is proposed as affording relief to the conscience. But how does it propose this? By deadening the conscience? No but by giving it rest. *He giveth his beloved rest;* but they must be *His beloved* who can obtain this rest, according to Luther. It proposes to relieve the conscience by substituting simple faith in Christ as the means and instrument of justification, which includes righteousness and spiritual peace, for outward works of penance as the preparatory means. His opponents affirm that such performances are the way to true Faith; but this Luther denied; he thought that men might go on all their lives obeying a priest's prescriptions, yet never turn to God with their whole heart and soul, but be kept walking to and fro in a vain shadow; he saw too that spiritual physicians often acted selfishly, making a worldly profit of the means without the least real desire to promote the end, or render the patient independent of their costly services; that they even hid the Gospel, lest men should see by its light how, under God, to heal themselves. He denounced the whole system not merely as liable to corruption, but as certainly, in the long run, involving it, being based on untruth and mere human policy. The cross of the Christian profession, in the Bible, is wrapped up in Christian duty strictly performed; the Papist makes a separate thing of it, and thus converts it into an engine of superstition.

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*So wenig er auch bestimmt seyn mag, andere zu belehren, so wünscht er doch sich denen mitzutheilen, die er sich gleichgesinnt weiss,* (oder hofft,) *deren Anzahl aber in der Breite der Welt zerstreut ist; er wünscht sein Verhältniss zu den ältesten Freunden dadurch wieder anzuknüpfen, mit neuen es fortzusetzen, und in der letzen Generation sich wieder andere für seine übrige Lebenszeit zu gewinnen. Er wünscht der Jugend die Umwege zu ersparen, auf denen er sich selbst verirrte.*

(Goethe. Einleitung in die Propyläen.)

Translation. Little call as he may have to instruct others, he wishes nevertheless to open out his heart to such as he either knows or hopes to be of like mind with himself, but who are widely scattered in the world: he wishes to knit anew his connections with his oldest friends, to continue those recently formed, and to win other friends among the rising generation for the remaining course of his life. He wishes to spare the young those circuitous paths, on which he himself had lost his way.

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# BIOGRAPHIA LITERARIA.

## CHAPTER I.

*Motives to the present work—Reception of the Author's first publication—Discipline of his taste at school—Effect of contemporary writers on youthful minds—Bowles's Sonnets—Comparison between the poets before and since Pope.*

IT has been my lot to have had my name introduced both in conversation, and in print, more frequently than I find it easy to explain, whether I consider the fewness, unimportance, and limited circulation of my writings, or the retirement and distance, in which I have lived, both from the literary and political world. Most often it has been connected with some charge which I could not acknowledge, or some principle which I had never entertained. Nevertheless, had I had no other motive or incitement, the reader would not have been troubled with this exculpation. What my additional purposes were, will be seen in the following pages. It will be found, that the least of what I have written concerns myself personally. I have used the narration chiefly for the purpose of giv-



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ing a continuity to the work, in part for the sake of the miscellaneous reflections suggested to me by particular events, but still more as introductory to a statement of my principles in Politics, Religion, and Philosophy, and an application of the rules, deduced from philosophical principles, to poetry and criticism. But of the objects, which I proposed to myself, it was not the least important to effect, as far as possible, a settlement of the long continued controversy concerning the true nature of poetic diction; and at the same time to define with the utmost impartiality the real poetic character of the poet, by whose writings this controversy was first kindled, and has been since fuelled and fanned.[1]

In the spring of 1796, when I had but little passed the verge of manhood, I published a small volume of juvenile poems.[2] They were received with a degree of favour, which, young as I was, I well know was bestowed on them not so much for any positive merit,

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[1] [The first volume of the Lyrical Ballads was published in the summer of 1798, by Mr. Joseph Cottle, of Bristol, who purchased the copyright for thirty guineas. That copyright was afterwards transferred with others to Messrs Longman and Co. And it is related by Mr. Cottle, that in estimating the value the Lyrical Ballads were reckoned as nothing by the head of that firm. This copyright was subsequently given back to Mr. Cottle, and by him restored to Mr. Wordsworth. Would that he and his might hold it for ever!

The second volume, with Mr. Wordsworth's Preface, appeared in 1800. Ed.]

[2] [This volume was published by Mr. Cottle at Bristol in the Spring of 1796, in conjunction with the Messrs. Robinson in London. It contained fifty-one small pieces, of which the best known at the present day are the Religious Musings, Monody on Chatterton, Song of the Pixies, and the exquisite lines written at Clevedon, beginning, "My pensive Sara, &c." To this

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as because they were considered buds of hope, and promises of better works to come. The critics of that day, the most flattering, equally with the severest, concurred in objecting to them obscurity, a general turgidness of diction, and a profusion of new coined double epithets.[3] The first is the fault which a writer is the least able to detect in his own compositions: and my mind was not then sufficiently disciplined to receive the authority of others, as a substitute for my own conviction. Satisfied that the thoughts, such as they were, could not have been expressed otherwise, or at least more perspicuously, I forgot to inquire, whether the thoughts themselves did not demand a degree of attention unsuitable to the nature and objects of poetry. This remark however applies chiefly, though not exclusively, to the Religious Musings. The remainder of the charge I admitted to its full extent, and not without sincere acknowledgments both to my private and public censors for their friendly admonitions. In

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poem Mr. Coleridge many years afterwards added the magnificent passage—

O the one life within us and abroad,
* * * * * * *
* * * * and the mute still air
Is Music slumbering on her instrument.
Poet. Works, I. p. 191.

He was then twenty-three years and a half old. Ed.]

[3] The authority of Milton and Shakespeare may be usefully pointed out to young authors. In the Comus and other early poems of Milton there is a superfluity of double epithets; while in the Paradise Lost we find very few, in the Paradise Regained scarce any. The same remark holds almost equally true of the Love's Labour Lost, Romeo and Juliet, Venus and Adonis, and Lucrece, compared with the Lear, Macbeth, Othello, and Hamlet of our great Dramatist. The rule for the admission of dou-

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the after editions,[4] I pruned the double epithets with no sparing hand, and used my best efforts to tame the swell and glitter both of thought and diction; though in truth, these parasite plants of youthful poetry had insinuated themselves into my longer poems with such

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ble epithets seems to be this: either that they should be already denizens of our language, such as *blood-stained, terror-stricken, self-applauding:* or when a new epithet, or one found in books only, is hazarded, that it, at least, be one word, not two words made one by mere virtue of the printer's hyphen. A language which, like the English, is almost without cases, is indeed in its very genius unfitted for compounds. If a writer, every time a compounded word suggests itself to him, would seek for some other mode of expressing the same sense, the chances are always greatly in favour of his finding a better word. *Ut tanquam scopulum sic fugias insolens verbum,* is the wise advice of Cæsar to the Roman Orators,* and the precept applies with double force to the writers in our own language. But it must not be forgotten, that the same Cæsar wrote a Treatise† for the purpose of reforming the ordinary language by bringing it to a greater accordance with the principles of logic or universal grammar.

[4] [The second edition appeared in May 1797 with the same publishers' names. Upwards of twenty of the pieces contained in the first edition were omitted in this, and ten new poems were added. Amongst these latter were the Dedication to his brother, the Reverend George Coleridge, the Ode on the Departing Year, and the Reflections on having left a place of Retirement. (Poet. Works, I.) The volume comprised poems by Lamb and Lloyd, and on the title page was printed the prophetic aspiration:—*Duplex nobis vinculum, et amicitiæ junctarumque Camœnarum;—quod utinam neque mors solvat; neque temporis longinquitas!* Ed.]

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* [The expression is so given by A. Gellius (Noct. Att. I. 10). Macrobius says, *infrequens atque insolens verbum.* (Saturn. I. 5.) Ed.]

† [*De Analogia* Libri duo, the first of which contained the precept above mentioned. Ed.]

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intricacy of union, that I was often obliged to omit disentangling the weed, from the fear of snapping the flower. From that period to the date of the present work I have published nothing, with my name, which could by any possibility have come before the board of anonymous criticism.[5] Even the three or four poems, printed with the works of a friend,[6] as far as they were censured at all, were charged with the same or similar defects, (though I am persuaded not with equal justice),—with an excess of ornament, in addition to strained and elaborate diction. I must be permitted to add, that, even at the early period of my juvenile poems, I saw and admitted the superiority of an austerer and more natural style, with an insight not less clear, than I at present possess. My judgment was stronger than were my powers of realizing its dictates; and the faults of my language, though indeed partly owing to a wrong choice of subjects, and the desire of giving a poetic

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[5] [This is certainly not strictly accurate, if the date of the publication of the Biographia (1817) be taken as the period intended. The Remorse appeared in 1813, and Christabel in 1816. Zapolya, the two Lay Sermons, and the Sibylline Leaves, all came out nearly contemporaneously with this work. I believe the fact to be, that Mr. Coleridge wrote the passage in the text several years before 1817, and never observed the misstatement which lapse of time had caused at the date of publication. The first Essays of The Friend, indeed, came out in 1809; but he probably did not consider them as constituting a published work in the ordinary sense of the term. Ed.]

[6] See the criticisms on the Ancient Mariner, in the Monthly and Critical Reviews of the first volume of the Lyrical Ballads *

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* [The first volume of the Lyrical Ballads contained The Ancient Mariner, Love, The Nightingale, and The Foster Mother's Tale. Ed.]

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colouring to abstract and metaphysical truths, in which a new world then seemed to open upon me, did yet, in part likewise, originate in unfeigned diffidence of my own comparative talent.—During several years of my youth and early manhood, I reverenced those who had re-introduced the manly simplicity of the Greek, and of our own elder poets, with such enthusiasm as made the hope seem presumptuous of writing successfully in the same style. Perhaps a similar process has happened to others; but my earliest poems were marked by an ease and simplicity, which I have studied, perhaps with inferior success, to impress on my later compositions.

At school, (Christ's Hospital,) I enjoyed the inestimable advantage of a very sensible, though at the same time, a very severe master, the Reverend James Bowyer.[7] He early moulded my taste to the preference of Demosthenes to Cicero, of Homer and Theocritus to Virgil, and again of Virgil to Ovid. He habituated me to compare Lucretius, (in such extracts as I then read,) Terence, and above all the chaster poems of Catullus, not only with the Roman poets of the, so called, silver and brazen ages; but with even those of the Augustan æra: and on grounds of plain sense and universal logic to see and assert the superiority of the former in the truth and nativeness both of their thoughts and diction. At the same time that we were studying the Greek tragic poets, he made us read Shakespeare and Milton as lessons: and they were the lessons too, which required most time and trouble to *bring up*, so as to escape his censure. I learned

[7] [See the Table Talk, p. 185, 2nd edit. and Lamb's exquisite Essay, Christ's Hospital five and thirty years ago. Prose Works, II. p. 26. Ed.]

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from him, that poetry, even that of the loftiest and, seemingly, that of the wildest odes, had a logic of its own, as severe as that of science; and more difficult, because more subtle, more complex, and dependent on more, and more fugitive causes. In the truly great poets, he would say, there is a reason assignable, not only for every word, but for the position of every word; and I well remember that, availing himself of the synonymes to the Homer of Didymus, he made us attempt to show, with regard to each, why it would not have answered the same purpose; and wherein consisted the peculiar fitness of the word in the original text.

In our own English compositions, (at least for the last three years of our school education,) he showed no mercy to phrase, metaphor, or image, unsupported by a sound sense, or where the same sense might have been conveyed with equal force and dignity in plainer words.[8] *Lute, harp,* and *lyre, Muse, Muses,* and *inspirations, Pegasus, Parnassus,* and *Hippocrene* were all an abomination to him. In fancy I can almost hear him now, exclaiming "Harp? Harp? Lyre? Pen and ink, boy, you mean! Muse, boy, Muse? Your nurse's daughter, you mean! Pierian spring? Oh aye! the cloister-pump, I suppose!" Nay certain introductions, similes, and examples, were placed by name on a list of interdiction. Among the similes, there was, I remember, that of the manchineel fruit, as suiting equally well with too many subjects;

[8] This is worthy of ranking as a maxim, (*regula maxima,*) of criticism. Whatever is translatable in other and simpler words of the same language, without loss of sense or dignity, is bad. N. B. By dignity I mean the absence of ludicrous and debasing associations.

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in which however it yielded the palm at once to the example of Alexander and Clytus, which was equally good and apt, whatever might be the theme. Was it ambition? Alexander and Clytus!—Flattery? Alexander and Clytus!—Anger—drunkenness—pride—friendship—ingratitude—late repentance?[9] Still, still Alexander and Clytus! At length, the praises of agriculture having been exemplified in the sagacious observation that, had Alexander been holding the plough, he would not have run his friend Clytus through with a spear, this tried, and serviceable old friend was banished by public edict *in sæcula sæculorum.* I have sometimes ventured to think, that a list of this kind, or an *index expurgatorius* of certain well known and ever returning phrases, both introductory, and transitional, including a large assortment of modest egoisms, and flattering illeisms, and the like, might be hung up in our Law-courts, and both Houses of Parliament, with great advantage to the public, as an important saving of national time, an incalculable relief to his Majesty's ministers, but above all, as insuring the thanks of country attornies, and their clients, who have private bills to carry through the House.

Be this as it may, there was one custom of our master's, which I cannot pass over in silence, because I think it imitable and worthy of imitation. He would

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[9] ["This lecture he enriched with many valuable quotations from the ancients, particularly from Seneca; who hath, indeed, so well handled this passion, that none but a very angry man can read him without great pleasure and profit. The Doctor concluded his harangue with the famous story of Alexander and Clytus; but, as I find that entered in my Common-place under title *Drunkenness*, I shall not insert it here." The History of a Foundling, by Henry Fielding, Book vi. chap. ix. Ed.]

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often permit our exercises, under some pretext of want of time, to accumulate, till each lad had four or five to be looked over. Then placing the whole number abreast on his desk, he would ask the writer, why this or that sentence might not have found as appropriate a place under this or that other thesis: and if no satisfying answer could be returned, and two faults of the same kind were found in one exercise, the irrevocable verdict followed, the exercise was torn up, and another on the same subject to be produced, in addition to the tasks of the day. The reader will, I trust, excuse this tribute of recollection to a man, whose severities, even now, not seldom furnish the dreams, by which the blind fancy would fain interpret to the mind the painful sensations of distempered sleep; but neither lessen nor dim the deep sense of my moral and intellectual obligations. He sent us to the University excellent Latin and Greek scholars, and tolerable Hebraists. Yet our classical knowledge was the least of the good gifts, which we derived from his zealous and conscientious tutorage. He is now gone to his final reward, full of years, and full of honours, even of those honours, which were dearest to his heart, as gratefully bestowed by that school, and still binding him to the interests of that school, in which he had been himself educated, and to which during his whole life he was a dedicated thing.

From causes, which this is not the place to investigate, no models of past times, however perfect, can have the same vivid effect on the youthful mind, as the productions of contemporary genius. The discipline, my mind had undergone, *Ne falleretur rotundo sono et versuum cursu, cincinnis, et floribus; sed ut inspiceret quidnam subesset, quæ sedes, quod firmamentum, quis fundus verbis; an figuræ essent mera*

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*ornatura et orationis fucus; vel sanguinis e materiæ ipsius corde effluentis rubor quidam nativus et incalescentia genuina;* [10]—removed all obstacles to the appreciation of excellence in style without diminishing my delight. That I was thus prepared for the perusal of Mr. Bowles's sonnets and earlier poems, at once increased their influence, and my enthusiasm. The great works of past ages seem to a young man things of another race, in respect to which his faculties must remain passive and submiss, even as to the stars and mountains. But the writings of a contemporary, perhaps not many years older than himself, surrounded by the same circumstances, and disciplined by the same manners, possess a reality for him, and inspire an actual friendship as of a man for a man. His very admiration is the wind which fans and feeds his hope. The poems themselves assume the properties of flesh and blood. To recite, to extol, to contend for them is but the payment of a debt due to one, who exists to receive it.

There are indeed modes of teaching which have produced, and are producing, youths of a very different stamp; modes of teaching, in comparison with which we have been called on to despise our great public schools, and universities,

> in whose halls are hung
> Armoury of the invincible knights of old— [11]

modes, by which children are to be metamorphosed into prodigies. And prodigies with a vengeance have

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[10] [I presume this Latin to be Mr. Coleridge's own—not being able to find the passage in any other author, and believing that *incalescentia* is a good word not countenanced by any classic writer of Rome. Ed.]

[11] [Wordsworth. *Poet. W.* III. p. 190. Ed.]

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I known thus produced;—prodigies of self-conceit, shallowness, arrogance, and infidelity! Instead of storing the memory, during the period when the memory is the predominant faculty, with facts for the after exercise of the judgment; and instead of awakening by the noblest models the fond and unmixed love and admiration, which is the natural and graceful temper of early youth; these nurslings of improved pedagogy are taught to dispute and decide; to suspect all but their own and their lecturer's wisdom; and to hold nothing sacred from their contempt, but their own contemptible arrogance;—boy-graduates in all the technicals, and in all the dirty passions and impudence of anonymous criticism. To such dispositions alone can the admonition of Pliny be requisite, *Neque enim debet operibus ejus obesse, quod vivit. An si inter eos, quos nunquam vidimus, floruisset, non solum libros ejus, verum etiam imagines conquireremus, ejusdem nunc honor præsentis, et gratia quasi satietate languescet? At hoc pravum, malignumque est, non admirari hominem admiratione dignissimum, quia videre, complecti, nec laudare tantum, verum etiam amare contingit.*[12]

I had just entered on my seventeenth year, when the sonnets of Mr. Bowles, twenty in number, and just then published in a quarto pamphlet,[13] were first made known and presented to me, by a schoolfellow who had quitted us for the University, and who, during the

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[12] [Epist. I. p. 16. Ed.]

[13] [The volume here mentioned appears to have been the second edition of Mr. Bowles's Sonnets, published in 1789, and containing twenty-one in number. The first edition with fourteen sonnets only had been published half a year previously. Ed.]

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whole time that he was in our first form, (or in our school language a Grecian,) had been my patron and protector. I refer to Dr. Middleton, the truly learned, and every way excellent Bishop of Calcutta:

qui *laudibus amplis*
*Ingenium celebrare meum, calamumque solebat,*
*Calcar agens animo validum. Non omnia terræ*
*Obruta; vivit amor, vivit dolor; ora negatur*
Dulcia *conspicere; at flere et meminisse relictum est.*[14]

It was a double pleasure to me, and still remains a tender recollection, that I should have received from a friend so revered the first knowledge of a poet, by whose works, year after year, I was so enthusiastically delighted and inspired. My earliest acquaintances will not have forgotten the undisciplined eagerness and impetuous zeal, with which I laboured to make proselytes, not only of my companions, but of all with whom I conversed, of whatever rank, and in whatever place. As my school finances did not permit me to purchase copies, I made, within less than a year and a half, more than forty transcriptions, as the best presents I could offer to those, who had in any way won my regard. And with almost equal delight did I receive the three or four following publications of the same author.

Though I have seen and known enough of mankind to be well aware, that I shall perhaps stand alone in my creed, and that it will be well, if I subject myself to no worse charge than that of singularity; I am not therefore deterred from avowing, that I regard, and ever have regarded the obligations of intellect among the most sacred of the claims of gratitude. A valua-

[14] [Petrarc. Epist. I. 1. *Barbato Subnonensi.* Bishop Middleton left Christ's Hospital on the 26th of September, 1788, on having been elected to Pembroke College, Cambridge. Ed.]

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ble thought, or a particular train of thoughts, gives me additional pleasure, when I can safely refer and attribute it to the conversation or correspondence of another. My obligations to Mr. Bowles were indeed important, and for radical good. At a very premature age, even before my fifteenth year, I had bewildered myself in metaphysics, and in theological controversy.[15] Nothing else pleased me. History, and particular facts, lost all interest in my mind. Poetry—(though for a school-boy of that age, I was above par in English versification, and had already produced two or three compositions which, I may venture to say, without reference to my age, were somewhat above mediocrity,[16] and which had gained me more credit than the sound, good sense of my old master was at all pleased with,)—poetry itself, yea, novels and romances, became insipid to me. In my friendless wanderings on our *leave-days*,[17] (for I

[15] [" Come back into memory," says Lamb, " like as thou wast in the day-spring of thy fancies, with hope like a fiery column before thee—the dark pillar not yet turned—Samuel Taylor Coleridge.—Logician, Metaphysician, Bard!—How have I seen the casual passer through the cloister stand still, intranced with admiration, (while he weighed the disproportion between the *speech* and the *garb* of the young Mirandula,) to hear thee unfold, in thy deep and sweet intonations, the mysteries of Iamblichus, or Plotinus (for even in those years thou waxedst not pale at such philosophic draughts,) or reciting Homer in his Greek, or Pindar,—while the walls of the old Grey Friars re-echoed to the accents of the *inspired charity-boy!*"

Prose Works, II. p. 46. Ed.]

[16] [See amongst his Juvenile Poems the lines entitled, Time real and imaginary, (Poet. Works, I. p. 5.) which is the first decided indication of his poetic and metaphysical genius together, and was written in his sixteenth year. Ed.]

[17] The Christ's Hospital phrase, not for holidays altogether, but for those on which the boys are permitted to go beyond the precincts of the school.

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was an orphan, and had scarcely any connections in London,) highly was I delighted, if any passenger, especially if he were dressed in black, would enter into conversation with me. For I soon found the means of directing it to my favourite subjects

> Of providence, fore-knowledge, will, and fate,
> Fixed fate, free will, fore-knowledge absolute,
> And found no end in wandering mazes lost.

This preposterous pursuit was, beyond doubt, injurious both to my natural powers, and to the progress of my education. It would perhaps have been destructive, had it been continued; but from this I was auspiciously withdrawn, partly indeed by an accidental introduction to an amiable family, chiefly however, by the genial influence of a style of poetry, so tender and yet so manly, so natural and real, and yet so dignified and harmonious, as the sonnets and other early poems of Mr. Bowles. Well would it have been for me, perhaps, had I never relapsed into the same mental disease; if I had continued to pluck the flower and reap the harvest from the cultivated surface, instead of delving in the unwholesome quicksilver mines of metaphysic lore. And if in after time I have sought a refuge from bodily pain and mismanaged sensibility in abstruse researches, which exercised the strength and subtilty of the understanding without awakening the feelings of the heart; still there was a long and blessed interval, during which my natural faculties were allowed to expand, and my original tendencies to develope themselves;—my fancy, and the love of nature, and the sense of beauty in forms and sounds.[18]

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[18] [For not to think of what I needs must feel,
But to be still and patient, all I can;

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The second advantage, which I owe to my early pe-

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And haply by abstruse research to steal
From my own nature all the natural man—
This was my sole resource, my only plan:
Till that which suits a part infects the whole,
And now is almost grown the habit of my soul.
Poet. Works, I. p. 238.

The passage in the text has been more than once cited by those who cite nothing else from the writings of Coleridge, as warning authority against the pursuit of metaphysic science. With what candour or good sense let those judge, who know and appreciate the persistent labour of his life, and recollect that all the great verities of religion are ideas, the practical apprehension of, and faith in, which have in every age of the Church been, as from the constitution of the human mind they must necessarily be, vitally affected by the metaphysic systems from time to time prevailing. It is indeed to be observed that those who are so zealous in decrying metaphysic, and more especially psychological investigations, and spend entire sermons in reasoning against reason, have nevertheless invariably a particular system of metaphysics and even of psychology of their own, which they will as little surrender as examine. And what system?— In nine cases out of ten, a patchwork of empirical positions, known historically to be directly repugnant to the principles maintained as well by the Reformers as the Fathers of the Catholic Church, and leading legitimately to conclusions subversive of the fundamental articles of the Christian faith. That those conclusions indeed have not been able to obtain a fixed footing within our Church as they have long since done, to a fearful extent elsewhere, is, under God's providence, mainly attributable to the reading of the Liturgy and Scriptures in the ears of the people. Yet who will not tremble at the dilemma in the case of an individual clergyman, who either sees the contrariety between his philosophical and religious creeds, and continues to hold both, or not seeing it, is at the mercy of the first Socinian reasoner who helps him to perceive it?

This vulgar scorn of the science of the human mind, its powers, capacities, and objects, as an essential part or fore-ground of the science of theology, is to be found *passim* in the written and oral teaching of those who, to use a confessedly inaccurate

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rusal, and admiration of these poems, (to which let me

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but very significant phrase, lead the Calvinistic and Arminian parties within the Church in England. To the former it seems more natural in respect of their being, upon the whole, men of lower education, meaner attainments and more limited abilities: —in the latter, and especially in the most eminent of the latter, it is self contradiction, and has the appearance, to calm observers, of mere wilfulness. For in the perusal of the many eloquent volumes which have proceeded of late years from the latter, there may be found metaphysic and even psychological arguments, which shew a knowledge of Aristotle, and also—*quod minime reris*—an acquaintance with Coleridge,—the last, however, without recognition by name, and speedily atoned for in a following page by some religious dehortation, or sullen dogma of contrary import. It is evident, therefore, that the particular system is the object of dislike. Would it not be more agreeable to the sincerity of lovers of truth, and to the courtesy of men of letters, to meet, commend, or censure, adopt or reject, what stands in their path in a perfectly questionable shape, than to pass by on the other side in affected ignorance or contempt? Can the Aids to Reflection be honestly pretermitted by a divine of this day, or ought the only use made of it by a gentleman to be—to borrow from it without acknowledgment?—But it is a true saying, that they who begin by loving Christianity better than truth, will proceed by loving their own sect or church better than Christianity, and end in loving themselves better than all.

This is something of a digression, but it is needed.

It can hardly be necessary to remark, that Mr. Coleridge is only speaking relatively to his youth, and his vocation as a poet, and the proportion which metaphysical studies should bear in a well ordered education to the exercise of the imagination, and the observation of external nature. Something also was, no doubt, intended against particular books and lines of research, which, in his almost limitless range, he had perused or followed. There are unwholesome books in metaphysics as there are in divinity and romance, but not so many or so injurious by half; and it is just as wise to proscribe the former on account of Spinóza or Hume, as it would be to prohibit the latter for Socinus or Paul de Kock. No man could be a great metaphysician, or make an epoch in the history of the science, without an acquain-

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add, though known to me at a somewhat later period, the Lewesdon Hill of Mr. Crowe[19] bears more immediately on my present subject. Among those with whom I conversed, there were, of course, very many who had formed their taste, and their notions of poetry, from the writings of Pope and his followers; or to speak more generally, in that school of French poetry, condensed and invigorated by English understanding, which had predominated from the last century. I was not blind to the merits of this school, yet, as from inexperience of the world, and consequent want of sympathy with the general subjects of these poems, they gave me little pleasure, I doubtless undervalued the kind, and with the presumption of youth withheld from its masters the legitimate name of poets. I saw that the excellence of this kind consisted in just and acute observations on men and manners in an artificial state of society, as its matter and substance; and in the logic of wit, conveyed in smooth and strong epigrammatic couplets, as its form: that even when the subject was addressed to the fancy, or the intellect, as in the Rape of the Lock, or the Essay on Man; nay, when it was a consecutive narration, as in that astonishing product of matchless talent and ingenuity, Pope's Translation of the Iliad; still a point was looked for at the

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tance as extensive as Mr. C's with all that had been done or attempted before him; but such a course is not more necessary to the education of the mind in general, to which the elements of metaphysic knowledge are essential, than five years' attendance at the State Paper Office to the accomplishment of a gentleman in the history of England; and it may perhaps be admitted that the philosophic spell which overmastered Coleridge's advancing manhood for ever slacked the strings of the enchanting lyre of his youth. But on this we can only speculate. Ed.]

[19] [Lewesdon Hill was first published in 1786; there was a second edition in 1788, and a third in 1804. Ed.]



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end of each second line, and the whole was, as it were, a *sorites*, or, if I may exchange a logical for a grammatical metaphor, a conjunction disjunctive, of epigrams. Meantime the matter and diction seemed to me characterized not so much by poetic thoughts, as by thoughts translated into the language of poetry. On this last point, I had occasion to render my own thoughts gradually more and more plain to myself, by frequent amicable disputes concerning Darwin's Botanic Garden,[20] which, for some years, was greatly extolled, not only by the reading public in general, but even by those, whose genius and natural robustness of understanding enabled them afterwards to act foremost in dissipating these "painted mists" that occasionally rise from the marshes at the foot of Parnassus. During my first Cambridge vacation,[21] I assisted a friend in a contribution for a literary society in Devonshire: and in this I remember to have compared Darwin's work to the Russian palace of ice, glittering, cold and transitory. In the same essay too,[22] I assigned sundry reasons, chiefly drawn from a comparison of passages in the Latin poets with the original Greek, from which they were borrowed, for the preference of Collins's odes to those of Gray; and of the simile in Shakespeare

> How like a younker or a prodigal,
> The scarfed bark puts from her native bay,
> Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind!
> How like the prodigal doth she return,
> With over-weather'd ribs and ragged sails,

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[20] [The Botanic Garden was published in 1781. Ed.]

[21] [Mr. Coleridge entered at Jesus College, Cambridge, on the 5th of February, 1791. Ed.]

[22] [I have never been able to discover any traces of this essay, which I presume was not printed. Ed.]

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Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind!
(Merch. of Ven. Act II. sc. 6.)

to the imitation in the Bard;

Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows
While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes,
Youth at the prow and pleasure at the helm;
Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
That hush'd in grim repose, expects it's evening prey.

(in which, by the bye, the words "realm" and "sway" are rhymes dearly purchased)—I preferred the original on the ground, that in the imitation it depended wholly on the compositor's putting, or not putting, a small capital, both in this, and in many other passages of the same poet, whether the words should be personifications, or mere abstractions. I mention this, because, in referring various lines in Gray to their original in Shakespeare and Milton, and in the clear perception how completely all the propriety was lost in the transfer, I was, at that early period, led to a conjecture, which, many years afterwards was recalled to me from the same thought having been started in conversation, but far more ably, and developed more fully, by Mr. Wordsworth;—namely, that this style of poetry, which I have characterized above, as translations of prose thoughts into poetic language, had been kept up by, if it did not wholly arise from, the custom of writing Latin verses, and the great importance attached to these exercises, in our public schools. Whatever might have been the case in the fifteenth century, when the use of the Latin tongue was so general among learned men, that Erasmus is said to have forgotten his native language; yet in the present day it is not to be supposed, that a youth can think in Latin, or that he can have any other reliance on the force or fitness of his phrases,

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but the authority of the writer from whom he has adopted them. Consequently he must first prepare his thoughts, and then pick out, from Virgil, Horace, Ovid, or perhaps more compendiously from his Gradus,[23] halves and quarters of lines, in which to embody them.[24]

I never object to a certain degree of disputatious-

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[23] [In the *Rusticus* of Politian* there occurs this line:

*Pura coloratos interstrepit unda lapillos.*

Casting my eye on a University prize-poem, I met this line,

*Lactea purpureos interstrepit unda lapillos.*

Now look out in the Gradus for *purus*, and you find as the first synonime, *lacteus*; for *coloratus*, and the first synonime is *purpureus*. I mention this by way of elucidating one of the most ordinary processes in the *ferrumination* of these centos.]

[24] [The description in the text may be true of those who never in any proper sense succeed in writing Latin verse. But the experience of many scholars in England, amongst boys, would enable them with sincerity to deny its universal application. The chief direct use of the practice of Latin verse composition consists in the mastery which it gives over the vocabulary and constructive powers of the language. But it is, perhaps, greatly to be regretted that spoken and written Latin has to so great a degree ceased to be a mean of communication between liberally educated Europeans. The pretence that the extended knowledge of modern languages is an adequate substitute, is in five cases out of ten generally, and in the pre-eminent instances of Germany and England, in three out of four, notoriously untrue. Mere school editions of the Classics may properly enough be accompanied with notes in a modern language, but every work designed for the promotion of scholarship generally ought, by literary comity, to be published in a language which every scholar can read. This remark does not touch the question of dictionaries; as to which nothing but necessity can justify the ordinary use of any interpretation but into the native idiom of the student. Ed.]

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* Angelus Politianus was born July 14, 1454, at Monte Pulciano in Tuscany; died at Florence, Sept. 24, 1494. The line quoted is the fourteenth of the *Silva cui titulus Rusticus*. S. C.

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ness in a young man from the age of seventeen to that of four or five and twenty, provided I find him always arguing on one side of the question. The controversies, occasioned by my unfeigned zeal for the honour of a favourite contemporary, then known to me only by his works, were of great advantage in the formation and establishment of my taste and critical opinions. In my defence of the lines running into each other, instead of closing at each couplet; and of natural language, neither bookish, nor vulgar, neither redolent of the lamp, nor of the kennel, such as *I will remember thee;* instead of the same thought tricked up in the rag-fair finery of,

——— thy image on her wing
Before my fancy's eye shall memory bring,—

I had continually to adduce the metre and diction of the Greek poets from Homer to Theocritus inclusively; and still more of our elder English poets from Chaucer to Milton. Nor was this all. But as it was my constant reply to authorities brought against me from later poets of great name, that no authority could avail in opposition to Truth, Nature, Logic, and the Laws of Universal Grammar; actuated too by my former passion for metaphysical investigations; I laboured at a solid foundation, on which permanently to ground my opinions, in the component faculties of the human mind itself, and their comparative dignity and importance. According to the faculty or source, from which the pleasure given by any poem or passage was derived, I estimated the merit of such poem or passage. As the result of all my reading and meditation, I abstracted two critical aphorisms, deeming them to comprise the conditions and *criteria* of poetic style;— first, that not the poem which we have read, but that

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to which we return, with the greatest pleasure, possesses the genuine power, and claims the name of essential poetry;—secondly, that whatever lines can be translated into other words of the same language, without diminution of their significance, either in sense or association, or in any worthy feeling, are so far vicious in their diction. Be it however observed, that I excluded from the list of worthy feelings, the pleasure derived from mere novelty in the reader, and the desire of exciting wonderment at his powers in the author. Oftentimes since then, in perusing French tragedies, I have fancied two marks of admiration at the end of each line, as hieroglyphics of the author's own admiration at his own cleverness. Our genuine admiration of a great poet is a continuous undercurrent of feeling; it is every where present, but seldom any where as a separate excitement. I was wont boldly to affirm, that it would be scarcely more difficult to push a stone out from the Pyramids with the bare hand, than to alter a word, or the position of a word, in Milton or Shakespeare, (in their most important works at least,) without making the poet say something else, or something worse, than he does say. One great distinction, I appeared to myself to see plainly between even the characteristic faults of our elder poets, and the false beauty of the moderns. In the former, from Donne to Cowley, we find the most fantastic out-of-the-way thoughts, but in the most pure and genuine mother English; in the latter the most obvious thoughts, in language the most fantastic and arbitrary. Our faulty elder poets sacrificed the passion and passionate flow of poetry to the subtleties of intellect and to the starts of wit; the moderns to the glare and glitter of a perpetual, yet broken and heterogeneous imagery, or rather to an amphibious some-

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thing, made up, half of image, and half of abstract[25] meaning. The one sacrificed the heart to the head; the other both heart and head to point and drapery.

The reader must make himself acquainted with the general style of composition that was at that time deemed poetry, in order to understand and account for the effect produced on me by the Sonnets, the Monody at Matlock, and the Hope,[26] of Mr. Bowles; for it is peculiar to original genius to become less and less striking, in proportion to its success in improving the taste and judgment of its contemporaries. The poems of West,[27] indeed, had the merit of chaste and manly diction; but they were cold, and, if I may so

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[25] I remember a ludicrous instance in the poem of a young tradesman:

> "No more will I endure love's pleasing pain,
> Or round my *heart's leg* tie his galling chain."

[26] [The Monody at Matlock was published in 1791, and the Vision of Hope in 1796. Ed.]

[27] [Meaning of course, Gilbert West, the Translator of Pindar; to whose merit as a poet, it may be doubted whether the author does full justice in the text. West's two imitations of Spenser are excellent, not merely, as Johnson seems to say, for their ingenuity, but for their fulness of thought and vigour of expression. The following stanza is but one of many other passages of equal felicity:—

> Custom he hight, and aye in every land
> Usurp'd dominion with despotic sway
> O'er all he holds; and to his high command
> Constrains e'en stubborn Nature to obey;
> Whom dispossessing oft he doth assay
> To govern in her right; and *with a pace*
> *So soft and gentle doth he win his way*
> *That she unwares is caught in his embrace,*
> *And tho' deflower'd and thrall'd nought feels her foul disgrace.*
> Education. Ed.]

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express it, only dead-coloured; while in the best of Warton's[28] there is a stiffness, which too often gives them the appearance of imitations from the Greek. Whatever relation, therefore, of cause or impulse Percy's collection of Ballads may bear to the most popular poems of the present day; yet in a more sustained and elevated style, of the then living poets

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[28] [Thomas Warton; whose English poems, taken generally, seem as inferior to G. West's in correctness of diction as in strength of conception. Some of his Latin verse is beautiful; and, if he had written nothing else, his epigram addressed to Sleep would perpetuate his name at least among scholars:—

*Somne veni; et quanquam certissima mortis imago es,*
*Consortem cupio te tamen esse tori.*
*Huc ades, haud abiture cito: nam sic sine vita*
*Vivere quam suave est—sic sine morte mori!*

A few stray lines of Warton's have crept into familiar use and application without ever being attributed to their author, such as:—

—— while with uplifted arm
Death stands prepared, but still delays, to strike.
*Ode to Sleep.*

O what's a table richly spread
Without a woman at its head!
*Progress of Discontent.*

Nor rough, nor barren are the winding ways
Of hoar Antiquity, but strown with flowers.
*In Dugdale's Monasticon.*

Warton's best poem, as a whole, is the Inscription in a Hermitage:—

Beneath this stony roof reclin'd, &c.

But his great work is the History of English Poesy, imperfect and inadequate as it is: τὸν τελοῦντα μένει.

It is somewhat remarkable that Mr. C. should not upon this occasion have mentioned Akenside, and, as compared with Warton, the beautiful Hymn to the Naiads. Ed.]

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Cowper and Bowles[29] were, to the best of my knowledge, the first who combined natural thoughts with natural diction; the first who reconciled the heart with the head.

It is true, as I have before mentioned, that from diffidence in my own powers, I for a short time adopted a laborious and florid diction, which I myself deemed, if not absolutely vicious, yet of very inferior worth. Gradually, however, my practice conformed to my better judgment; and the compositions of my twenty-fourth and twenty-fifth years—(for example, the shorter blank verse poems, the lines, which now form the middle and conclusion of the poem entitled the Destiny of Nations,[30] and the tragedy of Remorse)[31]—are not more below my present ideal in respect of the general tissue of the style than those of the latest date. Their faults were at least a remnant of the

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[29] Cowper's Task* was published some time before the Sonnets of Mr. Bowles; but I was not familiar with it till many years afterwards. The vein of satire which runs through that excellent poem, together with the sombre hue of its religious opinions, would probably, at that time, have prevented its laying any strong hold on my affections. The love of nature seems to have led Thomson to a cheerful religion; and a gloomy religion to have led Cowper to a love of nature. The one would carry his fellow-men along with him into nature; the other flies to nature from his fellow men. In chastity of diction however, and the harmony of blank verse, Cowper leaves Thomson immeasurably below him; yet still I feel the latter to have been the born poet.

[30] [Poet. Works, I. 98. Ed.]

[31] [Poet. Works, II. 153. Ed.]

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* [Cowper's Task was first published in 1785—his Table Talk in 1782. Ed. Thomson was born in 1700; published his works, collected in 4to, in 1730. The *Castle of Indolence*, his last piece, appeared in 1746. S. C.]

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former leaven, and among the many who have done me the honour of putting my poems in the same class with those of my betters, the one or two, who have pretended to bring examples of affected simplicity from my volume, have been able to adduce but one instance, and that out of a copy of verses half ludicrous, half splenetic, which I intended, and had myself characterized, as *sermoni propiora*.[32]

Every reform, however necessary, will by weak minds be carried to an excess, which will itself need reforming. The reader will excuse me for noticing, that I myself was the first to expose *risu honesto* the three sins of poetry, one or the other of which is the most likely to beset a young writer. So long ago as the publication of the second number of the Monthly Magazine, under the name of Nehemiah Higginbottom, I contributed three sonnets, the first of which had for its object to excite a good-natured laugh at the spirit of doleful egotism, and at the recurrence of favourite phrases, with the double defect of being at once trite and licentious;—the second was on low creeping language and thoughts, under the pretence of simplicity; the third, the phrases of which were borrowed entirely from my own poems, on the indiscriminate use of elaborate and swelling language and imagery. The reader will find them in the note[33] below, and will I

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[32] [Not meaning of course the exquisite Reflections on having left a place of Retirement, to which Coleridge himself affixed the motto from Horace. Poet. Works, I. 193. Ed.]

[33] SONNET I.

PENSIVE at eve, on the hard world I mused,
And my poor heart was sad; so at the Moon
I gazed, and sighed, and sighed; for ah how soon
Eve saddens into night! mine eyes perused

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trust regard them as reprinted for biographical purposes alone, and not for their poetic merits. So general at that time, and so decided was the opinion con-

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With tearful vacancy the dampy grass
That wept and glitter'd in the paly ray:
And I did pause me on my lonely way
And mused me on the wretched ones that pass
O'er the bleak heath of sorrow. But alas!
Most of myself I thought! when it befel,
That the soothe spirit of the breezy wood
Breath'd in mine ear: "All this is very well,
But much of one thing, is for no thing good."
Oh my poor heart's inexplicable swell!

SONNET II.

OH I do love thee, meek Simplicity!
For of thy lays the lulling simpleness
Goes to my heart, and soothes each small distress,
Distress tho' small, yet haply great to me.
'Tis true on Lady Fortune's gentlest pad
I amble on; and yet I know not why
So sad I am! but should a friend and I
Frown, pout and part, then I am very sad.
And then with sonnets and with sympathy
My dreamy bosom's mystic woes I pall;
Now of my false friend plaining plaintively,
Now raving at mankind in general;
But whether sad or fierce, 'tis simple all,
All very simple, meek Simplicity!

SONNET III.

AND this reft house is that, the which he built,
Lamented Jack! and here his malt he pil'd,
Cautious in vain! these rats, that squeak so wild,
Squeak not unconscious of their father's guilt.
Did he not see her gleaming thro' the glade!
Belike 'twas she, the maiden all forlorn.
What tho' she milk no cow with crumpled horn,
Yet, aye she haunts the dale where erst she stray'd:,
And aye, beside her stalks her amorous knight!

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cerning the characteristic vices of my style, that a celebrated physician (now, alas! no more) speaking of me in other respects with his usual kindness to a gentleman, who was about to meet me at a dinner party, could not however resist giving him a hint not to mention *The house that Jack built* in my presence, for "that I was as sore as a boil about that sonnet;" he not knowing that I was myself the author of it.

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Still on his thighs their wonted brogues are worn,
And thro' those brogues, still tatter'd and betorn,
His hindward charms gleam an unearthly white.
Ah! thus thro' broken clouds at night's high noon
Peeps in fair fragments forth the full-orb'd harvest-moon!

The following anecdote will not be wholly out of place here, and may perhaps amuse the reader. An amateur performer in verse expressed to a common friend a strong desire to be introduced to me, but hesitated in accepting my friend's immediate offer, on the score that "he was, he must acknowledge, the author of a confounded severe epigram on my *Ancient Mariner*, which had given me great pain." I assured my friend that, if the epigram was a good one, it would only increase my desire to become acquainted with the author, and begged to hear it recited: when, to my no less surprise than amusement, it proved to be one which I had myself some time before written and inserted in the Morning Post, to wit—

To the Author of the Ancient Mariner.

Your poem must eternal be,
Dear sir! it cannot fail,
For 'tis incomprehensible,
And without head or tail.

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## CHAPTER II.

*Supposed irritability of men of genius brought to the test of facts—Causes and occasions of the charge—Its injustice.*

HAVE often thought, that it would be neither uninstructive nor unamusing to analyze, and bring forward into distinct consciousness, that complex feeling, with which readers in general take part against the author, in favour of the critic; and the readiness with which they apply to all poets the old sarcasm of Horace upon the scribblers of his time:

——— *genus irritabile vatum.*

A debility and dimness of the imaginative power, and a consequent necessity of reliance on the immediate impressions of the senses, do, we know well, render the mind liable to superstition and fanaticism. Having a deficient portion of internal and proper warmth, minds of this class seek in the crowd *circum fana* for a warmth in common, which they do not possess singly. Cold and phlegmatic in their own nature, like damp hay, they heat and inflame by co-acervation; or like bees they become restless and irritable through the increased temperature of collected multitudes. Hence the German word for fanaticism, (such at least was its original import,) is derived from the swarming of bees, namely, *schwärmen, schwärmerey.* The passion being in an inverse proportion to the insight,—that the more vivid, as this the less distinct—anger is the inevitable consequence. The absence of all foundation within

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their own minds for that, which they yet believe both true and indispensable to their safety and happiness, cannot but produce an uneasy state of feeling, an involuntary sense of fear from which nature has no means of rescuing herself but by anger. Experience informs us that the first defence of weak minds is to recriminate.

> There's no philosopher but sees,
> That rage and fear are one disease;
> Tho' that may burn, and this may freeze,
> They're both alike the ague.

But where the ideas are vivid, and there exists an endless power of combining and modifying them, the feelings and affections blend more easily and intimately with these ideal creations than with the objects of the senses; the mind is affected by thoughts, rather than by things; and only then feels the requisite interest even for the most important events and accidents, when by means of meditation they have passed into thoughts. The sanity of the mind is between superstition with fanaticism on the one hand, and enthusiasm with indifference and a diseased slowness to action on the other. For the conceptions of the mind may be so vivid and adequate, as to preclude that impulse to the realizing of them, which is strongest and most restless in those, who possess more than mere talent, (or the faculty of appropriating and applying the knowledge of others,)—yet still want something of the creative, and self-sufficing power of absolute genius. For this reason therefore, they are men of *commanding* genius. While the former rest content between thought and reality, as it were in an *intermundium* of which their own living spirit supplies the substance, and their imagination the ever-varying form; the latter must impress their preconceptions on

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the world without, in order to present them back to their own view with the satisfying degree of clearness, distinctness, and individuality. These in tranquil times are formed to exhibit a perfect poem in palace, or temple, or landscape-garden; or a tale of romance in canals that join sea with sea, or in walls of rock, which, shouldering back the billows, imitate the power, and supply the benevolence of nature to sheltered navies; or in aqueducts that, arching the wide vale from mountain to mountain, give a Palmyra to the desert. But alas! in times of tumult they are the men destined to come forth as the shaping spirit of ruin, to destroy the wisdom of ages in order to substitute the fancies of a day, and to change kings and kingdoms, as the wind shifts and shapes the clouds.[1] The records of biography seem to confirm this theory. The men of the greatest genius, as far as we can judge from their own works or from the accounts of their contemporaries, appear to have been of calm and tranquil temper in all that related to themselves. In the inward assurance of permanent fame, they seem to have been either indifferent or resigned with regard to immediate reputation. Through all the works of Chaucer there reigns a cheerfulness, a manly hilarity,

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[1] Of old things all are over old,
Of good things none are good enough:—
We'll show that we can help to frame
A world of other stuff.

I too will have my kings, that take
From me the sign of life and death:
Kingdoms shall shift about, like clouds,
Obedient to my breath.

*Wordsworth's Rob Roy.**

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* Poet. Works. vol. III. p. 127.

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which makes it almost impossible to doubt a correspondent habit of feeling in the author himself.[2] Shakespeare's evenness and sweetness of temper were almost proverbial in his own age. That this did not arise from ignorance of his own comparative greatness, we have abundant proof in his Sonnets, which could scarcely have been known to Pope,[3] when he asserted, that our great bard—

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[2] [I take unceasing delight in Chaucer. His manly cheerfulness is especially delicious to me in my old age. How exquisitely tender he is, and yet how perfectly free from the least touch of sickly melancholy or morbid drooping! The sympathy of the poet with the subjects of his poetry is particularly remarkable in Shakespeare and Chaucer; but what the first effects by a strong act of imagination and mental metamorphosis, the last does without any effort, merely by the inborn kindly joyousness of his nature. *Table Talk*, March 15, 1834, p. 290, 2nd edit. Ed.]

[3] Pope was under the common error of his age, an error far from being sufficiently exploded even at the present day. It consists (as I explained at large, and proved in detail in my public lectures,*) in mistaking for the essentials of the Greek stage certain rules, which the wise poets imposed upon themselves, in order to render all the remaining parts of the drama consistent with those, that had been forced upon them by circumstances independent of their will; out of which circumstances the drama itself arose. The circumstances in the time of Shakespeare, which it was equally out of his power to alter, were different, and such as, in my opinion, allowed a far wider sphere, and a deeper and more human interest. Critics are too apt to forget, that rules are but means to an end; consequently, where the ends are different, the rules must be likewise so. We must have ascertained what the end is, before we can determine what the rules ought to be. Judging under this im-

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* [See the Author's Literary Remains, vol. II. p. 60, and generally the fragments of his lectures and notes on Shakespeare collected in that volume. Ed.]

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—grew immortal in his own despite.[4]

Speaking of one whom he had celebrated, and contrasting the duration of his works with that of his personal existence, Shakespeare adds:

Your name from hence immortal life shall have,
Tho' I once gone to all the world must die;
The earth can yield me but a common grave,
When you entombed in men's eyes shall lie.
Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read;
And tongues to be your being shall rehearse,
When all the breathers of this world are dead:
You still shall live, such virtue hath my pen,
Where breath most breathes, e'en in the mouth of men.
SONNET LXXXI.[5]

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pression, I did not hesitate to declare my full conviction, that the consummate judgment of Shakespeare, not only in the general construction, but in all the details, of his dramas, impressed me with greater wonder, than even the might of his genius, or the depth of his philosophy.* The substance of these lectures I hope soon to publish; and it is but a debt of justice to myself and my friends to notice, that the first course of lectures, which differed from the following courses only, by occasionally varying the illustrations of the same thoughts, was addressed to very numerous, and I need not add, respectable audiences at the Royal Institution, before Mr. Schlegel gave his lectures on the same subjects at Vienna.

[4] Epist. to Augustus.

[5] [These extraordinary sonnets form, in fact, a poem of so many stanzas of fourteen lines each; and, like the passion which inspired them, the sonnets are always the same, with a variety of expression,—continuous, if you regard the lover's soul,—distinct, if you listen to him, as he heaves them sigh after sigh.

These sonnets, like The Venus and Adonis, and the Rape of Lucrece, are characterised by boundless fertility, and laboured

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* See * note on preceding page.



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I have taken the first that occurred; but Shakespeare's readiness to praise his rivals, *ore pleno*, and the confidence of his own equality with those whom he deemed most worthy of his praise, are alike manifested in another Sonnet.

> Was it the proud full sail of his great verse,
> Bound for the praise of all-too-precious you,
> That did my ripe thoughts in my brain inhearse,
> Making their tomb, the womb wherein they grew?
> Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write
> Above a mortal pitch that struck me dead?
> No, neither he, nor his compeers by night
> Giving him aid, my verse astonished.
> He, nor that affable familiar ghost,
> Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,
> As victors of my silence cannot boast;
> I was not sick of any fear from thence!
> But when your countenance fill'd up his line,
> Then lack'd I matter, that enfeebled mine.
>
> S. LXXXVI.

In Spenser, indeed, we trace a mind constitutionally tender, delicate, and, in comparison with his three great compeers, I had almost said, effeminate; and this additionally saddened by the unjust persecution of Burleigh, and the severe calamities, which overwhelmed his latter days. These causes have diffused over all his compositions "a melancholy grace," and have drawn forth occasional strains, the more pathetic from their gentleness. But no where do we find the least trace of irritability, and still less of quarrelsome or affected contempt of his censurers.

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condensation of thought, with perfection of sweetness in rhythm and metre. These are the essentials in the budding of a great poet. Afterwards habit and consciousness of power teach more ease—*præcipitandum liberum spiritum*. Table Talk, May 14, 1833, p. 231, 2nd. edit. Ed.]

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The same calmness, and even greater self-possession, may be affirmed of Milton, as far as his poems, and poetic character are concerned. He reserved his anger for the enemies of religion, freedom, and his country. My mind is not capable of forming a more august conception, than arises from the contemplation of this great man in his latter days;—poor, sick, old, blind, slandered, persecuted,—[6]

Darkness before, and danger's voice behind,—

in an age in which he was as little understood by the

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[6] [In illustration of Milton's magnanimity of patience I cannot refrain from quoting the conclusion of his letter to Leonard Philaras, *the Athenian:*

"At present every species of illumination being, as it were, extinguished, there is diffused around me nothing but darkness, or darkness mingled and streaked with an ashy brown. Yet the darkness in which I am perpetually immersed, seems always, both by night and day, to approach nearer to white than black, and when the eye is rolling in its socket, it admits a little particle of light as through a chink. And though this may perhaps offer to your physician a like ray of hope, yet I make up my mind to the malady as quite incurable; and I often reflect, that as the wise man admonishes, days of darkness are destined to each of us, the darkness which I experience, less oppressive than that of the tomb, is, owing to the singular goodness of the Deity, passed amid the pursuits of literature and the cheering salutations of friendship. But if, as is written, man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth from the mouth of God, why may not any one acquiesce in the privation of his sight, when God has so amply furnished his mind and his conscience with eyes? While He so tenderly provides for me, while He so graciously leads me by the hand and conducts me on the way, I will, since it is his pleasure, rather rejoice than repine at being blind. And, my dear Philaras, whatever may be the event, I wish you adieu with no less courage and composure than if I had the eyes of a lynx."

Westminster, September 28, 1654.

What a proof is it of the firmness of Milton's mind to the last

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party, for whom, as by that against whom, he had contended; and among men before whom he strode so far as to dwarf himself by the distance; yet still listening to the music of his own thoughts, or if additionally cheered, yet cheered only by the prophetic faith of two or three solitary individuals, he did nevertheless

> ——— argue not
> Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
> Of heart or hope; but still bore up and steer'd
> Right onward.

From others only do we derive our knowledge that Milton, in his latter day, had his scorners and detractors; and even in his day of youth and hope, that he had enemies would have been unknown to us, had they not been likewise the enemies of his country.[7]

I am well aware, that in advanced stages of literature, when there exist many and excellent models, a high degree of talent, combined with taste and judgment, and employed in works of imagination, will acquire for a man the name of a great genius; though

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that, when driven into a late marriage by the ill treatment of his daughters, who, inheriting, as appears, their mother's unworthy temper,—without either devotion of spirit or even the commoner sense of duty,—tyrannized over him in his days of darkness; though blind and infirm and in all the dependence which blindness brings, he could yet resist the entreaties of a wife whom he loved, and who was properly indulgent to him, that he should accept the royal offer of the restitution of his place,—because he must "*live and die an honest man!*"

See Symmons's Life of Milton, confirmed on these points by Todd, in his edition of the great man's Poetical Works of 1826. S. C.]

[7] ["In Milton's mind there were purity and piety absolute,—an imagination to which neither the past nor the present were interesting, except as far as they called forth and enlivened the great ideal in which and for which he lived; a keen love of

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even that *analogon* of genius, which, in certain states of society, may even render his writings more popular than the absolute reality could have done, would be sought for in vain in the mind and temper of the author himself. Yet even in instances of this kind, a close examination will often detect, that the irritability, which has been attributed to the author's genius as its cause, did really originate in an ill conformation of body, obtuse pain, or constitutional defect of pleasurable sensation. What is charged to the author, belongs to the man, who would probably have been still more impatient, but for the humanizing influences of the very pursuit, which yet bears the blame of his irritability.

How then are we to explain the easy credence generally given to this charge, if the charge itself be not, as I have endeavoured to show, supported by experience? This seems to me of no very difficult solution. In whatever country literature is widely diffused, there will be many who mistake an intense desire to possess the reputation of poetic genius, for the actual powers,

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truth, which, after many weary pursuits, found a harbour in a sublime listening to the still voice in his own spirit, and as keen a love of his country, which, after a disappointment still more depressive, expanded and soared into a love of man as a probationer of immortality. These were, these alone could be, the conditions under which such a work as the Paradise Lost could be conceived and accomplished. By a life-long study Milton had known—

> — what was of use to know,
> What best to say could say, to do had done.
> His actions to his words agreed, his words
> To his large heart gave utterance due, his heart
> Contain'd of good, wise, fair the perfect shape:

and he left the imperishable total, as a bequest to the ages coming, in the Paradise Lost." Lit. Rem. I. p. 170. Ed.]

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and original tendencies which constitute it. But men, whose dearest wishes are fixed on objects wholly out of their own power, become in all cases more or less impatient and prone to anger. Besides, though it may be paradoxical to assert, that a man can know one thing and believe the opposite, yet assuredly a vain person may have so habitually indulged the wish, and persevered in the attempt, to appear what he is not, as to become himself one of his own proselytes. Still, as this counterfeit and artificial persuasion must differ, even in the person's own feelings, from a real sense of inward power, what can be more natural, than that this difference should betray itself in suspicious and jealous irritability? Even as the flowery sod, which covers a hollow, may be often detected by its shaking and trembling.

But, alas! the multitude of books, and the general diffusion of literature, have produced other and more lamentable effects in the world of letters, and such as are abundant to explain, though by no means to justify, the contempt with which the best grounded complaints of injured genius are rejected as frivolous, or entertained as matter of merriment. In the days of Chaucer and Gower, our language might (with due allowance for the imperfections of a simile) be compared to a wilderness of vocal reeds, from which the favourites only of Pan or Apollo could construct even the rude *syrinx*; and from this the constructors alone could elicit strains of music. But now, partly by the labours of successive poets, and in part by the more artificial state of society and social intercourse, language, mechanized as it were into a barrel-organ, supplies at once both instrument and tune. Thus even the deaf may play, so as to delight the many. Sometimes (for it is with similes, as it is with jests at a

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wine table, one is sure to suggest another) I have attempted to illustrate the present state of our language, in its relation to literature, by a press-room of larger and smaller stereotype pieces, which, in the present Anglo-Gallican fashion of unconnected, epigrammatic periods, it requires but an ordinary portion of ingenuity to vary indefinitely, and yet still produce something, which, if not sense, will be so like it as to do as well. Perhaps better: for it spares the reader the trouble of thinking; prevents vacancy, while it indulges indolence; and secures the memory from all danger of an intellectual *plethora*. Hence of all trades, literature at present demands the least talent or information; and, of all modes of literature, the manufacturing of poems. The difference indeed between these and the works of genius is not less than between an egg and an egg-shell; yet at a distance they both look alike.

Now it is no less remarkable than true, with how little examination works of polite literature are commonly perused, not only by the mass of readers, but by men of first rate ability, till some accident or chance[8] discussion have roused their attention, and

[8] In the course of one of my Lectures, I had occasion to point out the almost faultless position and choice of words, in Pope's original compositions, particularly in his Satires and moral Essays, for the purpose of comparing them with his translation of Homer, which, I do not stand alone in regarding as the main source of our *pseudo*-poetic diction. And this, by the bye, is an additional confirmation of a remark made, I believe, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, that next to the man who forms and elevates the taste of the public, he that corrupts it, is commonly the greatest genius. Among other passages, I analyzed sentence by sentence, and almost word by word, the popular lines,

As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night, &c.
(Iliad. B. viii.)

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put them on their guard. And hence individuals below mediocrity not less in natural power than in acquired knowledge; nay, bunglers who have failed in

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much in the same way as has been since done, in an exellent article on Chalmers's British Poets in the Quarterly Review.* The impression on the audience in general was sudden and evident: and a number of enlightened and highly educated persons, who at different times afterwards addressed me on the subject, expressed their wonder, that truth so obvious should not have struck them before; but at the same time acknowledged—(so much had they been accustomed, in reading poetry, to receive pleasure from the separate images and phrases successively, without asking themselves whether the collective meaning was sense or nonsense)—that they might in all probability have read the same passage again twenty times with undiminished admiration, and without once reflecting, that

ἄστρα φαεινὴν ἀμφὶ σελήνην
φαίνετ' ἀριπρεπέα—

(that is, the stars around, or near the full moon, shine pre-eminently bright)—conveys a just and happy image of a moonlight sky: while it is difficult to determine whether, in the lines,

Around *her throne* the vivid planets *roll*,
And stars *unnumber'd gild* the *glowing pole*,

the sense or the diction be the more absurd. My answer was; that, though I had derived peculiar advantages from my school discipline, and though my general theory of poetry was the same then as now, I had yet experienced the same sensations myself, and felt almost as if I had been newly couched, when, by Mr. Wordsworth's conversation, I had been induced to re-examine with impartial strictness Gray's celebrated Elegy. I had long before detected the defects in The Bard; but the Elegy I had considered as proof against all fair attacks; and to

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* [The article to which the Author refers was written by Mr. Southey, and may be found in Vol. XI. of the Quarterly Review, p. 480. But it contains nothing corresponding to Mr. Coleridge's remark, whose reference is evidently mistaken. Ed.]

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the lowest mechanic crafts, and whose presumption is in due proportion to their want of sense and sensibility; men, who being first scribblers from idleness

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this day I cannot read either without delight, and a portion of enthusiasm. At all events, whatever pleasure I may have lost by the clearer perception of the faults in certain passages, has been more than repaid to me by the additional delight with which I read the remainder.

Another instance in confirmation of these remarks occurs to me in the Faithful Shepherdess. Seward first traces Fletcher's lines;

> More foul diseases than e'er yet the hot
> Sun bred thro' his burnings, while the dog
> Pursues the raging lion, throwing the fog
> And deadly vapour from his angry breath,
> Filling the lower world with plague and death,

to Spenser's Shepherd's Calendar,

> The rampant lion hunts he fast
> With dogs of noisome breath;
> Whose baleful barking brings, in haste,
> Pine, plagues, and dreary death!

He then takes occasion to introduce Homer's simile of the appearance of Achilles' mail to Priam compared with the Dog Star; literally thus—

"For this indeed is most splendid, but it was made an evil sign, and brings many a consuming disease to wretched mortals."* Nothing can be more simple as a description, or more accurate as a simile; which, (says Seward,) is thus finely translated by Mr. Pope:

> Terrific Glory! for his burning breath
> Taints the red air with fevers, plagues, and death!

Now here—(not to mention the tremendous bombast)—the Dog Star, so called, is turned into a real dog, a very odd dog, a

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* [Λαμπρότατος μὲν ὅδ' ἐστί, κακὸν δέ τε σῆμα τέτυκται,
καί τε φέρει πολλὸν πυρετὸν δειλοῖσι βροτοῖσιν.
Iliad xxii. 30. S. C.]

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and ignorance, next become libellers from envy and malevolence,—have been able to drive a successful trade in the employment of the booksellers, nay, have raised themselves into temporary name and reputation with the public at large, by that most powerful of all adulation, the appeal to the bad and malignant passions of mankind.[9] But as it is the nature of scorn, envy, and all malignant propensities to require a quick change of objects, such writers are sure, sooner or later, to awake from their dream of vanity to disappointment and neglect with embittered and envenomed feelings. Even during their short-lived success, sensible in spite of themselves on what a shifting foundation it rests, they resent the mere refusal of praise as a robbery, and at the justest censures kindle at once into violent and undisciplined abuse; till the acute disease changing into chronical, the more deadly as the less violent, they become the fit instruments of literary detraction and moral slander. They are then no longer to be questioned without exposing the complainant to ridicule, because, forsooth, they are anonymous critics, and authorized, in Andrew Marvell's

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fire, fever, plague, and death-breathing, red-air-tainting dog: and the whole visual likeness is lost, while the likeness in the effects is rendered absurd by the exaggeration. In Spenser and Fletcher the thought is justifiable; for the images are at least consistent, and it was the intention of the writers to mark the seasons by this allegory of visualized puns.

[9] Especially in this age of personality, this age of literary and political gossiping, when the meanest insects are worshipped with a sort of Egyptian superstition, if only the brainless head be atoned for by the sting of personal malignity in the tail;—when the most vapid satires have become the objects of a keen public interest, purely from the number of contemporary characters named in the patch-work notes, (which possess, however, the comparative merit of being more poetical than the text,) and because, to increase the stimulus, the author has sa-

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phrase, as "synodical individuals" to speak of themselves *plurali majestatico!* As if literature formed a caste, like that of the Paras in Hindostan, who, however maltreated, must not dare to deem themselves wronged! As if that, which in all other cases adds a deeper dye to slander, the circumstance of its being anonymous, here acted only to make the slanderer inviolable![10] Thus, in part, from the accidental tempers of individuals—(men of undoubted talent, but not men of genius)—tempers rendered yet more irritable by their desire to appear men of genius; but still more effectively by the excesses of the mere counterfeits both of talent and genius; the number too being so incomparably greater of those who are thought to be, than of those who really are men of genius; and in part from the natural, but not therefore the less partial and unjust distinction, made by the public itself between literary and all other property;—I believe the prejudice to have arisen, which considers an unusual irascibility concerning the reception of its products as characteristic of genius.

It might correct the moral feelings of a numerous

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gaciously left his own name for whispers and conjectures. [From *The Friend*, Vol. II. Essay 1. *On the Errors of Party Spirit*, pp. 9-10. 4th edit. S. C.]

[10] If it were worth while to mix together, as ingredients, half the anecdotes which I either myself know to be true, or which I have received from men incapable of intentional falsehood, concerning the characters, qualifications, and motives of our anonymous critics, whose decisions are oracles for our reading public; I might safely borrow the words of the apocryphal Daniel; "*Give me leave,* O SOVEREIGN PUBLIC, *and I shall slay this dragon without sword or staff.*" For the compound would be as the "*pitch, and fat, and hair, which Daniel took, and did seethe them together, and made lumps thereof; this he put in the dragon's mouth, and so the dragon burst in sunder; and Daniel said,* LO, THESE ARE THE GODS YE WORSHIP."

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class of readers, to suppose a Review set on foot, the object of which should be to criticise all the chief works presented to the public by our ribbon-weavers, calico-printers, cabinet-makers, and china-manufacturers; which should be conducted in the same spirit, and take the same freedom with personal character, as our literary journals. They would scarcely, I think, deny their belief, not only that the *genus irritabile* would be found to include many other *species* besides that of bards; but that the irritability of trade would soon reduce the resentments of poets into mere shadow-fights in the comparison. Or is wealth the only rational object of human interest? Or even if this were admitted, has the poet no property in his works? Or is it a rare, or culpable case, that he who serves at the altar of the Muses, should be compelled to derive his maintenance from the altar, when too he has perhaps deliberately abandoned the fairest prospects of rank and opulence in order to devote himself, an entire and undistracted man, to the instruction or refinement of his fellow-citizens? Or, should we pass by all higher objects and motives, all disinterested benevolence, and even that ambition of lasting praise which is at once the crutch and ornament, which at once supports and betrays, the infirmity of human virtue,—is the character and property of the man, who labours for our intellectual pleasures, less entitled to a share of our fellow feeling, than that of the wine-merchant or milliner? Sensibility indeed, both quick and deep, is not only a characteristic feature, but may be deemed a component part, of genius. But it is not less an essential mark of true genius, that its sensibility is excited by any other cause more powerfully than by its own personal interests; for this plain reason, that the man of genius lives most in the ideal world,

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in which the present is still constituted by the future or the past; and because his feelings have been habitually associated with thoughts and images, to the number, clearness, and vivacity of which the sensation of self is always in an inverse proportion. And yet, should he perchance have occasion to repel some false charge, or to rectify some erroneous censure, nothing is more common than for the many to mistake the general liveliness of his manner and language, whatever is the subject, for the effects of peculiar irritation from its accidental relation to himself.[11]

For myself, if from my own feelings, or from the less suspicious test of the observations of others, I had been made aware of any literary testiness or jealousy; I trust, that I should have been, however, neither silly nor arrogant enough to have burthened the imperfection on genius. But an experience—(and I should not need documents in abundance to prove my

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[11] This is one instance among many of deception, by the telling the half of a fact, and omitting the other half, when it is from their mutual counteraction and neutralization, that the whole truth arises, as a *tertium aliquid* different from either. Thus in Dryden's famous line

Great wit (meaning genius) to madness sure is near allied.

Now if the profound sensibility, which is doubtless one of the components of genius, were alone considered, single and unbalanced, it might be fairly described as exposing the individual to a greater chance of mental derangement; but then a more than usual rapidity of association, a more than usual power of passing from thought to thought, and image to image, is a component equally essential; and in the due modification of each by the other the genius itself consists; so that it would be just as fair to describe the earth, as in imminent danger of exorbitating, or of falling into the sun, according as the assertor of the absurdity confined his attention either to the projectile or to the attractive force exclusively.

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words, if I added)—a tried experience of twenty years, has taught me, that the original sin of my character consists in a careless indifference to public opinion, and to the attacks of those who influence it; that praise and admiration have become yearly less and less desirable, except as marks of sympathy; nay that it is difficult and distressing to me to think with any interest even about the sale and profit of my works, important as, in my present circumstances, such considerations must needs be. Yet it never occurred to me to believe or fancy, that the *quantum* of intellectual power bestowed on me by nature or education was in any way connected with this habit of my feelings; or that it needed any other parents or fosterers than constitutional indolence, aggravated into languor by ill-health; the accumulating embarrassments of procrastination; the mental cowardice, which is the inseparable companion of procrastination, and which makes us anxious to think and converse on any thing rather than on what concerns ourselves; in fine, all those close vexations, whether chargeable on my faults or my fortunes, which leave me but little grief to spare for evils comparatively distant and alien.

Indignation at literary wrongs I leave to men born under happier stars. I cannot afford it. But so far from condemning those who can, I deem it a writer's duty, and think it creditable to his heart, to feel and express a resentment proportioned to the grossness of the provocation, and the importance of the object. There is no profession on earth, which requires an attention so early, so long, or so unintermitting as that of poetry; and indeed as that of literary composition in general, if it be such as at all satisfies the demands both of taste and of sound logic. How difficult and delicate a task even the mere mechanism of verse is,

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may be conjectured from the failure of those, who have attempted poetry late in life. Where then a man has, from his earliest youth, devoted his whole being to an object, which by the admission of all civilized nations in all ages is honourable as a pursuit, and glorious as an attainment; what of all that relates to himself and his family, if only we except his moral character, can have fairer claims to his protection, or more authorize acts of self-defence, than the elaborate products of his intellect and intellectual industry? Prudence itself would command us to show, even if defect or diversion of natural sensibility had prevented us from feeling, a due interest and qualified anxiety for the offspring and representatives of our nobler being. I know it, alas! by woful experience. I have laid too many eggs in the hot sands of this wilderness, the world, with ostrich carelessness and ostrich oblivion. The greater part indeed have been trod under foot, and are forgotten; but yet no small number have crept forth into life, some to furnish feathers for the caps of others, and still more to plume the shafts in the quivers of my enemies, of them that unprovoked have lain in wait against my soul.

*Sic vos, non vobis, mellificatis, apes!*[12]

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[12] ["He was one of those who with long and large arm still collected precious armfuls, in whatever direction he pressed forward, yet still took up so much more than he could keep together, that those who followed him gleaned more from his continual droppings than he himself brought home;—nay, made stately corn-ricks therewith, while the reaper himself was still seen only with his armful of newly-cut sheaves." Lit. Rem. I. p. 13. Ed.]

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## CHAPTER III.

*The Author's obligations to Critics, and the probable occasion—Principles of modern Criticism—Mr. Southey's works and character.*

TO anonymous critics in reviews, magazines, and news-journals of various name and rank, and to satirists with or without a name, in verse or prose, or in verse-text aided by prose-comment, I do seriously believe and profess, that I owe full two-thirds of whatever reputation and publicity I happen to possess. For when the name of an individual has occurred so frequently, in so many works, for so great a length of time, the readers of these works—(which with a shelf or two of Beauties, elegant Extracts and Anas, form nine-tenths of the reading of the reading Public[1])—

[1] For as to the devotees of the circulating libraries, I dare not compliment their pass-time, or rather kill-time, with the name of reading. Call it rather a sort of beggarly day-dreaming, during which the mind of the dreamer furnishes for itself nothing but laziness, and a little mawkish sensibility; while the whole *materiel* and imagery of the doze is supplied *ab extra* by a sort of mental *camera obscura* manufactured at the printing office, which *pro tempore* fixes, reflects, and transmits the moving phantasms of one man's delirium, so as to people the barrenness of a hundred other brains afflicted with the same trance or suspension of all common sense and all definite purpose. We should therefore transfer this species of amusement,—(if indeed those can be said to retire *a musis*, who were never in their company, or relaxation be attributable to those, whose bows are never bent)—from the *genus*, reading, to that comprehensive

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cannot but be familiar with the name, without distinctly remembering whether it was introduced for eulogy or for censure. And this becomes the more likely, if (as I believe) the habit of perusing periodical works may be properly added to Averroes'[2] catalogue of Anti-Mnemonics, or weakeners of the memory.[3] But where this has not been the case, yet the reader will be apt to suspect, that there must be something more than usually strong and extensive in a reputation, that could either require or stand so merciless and long-continued a cannonading. Without any feeling of anger there-

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class characterized by the power of reconciling the two contrary yet co-existing propensities of human nature, namely, indulgence of sloth, and hatred of vacancy. In addition to novels and tales of chivalry in prose or rhyme, (by which last I mean neither rhythm nor metre) this *genus* comprises as its *species*, gaming, swinging, or swaying on a chair or gate; spitting over a bridge; smoking; snuff-taking; *tête à tête* quarrels after dinner between husband and wife; conning word by word all the advertisements of a daily newspaper in a public house on a rainy day, &c. &c. &c.

[2] [The true polyonomous appellative of Averroes was Abul Walid Mohammed Ebn Achmed Ebn Mohammed Ebn Raschid. He was born at Cordova about 1150, and died in Morocco in 1206 or 1207. ED.]

[3] Ex gr. *Pediculos e capillis excerptos in arenam jacere incontusos;* eating of unripe fruit; gazing on the clouds, and *(in genere)* on movable things suspended in the air; riding among a multitude of camels; frequent laughter; listening to a series of jests and humourous anecdotes,—as when (so to modernize the learned Saracen's meaning) one man's droll story of an Irishman inevitably occasions another's droll story of a Scotchman, which again, by the same sort of conjunction disjunctive, leads to some *étourderie* of a Welshman, and that again to some sly hit of a Yorkshireman;—the habit of reading tomb-stones in church-yards, &c. By the bye, this catalogue, strange as it may appear, is not insusceptible of a sound psychological commentary.



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fore—(for which indeed, on my own account, I have no pretext)—I may yet be allowed to express some degree of surprise, that, after having run the critical gauntlet for a certain class of faults which I had, nothing having come before the judgment-seat in the interim, I should, year after year, quarter after quarter, month after month—(not to mention sundry petty periodicals of still quicker revolution, "or weekly or diurnal")—have been, for at least seventeen years consecutively, dragged forth by them into the foremost ranks of the proscribed, and forced to abide the brunt of abuse, for faults directly opposite, and which I certainly had not. How shall I explain this?

Whatever may have been the case with others, I certainly cannot attribute this persecution to personal dislike, or to envy, or to feelings of vindictive animosity. Not to the former, for, with the exception of a very few who are my intimate friends, and were so before they were known as authors, I have had little other acquaintance with literary characters, than what may be implied in an accidental introduction, or casual meeting in a mixed company. And as far as words and looks can be trusted, I must believe that, even in these instances, I had excited no unfriendly disposition. Neither by letter, nor in conversation, have I ever had dispute or controversy beyond the common social interchange of opinions. Nay, where I had reason to suppose my convictions fundamentally different, it has been my habit, and I may add, the impulse of my nature, to assign the grounds of my belief, rather than the belief itself; and not to express dissent, till I could establish some points of complete sympathy, some grounds common to both sides, from which to commence its explanation.

Still less can I place these attacks to the charge of

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envy. The few pages which I have published, are of too distant a date, and the extent of their sale a proof too conclusive against their having been popular at any time, to render probable, I had almost said possible, the excitement of envy on their account; and the man who should envy me on any other,—verily he must be envy-mad!

Lastly, with as little semblance of reason, could I suspect any animosity towards me from vindictive feelings as the cause. I have before said, that my acquaintance with literary men has been limited and distant; and that I have had neither dispute nor controversy. From my first entrance into life, I have, with few and short intervals, lived either abroad or in retirement. My different essays on subjects of national interest, published at different times, first in the Morning Post and then in the Courier, with my courses of Lectures on the principles of criticism as applied to Shakespeare and Milton,[4] constitute my

[4] ["Mr. Coleridge's courses of Lectures on literary and other subjects between 1800 and 1819 were numerous, but the Editor is unable to record them accurately. They were delivered at the Royal Institution, the Crown and Anchor, the Surrey Institution, the London Philosophical Society, Willis's Rooms, and, it is believed, in several other places in London. The subjects were Shakespeare and the Drama generally, particular plays of Shakespeare, the history of English and Italian Literature, the history of Philosophy, Education of Women, connection of the Fine Arts with education and improvement of the mind, and many others of which the Editor can learn nothing certain. The most remarkable of his contributions to the newspapers mentioned in the text, were the character of Mr. Pitt in the Morning Post in 1800, and the Series of Letters on the Spanish War in the Courier in 1809. What the Author says as to these exertions constituting his whole publicity, must not be taken too strictly; for besides The Friend, the Remorse,

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whole publicity; the only occasions on which I *could* offend any member of the republic of letters. With one solitary exception in which my words were first misstated and then wantonly applied to an individual, I could never learn that I had excited the displeasure of any among my literary contemporaries. Having announced my intention to give a course of Lectures on the characteristic merits and defects of English poetry in its different æras ;[5] first, from Chaucer to Milton; second, from Dryden inclusively to Thomson; and third, from Cowper to the present day; I changed my plan, and confined my disquisition to the former two periods, that I might furnish no possible pretext for the unthinking to misconstrue, or the malignant to misapply my words, and having stamped their own meaning on them, to pass them as current coin in the marts of garrulity or detraction.

Praises of the unworthy are felt by ardent minds as robberies of the deserving; and it is too true, and too frequent, that Bacon, Harrington, Machiavel, and Spinoza, are not read, because Hume, Condillac, and Voltaire are. But in promiscuous company no prudent man will oppugn the merits of a contemporary in his own supposed department; contenting himself with praising in his turn those whom he deems excellent. If I should ever deem it my duty at all to oppose the pretensions of individuals, I would oppose them in books which could be weighed and answered, in which

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Christabel and his other Poems published before the *date* of this work, Mr. Coleridge had made his name well known long before by his courses of Lectures at Bristol on the French Revolution, Christianity, Slavery, and other subjects, some of which were printed. Ed.]

[5] [This alludes to the Lectures at the London Philosophical Society, which began on the 18th of November, 1811. Ed.]

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I could evolve the whole of my reasons and feelings, with their requisite limits and modifications; not in irrecoverable conversation, where however strong the reasons might be, the feelings that prompted them would assuredly be attributed by some one or other to envy and discontent. Besides I well know, and, I trust, have acted on that knowledge, that it must be the ignorant and injudicious who extol the unworthy; and the eulogies of critics without taste or judgment are the natural reward of authors without feeling or genius. *Sint unicuique sua præmia.*

How then, dismissing, as I do, these three causes, am I to account for attacks, the long continuance and inveteracy of which it would require all three to explain? The solution seems to be this,—*I was in habits of intimacy with Mr. Wordsworth and Mr. Southey!* This, however, transfers, rather than removes the difficulty. Be it, that, by an unconscionable extension of the old adage, *noscitur a socio*, my literary friends are never under the water-fall of criticism, but I must be wet through with the spray; yet how came the torrent to descend upon *them?*

First then, with regard to Mr. Southey. I well remember the general reception of his earlier publications; namely, the poems published with Mr. Lovell under the names of Moschus and Bion; the two volumes of poems under his own name, and the Joan of Arc.[6] The censures of the critics by profession are extant, and may be easily referred to:—careless lines, inequality in the merit of the different poems, and (in

[6] [The joint volume appeared in 1795. Bion was Southey, Moschus, Lovell. It contained "the Retrospect," in its original form. Joan of Arc appeared in 1796—the "two volumes" in 1797—both published by Mr. Cottle. Ed.]

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the lighter works) a predilection for the strange and whimsical; in short, such faults as might have been anticipated in a young and rapid writer, were indeed sufficiently enforced. Nor was there at that time wanting a party spirit to aggravate the defects of a poet, who with all the courage of uncorrupted youth had avowed his zeal for a cause, which he deemed that of liberty, and his abhorrence of oppression by whatever name consecrated. But it was as little objected by others, as dreamed of by the poet himself, that he preferred careless and prosaic lines on rule and of forethought, or indeed that he pretended to any other art or theory of poetic diction, except that which we may all learn from Horace, Quinctilian, the admirable dialogue, *De Oratoribus*, generally attributed to Tacitus, or Strada's Prolusions; if indeed natural good sense and the early study of the best models in his own language had not infused the same maxims more securely, and, if I may venture the expression, more vitally. All that could have been fairly deduced was, that in his taste and estimation of writers Mr. Southey agreed far more with Thomas Warton, than with Dr. Johnson. Nor do I mean to deny, that at all times Mr. Southey was of the same mind with Sir Philip Sidney[7] in preferring an excellent ballad in the humblest style of poetry to twenty indifferent poems that strutted in the highest. And by what have his works, published since then, been characterized, each more strikingly than the preceding, but by greater splendour, a deeper pathos, profounder reflections, and a more sustained dignity of language and of metre? Distant

[7] ["I never heard the old song of Percie and Douglas that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet." *Defence of Poesie.* ED.]

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may the period be, but whenever the time shall come, when all his works shall be collected by some editor worthy to be his biographer, I trust that an appendix of *excerpta* of all the passages, in which his writings, name, and character have been attacked, from the pamphlets and periodical works of the last twenty years, may be an accompaniment. Yet that it would prove medicinal in after times I dare not hope; for as long as there are readers to be delighted with calumny, there will be found reviewers to calumniate. And such readers will become in all probability more numerous, in proportion as a still greater diffusion of literature shall produce an increase of sciolists, and sciolism bring with it petulance and presumption. In times of old, books were as religious oracles; as literature advanced, they next became venerable preceptors; they then descended to the rank of instructive friends; and, as their numbers increased, they sank still lower to that of entertaining companions; and at present they seem degraded into culprits to hold up their hands at the bar of every self-elected, yet not the less peremptory, judge, who chooses to write from humour or interest, from enmity or arrogance, and to abide the decision "of him that reads in malice, or him that reads after dinner."

The same retrograde movement may be traced, in the relation which the authors themselves have assumed towards their readers. From the lofty address of Bacon: "these are the meditations of Francis of Verulam, which that posterity should be possessed of, he deemed *their* interest:"[8] or from dedication to Monarch

[8] [§ *Franciscus de Verulamio sic cogitavit; talemque apud se rationem instituit, quam viventibus et posteris notam fieri, ipsorum interesse putavit.* Nov. Org. Ed.]

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or Pontiff, in which the honour given was asserted in equipoise to the patronage acknowledged: from Pindar's

——— ἐπ' ἄλλοι-
-σι δ' ἄλλοι μεγάλοι: τὸ δ' ἔσχατον κορυ-
-φᾶται βασιλεῦσι· Μηκέτι
πάπταινε πόρσιον.
εἴη σέ τε τᾶτον
ὑψοῦ χρόνον πατεῖν, ἐμέ
τε τοσσάδε νικαφόροις
ὁμιλεῖν, πρόφαντον σοφίαν καθ' Ἕλ-
-λανας ἐόντα παντᾶ.

Olymp. Od. 1.

there was a gradual sinking in the etiquette or allowed style of pretension.

Poets and Philosophers, rendered diffident by their very number, addressed themselves to "*learned* readers;" then aimed to conciliate the graces of "the *candid* reader;" till, the critic still rising as the author sank, the amateurs of literature collectively were erected into a municipality of judges, and addressed as the Town! And now, finally, all men being supposed able to read, and all readers able to judge, the multitudinous Public, shaped into personal unity by the magic of abstraction, sits nominal despot on the throne of criticism. But, alas! as in other despotisms, it but echoes the decisions of its invisible ministers, whose intellectual claims to the guardianship of the Muses seem, for the greater part, analogous to the physical qualifications which adapt their oriental brethren for the superintendence of the Harem. Thus it is said, that St. Nepomuc was installed the guardian of bridges, because he had fallen over one, and sunk out of sight; thus too St. Cecilia is said to have been first propitiated by musicians, because, having failed in her own attempts, she had taken a dislike to the art and

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all its successful professors. But I shall probably have occasion hereafter to deliver my convictions more at large concerning this state of things, and its influences on taste, genius and morality.

In the Thalaba, the Madoc, and still more evidently in the unique[9] Cid, in the Kehama, and, as last, so best, the Roderick; Southey has given abundant proof, *se cogitare quam sit magnum dare aliquid in manus hominum: nec persuadere sibi posse, non sæpe tractandum quod placere et semper et omnibus cupiat.*[10] But on the other hand, I conceive, that Mr. Southey was quite unable to comprehend, wherein could consist the crime or mischief of printing half a dozen or more playful poems; or to speak more generally, compositions which would be enjoyed or passed over, according as the taste and humour of the reader might chance to be; provided they contained nothing immoral. In the present age *perituræ parcere chartæ* is emphatically an unreasonable demand. The merest trifle he ever sent abroad had tenfold better claims to its ink and paper than all the silly criticisms on it, which proved no more than that the critic was not one of those, for whom the trifle was written; and than all the grave exhortations to a greater reverence for the

[9] I have ventured to call it unique; not only because I know no work of the kind in our language, (if we except a few chapters of the old translation of Froissart)—none, which uniting the charms of romance and history, keeps the imagination so constantly on the wing, and yet leaves so much for after reflection; but likewise, and chiefly, because it is a compilation, which, in the various excellencies of translation, selection, and arrangement, required and proves greater genius in the compiler, as living in the present state of society, than in the original composers.

[10] [Accommodated from Pliny the younger. L. vii. Ep. 17. Ed.]

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public—as if the passive page of a book, by having an epigram or doggrel tale impressed on it, instantly assumed at once loco-motive power and a sort of ubiquity, so as to flutter and buz in the ear of the public to the sore annoyance of the said mysterious personage. But what gives an additional and more ludicrous absurdity to these lamentations is the curious fact, that if in a volume of poetry the critic should find poem or passage which he deems more especially worthless, he is sure to select and reprint it in the review; by which, on his own grounds, he wastes as much more paper than the author, as the copies of a fashionable review are more numerous than those of the original book; in some, and those the most prominent instances, as ten thousand to five hundred. I know nothing that surpasses the vileness of deciding on the merits of a poet or painter,—(not by characteristic defects; for where there is genius, these always point to his characteristic beauties; but)—by accidental failures or faulty passages; except the impudence of defending it, as the proper duty, and most instructive part, of criticism. Omit or pass slightly over the expression, grace, and grouping of Raffael's figures; but ridicule in detail the knitting-needles and broom-twigs, that are to represent trees in his back grounds; and never let him hear the last of his galli-pots! Admit, that the Allegro and Penseroso of Milton are not without merit; but repay yourself for this concession, by reprinting at length the two poems on the University Carrier! As a fair specimen of his Sonnets, quote

"A Book was writ of late called Tetrachordon;"

and, as characteristic of his rhythm and metre, cite his literal translation of the first and second Psalm! In order to justify yourself, you need only assert, that had you dwelt chiefly on the beauties and excellencies of the

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poet, the admiration of these might seduce the attention of future writers from the objects of their love and wonder, to an imitation of the few poems and passages in which the poet was most unlike himself.

But till reviews are conducted on far other principles, and with far other motives; till in the place of arbitrary dictation and petulant sneers, the reviewers support their decisions by reference to fixed canons of criticism, previously established and deduced from the nature of man; reflecting minds will pronounce it arrogance in them thus to announce themselves to men of letters, as the guides of their taste and judgment. To the purchaser and mere reader it is, at all events, an injustice. He who tells me that there are defects in a new work, tells me nothing which I should not have taken for granted without his information. But he, who points out and elucidates the beauties of an original work, does indeed give me interesting information, such as experience would not have authorized me in anticipating. And as to compositions which the authors themselves announce with

*Hæc ipsi novimus esse nihil,*[11]

why should we judge by a different rule two printed works, only because the one author is alive, and the other in his grave? What literary man has not regretted the prudery of Spratt in refusing to let his friend Cowley appear in his slippers and dressing gown? I am not perhaps the only one who has derived an innocent amusement from the riddles, conundrums, tri-syllable lines, and the like, of Swift and his correspondents, in hours of languor, when to have read his more finished works would have been useless

[11] [The motto prefixed by Mr. Southey to his Minor Poems, Ed.]

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to myself, and, in some sort, an act of injustice to the author. But I am at a loss to conceive by what perversity of judgment, these relaxations of his genius could be employed to diminish his fame as the writer of Gulliver, or the Tale of a Tub. Had Mr. Southey written twice as many poems of inferior merit, or partial interest, as have enlivened the journals of the day, they would have added to his honour with good and wise men, not merely or principally as proving the versatility of his talents, but as evidences of the purity of that mind, which even in its levities never dictated a line which it need regret on any moral account.

I have in imagination transferred to the future biographer the duty of contrasting Southey's fixed and well-earned fame, with the abuse and indefatigable hostility of his anonymous critics from his early youth to his ripest manhood. But I cannot think so ill of human nature as not to believe, that these critics have already taken shame to themselves, whether they consider the object of their abuse in his moral or his literary character. For reflect but on the variety and extent of his acquirements! He stands second to no man, either as an historian or as a bibliographer; and when I regard him as a popular essayist,—(for the articles of his compositions in the reviews are, for the greater part, essays on subjects of deep or curious interest rather than criticisms on particular works)—I look in vain for any writer, who has conveyed so much information, from so many and such recondite sources, with so many just and original reflections, in a style so lively and poignant, yet so uniformly classical and perspicuous; no one, in short, who has combined so much wisdom with so much wit; so much truth and knowledge with so much life and fancy. His prose is always intelligible and always entertaining. In

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poetry he has attempted almost every species of composition known before, and he has added new ones; and if we except the highest lyric,—(in which how few, how very few even of the greatest minds have been fortunate)—he has attempted every species successfully;—from the political song of the day, thrown off in the playful overflow of honest joy and patriotic exultation, to the wild ballad; from epistolary ease and graceful narrative, to austere and impetuous moral declamation; from the pastoral charms and wild streaming lights of the Thalaba, in which sentiment and imagery have given permanence even to the excitement of curiosity; and from the full blaze of the Kehama,—(a gallery of finished pictures in one splendid fancy piece, in which, notwithstanding, the moral grandeur rises gradually above the brilliance of the colouring and the boldness and novelty of the machinery)—to the more sober beauties of the Madoc; and lastly, from the Madoc to his Roderick, in which, retaining all his former excellencies of a poet eminently inventive and picturesque, he has surpassed himself in language and metre, in the construction of the whole, and in the splendour of particular passages.

Here then shall I conclude? No! The characters of the deceased, like the *encomia* on tombstones, as they are described with religious tenderness, so are they read, with allowing sympathy indeed, but yet with rational deduction. There are men, who deserve a higher record; men with whose characters it is the interest of their contemporaries, no less than that of posterity, to be made acquainted; while it is yet possible for impartial censure, and even for quick-sighted envy, to cross-examine the tale without offence to the courtesies of humanity; and while the eulogist, detected in exaggeration or falsehood, must pay the full

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penalty of his baseness in the contempt which brands the convicted flatterer. Publicly has Mr. Southey been reviled by men, who, as I would fain hope for the honour of human nature, hurled fire-brands against a figure of their own imagination; publicly have his talents been depreciated, his principles denounced; as publicly do I therefore, who have known him intimately, deem it my duty to leave recorded, that it is Southey's almost unexampled felicity, to possess the best gifts of talent and genius free from all their characteristic defects. To those who remember the state of our public schools and universities some twenty years past, it will appear no ordinary praise in any man to have passed from innocence into virtue, not only free from all vicious habit, but unstained by one act of intemperance, or the degradations akin to intemperance. That scheme of head, heart, and habitual demeanour, which in his early manhood, and first controversial writings, Milton, claiming the privilege of self-defence, asserts of himself, and challenges his calumniators to disprove;[12] this will his school-mates, his fellow-collegians, and his maturer friends, with a confidence proportioned to the intimacy of their knowledge, bear witness to, as again realized in the life of Robert Southey. But still more striking to those, who by biography or by their own experience are fami-

[12] [*Ad me quod attinet, te testor, Deus, mentis intimæ cogitationumque omnium indagator, me nullius rei (quanquam hoc apud me sæpius et, quam maxime potui, serio quæsivi, et recessus vitæ omnes excussi,) nullius vel recens vel olim commissi mihimet conscium esse, cujus atrocitas hanc mihi præ cæteris calamitatem creare, aut accersisse merito potuerit.*—Def. Sec.

*Tu senties eam esse vitæ meæ et apud me conscientiam, et apud bonos existimationem, eam esse et præteritæ fiducium et reliquæ spem bonam, ut nihil impedire me, aut absterrere possit, quo minus flagitia tua, si pergis lacessere, etiam liberius adhuc et diligentius persequar.* —Def. cont. Alex. Morum. Ed.]

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liar with the general habits of genius, will appear the poet's matchless industry and perseverance in his pursuits; the worthiness and dignity of those pursuits; his generous submission to tasks of transitory interest, or such as *his* genius alone could make otherwise; and that having thus more than satisfied the claims of affection or prudence, he should yet have made for himself time and power, to achieve more, and in more various departments, than almost any other writer has done, though employed wholly on subjects of his own choice and ambition. But as Southey possesses, and is not possessed by, his genius, even so is he master even of his virtues. The regular and methodical tenor of his daily labours, which would be deemed rare in the most mechanical pursuits, and might be envied by the mere man of business, loses all semblance of formality in the dignified simplicity of his manners, in the spring and healthful cheerfulness of his spirits. Always employed, his friends find him always at leisure. No less punctual in trifles, than steadfast in the performance of highest duties, he inflicts none of those small pains and discomforts which irregular men scatter about them, and which in the aggregate so often become formidable obstacles both to happiness and utility; while on the contrary he bestows all the pleasures, and inspires all that ease of mind on those around him or connected with him, which perfect consistency, and (if such a word might be framed) absolute *reliability*, equally in small as in great concerns, cannot but inspire and bestow; when this too is softened without being weakened by kindness and gentleness. I know few men who so well deserve the character which an antient attributes to Marcus Cato, namely, that he was likest virtue, in as much as he seemed to act aright, not in obedience to any law or outward motive, but by

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the necessity of a happy nature, which could not act otherwise.[13] As son, brother, husband, father, master, friend, he moves with firm yet light steps, alike unostentatious, and alike exemplary. As a writer, he has uniformly made his talents subservient to the best interests of humanity, of public virtue, and domestic piety; his cause has ever been the cause of pure religion and of liberty, of national independence and of national illumination. When future critics shall weigh out his guerdon of praise and censure, it will be Southey the poet only, that will supply them with the scanty materials for the latter. They will likewise not fail to record, that as no man was ever a more constant friend, never had poet more friends and honourers among the good of all parties; and that quacks in education, quacks in politics, and quacks in criticism were his only enemies.[14]

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[13] [—— *homo virtuti simillimus, et per omnia ingenio Diis quam hominibus propior, qui nunquam recte fecit, ut facere videretur, sed quia aliter facere non poterat.*—Vell. Paterc. II. 35. Ed.]

[14] It is not easy to estimate the effects which the example of a young man as highly distinguished for strict purity of disposition and conduct, as for intellectual power and literary acquirements, may produce on those of the same age with himself, especially on those of similar pursuits and congenial minds. For many years, my opportunities of intercourse with Mr. Southey have been rare, and at long intervals; but I dwell with unabated pleasure on the strong and sudden, yet I trust not fleeting, influence, which my moral being underwent on my acquaintance with him at Oxford, whither I had gone at the commencement of our Cambridge vacation on a visit to an old school-fellow.* Not indeed on my moral or religious principles, for they had never been contaminated; but in awakening the sense of the duty and dignity of making my actions accord with those

* [Mr. Coleridge first became acquainted with Mr. Southey, then an under-graduate at Balliol College, in June 1794. Ed.]

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## CHAPTER IV.

*The Lyrical Ballads with the Preface—Mr. Wordsworth's earlier poems—On Fancy and Imagination—The investigation of the distinction important to the Fine Arts.*

HAVE wandered far from the object in view, but as I fancied to myself readers who would respect the feelings that had tempted me from the main road; so I dare calculate on not a few, who will warmly sympathize with them. At present it will be sufficient for my purpose, if I have proved, that Mr.

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principles, both in word and deed. The irregularities only not universal among the young men of my standing, which I always knew to be wrong, I then learned to feel as degrading; learned to know that an opposite conduct, which was at that time considered by us as the easy virtue of cold and selfish prudence, might originate in the noblest emotions, in views the most disinterested and imaginative. It is not however from grateful recollections only, that I have been impelled thus to leave these my deliberate sentiments on record; but in some sense as a debt of justice to the man, whose name has been so often connected with mine for evil to which he is a stranger. As a specimen I subjoin part of a note, from The Beauties of the Antijacobin, in which, having previously informed the public that I had been dishonoured at Cambridge for preaching Deism, at a time when, for my youthful ardour in defence of Christianity, I was decried as a bigot by the proselytes of French phi- (or to speak more truly, psi-)-losophy, the writer concludes with these words; "since this time he has left his native country, commenced citizen of the world, *left his poor children fatherless, and his wife destitute.* Ex his disce *his friends,* LAMB *and* Sou-



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Southey's writings no more than my own furnished the original occasion to this fiction of a new school of poetry, and to the clamours against its supposed founders and proselytes.

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THEY."* With severest truth it may be asserted, that it would not be easy to select two men more exemplary in their domestic affections than those whose names were thus printed at full length as in the same rank of morals with a denounced infidel and fugitive, who had left his children *fatherless and his wife destitute!* Is it surprising, that many good men remained longer than perhaps they otherwise would have done adverse to a party, which encouraged and openly rewarded the authors of such atrocious calumnies? *Qualis es, nescio; sed per quales agis, scio et doleo.*

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* [Of this now harmless injustice Mr. Talfourd speaks as follows, in his interesting sketch of the life, accompanying the delightful Letters of Charles Lamb. "It was surely rather too much, even for partisans, when denouncing their political opponents,"—(in the poem of the 'New Morality' published in the 'Anti-Jacobin,')—"as men who 'dirt on private worth and virtue threw,' thus to slander two young men of the most exemplary character—one of an almost puritanical exactness of demeanour and conduct—and the other persevering in a life of noble self-sacrifice, chequered only by the frailties of a sweet nature, which endeared him even to those who were not admitted to the intimacy necessary to appreciate the touching example of his severer virtues." Vol. i. p. 120.

This passage I quote not, of course, for the sake of refuting The Anti-Jacobin of 1798, but for its warm testimony to the virtues of my father's friend, Mr. Lamb. Having quoted it, I cannot but observe, as regards the terms in which it speaks of Mr. Southey, (my revered uncle,) that his purity,—a pureness of heart and spirit, far beyond any that mere exactitude of demeanour and conduct could evidence or express,—was utterly unmixed, as to me it seems, with puritanism, either in opinion or in spirit. May we not say that the deepest and most pervading purity is preclusive of *puritanism*? On this point he might be favourably contrasted with Cowper, as well as honour-

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As little do I believe that Mr. Wordsworth's Lyrical Ballads were in themselves the cause. I speak exclusively of the two volumes so entitled.[1] A careful and repeated examination of these confirms me in the belief, that the omission of less than a hundred lines would have precluded nine-tenths of the criticism on this work. I hazard this declaration, however, on the supposition, that the reader has taken it up, as he would have done any other collection of poems purporting to derive their subjects or interests from the incidents of domestic or ordinary life, intermingled with higher strains of meditation which the poet utters in his own person and character; with the proviso, that these poems were perused without knowledge of, or reference to, the author's peculiar opinions, and that the reader had not had his attention previously directed to those peculiarities. In that case, as actually happened with Mr. Southey's earlier works, the lines and passages which might have offended the general taste, would have been considered as mere inequalities, and attributed to inattention, not to perversity of judgment. The men of business who had passed their lives chiefly

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ably compared to him in moral strictness, and perhaps raised above him on the score of that deeper purity which is a nature rather than a principle.

Of Mr. Lamb's character in this respect Mr. Coleridge gave a brief description which has been preserved in the specimens of his Table Talk. It was of Charles Lamb that he said, "Nothing ever left a stain on that gentle creature's mind, which looked upon the degraded men and things around him like moonshine on a dunghill, which shines and takes no pollution. All things are shadows to him, except those which move his affections." (P. 107, 2nd edit.)

Some further account of Mr. Lamb will be found in the biographical supplement at the end of the second volume. S. C.]

[1] [See *ante* note p. 2. Ed.]

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in cities, and who might therefore be expected to derive the highest pleasure from acute notices of men and manners conveyed in easy, yet correct and pointed language; and all those who, reading but little poetry, are most stimulated with that species of it, which seems most distant from prose, would probably have passed by the volumes altogether. Others more catholic in their taste, and yet habituated to be most pleased when most excited, would have contented themselves with deciding, that the author had been successful in proportion to the elevation of his style and subject. Not a few, perhaps, might, by their admiration of the Lines written near Tintern Abbey, on revisiting the Wye, those Left upon a Yew Tree Seat, The Old Cumberland Beggar, and Ruth, have been gradually led to peruse with kindred feeling The Brothers, the Hart-leap Well, and whatever other poems in that collection may be described as holding a middle place between those written in the highest and those in the humblest style; as for instance between the Tintern Abbey, and The Thorn, or Simon Lee.[2] Should their taste submit to no further change, and still remain unreconciled to the colloquial phrases, or the imitations of them, that are, more or less, scattered through the class last mentioned; yet even from the small number of the latter, they would have deemed them but an inconsiderable subtraction from the merit of the whole work; or, what is sometimes not unpleasing in the publication of a new writer, as serving to ascertain the natural tendency, and consequently the proper direction of the author's genius.

[2] [The poems here mentioned are now found in the collected edition of Mr. Wordsworth's Works as follows: II. p. 161. V. p. 7.—p. 282. II. p. 106. I. p. 109. II. p. 141.—p. 124. V. p. 17. Ed.]

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In the critical remarks, therefore, prefixed and annexed to the Lyrical Ballads,[3] I believe, we may safely rest, as the true origin of the unexampled opposition which Mr. Wordsworth's writings have been since doomed to encounter. The humbler passages in the poems themselves were dwelt on and cited to justify the rejection of the theory. What in and for themselves would have been either forgotten or forgiven as imperfections, or at least comparative failures, provoked direct hostility when announced as intentional, as the result of choice after full deliberation. Thus the poems, admitted by all as excellent, joined with those which had pleased the far greater number, though they formed two-thirds of the whole work, instead of being deemed (as in all right they should have been, even if we take for granted that the reader judged aright) an atonement for the few exceptions, gave wind and fuel to the animosity against both the poems and the poet. In all perplexity there is a portion of fear, which predisposes the mind to anger. Not able to deny that the author possessed both genius and a powerful intellect, they felt *very positive*,—but yet were not *quite certain* that he might not be in the right, and they themselves in the wrong; an unquiet state of mind, which seeks alleviation by quarrelling with the occasion of it, and by wondering at the perverseness of the man, who had written a long and argumentative essay to persuade them, that

Fair is foul, and foul is fair;

in other words, that they had been all their lives admiring without judgment, and were now about to censure without reason.[4]

[3] [This Preface, published in 1800, is now printed II. p. 303. Ed.]

[4] In opinions of long continuance, and in which we have

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That this conjecture is not wide from the mark, I am induced to believe from the noticeable fact, which

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never before been molested by a single doubt, to be suddenly convinced of an error, is almost like being convicted of a fault. There is a state of mind, which is the direct *antithesis* of that, which takes place when we make a bull. The bull namely consists in the bringing together two incompatible thoughts, with the sensation, but without the sense, of their connection. The psychological condition, or that which constitutes the possibility, of this state, being such disproportionate vividness of two distant thoughts, as extinguishes or obscures the consciousness of the intermediate images or conceptions, or wholly abstracts the attention from them. Thus in the well known bull, "*I was a fine child, but they changed me;*" the first conception expressed in the word "*I*," is that of personal identity—*Ego contemplans:* the second expressed in the word "*me*," is the visual image or object by which the mind represents to itself its past condition, or rather, its personal identity under the form in which it imagined itself previously to have existed,—*Ego contemplatus.* Now the change of one visual image for another involves in itself no absurdity, and becomes absurd only by its immediate juxta-position with the first thought, which is rendered possible by the whole attention being successively absorbed in each singly, so as not to notice the interjacent notion, *changed*, which by its incongruity with the first thought, *I*, constitutes the bull. Add only, that this process is facilitated by the circumstance of the words *I*, and *me*, being sometimes equivalent, and sometimes having a distinct meaning; sometimes, namely, signifying the act of self-consciousness, sometimes the external image in and by which the mind represents that act to itself, the result and symbol of its individuality. Now suppose the direct contrary state, and you will have a distinct sense of the connection between two conceptions, without that sensation of such connection which is supplied by habit. The man feels as if he were standing on his head, though he cannot but see that he is truly standing on his feet. This, as a painful sensation, will of course have a tendency to associate itself with him who occasions it; even as persons, who have been by painful means restored from derangement, are known to feel an involuntary dislike towards their physician.

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I can state on my own knowledge, that the same general censure has been grounded by almost every different person on some different poem. Among those, whose candour and judgment I estimate highly, I distinctly remember six who expressed their objections to the Lyrical Ballads almost in the same words, and altogether to the same purport, at the same time admitting, that several of the poems had given them great pleasure; and, strange as it might seem, the composition which one cited as execrable, another quoted as his favourite. I am indeed convinced in my own mind, that could the same experiment have been tried with these volumes, as was made in the well known story of the picture, the result would have been the same; the parts which had been covered by black spots on the one day, would be found equally *albo lapide notatæ* on the succeeding.

However this may be, it was assuredly hard and unjust to fix the attention on a few separate and insulated poems with as much aversion, as if they had been so many plague-spots on the whole work, instead of passing them over in silence, as so much blank paper, or leaves of a bookseller's catalogue; especially, as no one pretended to have found in them any immorality or indelicacy; and the poems, therefore, at the worst, could only be regarded as so many light or inferior coins in a rouleau of gold, not as so much alloy in a weight of bullion. A friend whose talents I hold in the highest respect, but whose judgment and strong sound sense I have had almost continued occasion to revere, making the usual complaints to me concerning both the style and subjects of Mr. Wordsworth's minor poems; I admitted that there were some few of the tales and incidents, in which I could not myself find a sufficient cause for their having been recorded in metre.

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I mentioned Alice Fell[5] as an instance; "Nay," replied my friend with more than usual quickness of manner, "I cannot agree with you there!—that, I own, does seem to me a remarkably pleasing poem." In the Lyrical Ballads, (for my experience does not enable me to extend the remark equally unqualified to the two subsequent volumes,) I have heard at different times, and from different individuals, every single poem extolled and reprobated, with the exception of those of loftier kind, which as was before observed, seem to have won universal praise. This fact of itself would have made me diffident in my censures, had not a still stronger ground been furnished by the strange contrast of the heat and long continuance of the opposition, with the nature of the faults stated as justifying it. The seductive faults, the *dulcia vitia* of Cowley, Marini,[6] or Darwin might reasonably be thought capable of corrupting the public judgment for half a century, and require a twenty years war, campaign after campaign, in order to dethrone the usurper and reestablish the legitimate taste. But that a downright simpleness, under the affectation of simplicity, prosaic words in feeble metre, silly thoughts in childish phrases, and a preference of mean, degrading, or at best trivial associations and characters, should succeed in forming a school of imitators, a company of almost religious

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[5] [Poet. Works, I. 13. Ed.]

[6] [John Baptist Marini or Marino, a celebrated poet, known by the name of Il Cavalier Marino, was born at Naples, Oct. 18, 1569, died in the same city, March 21, 1625. He wrote a poem called *Adonice*, which was dedicated to Louis XIII. and first published at Paris in folio, 1651. He left many other poems, among them, *La Strage de gl'Innocenti*, Ven. 1633, 4to, and *La Lira, Rime Amorose, Maritime, Boscherecce*, &c. 16to, Ven. 1629. S. C.]

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admirers, and this too among young men of ardent minds, liberal education, and not

—— with academic laurels unbestowed;

and that this bare and bald counterfeit of poetry, which is characterized as below criticism, should for nearly twenty years have well-nigh engrossed criticism, as the main, if not the only, butt of review, magazine, pamphlet, poem, and paragraph;—this is indeed matter of wonder. Of yet greater is it, that the contest should still continue as[7] undecided as that between

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[7] Without however the apprehensions attributed to the Pagan reformer of the poetic republic. If we may judge from the preface to the recent collection of his poems, Mr. W. would have answered with Xanthias—

σὺ δ' ἐκ ἔδεισας τὸν ψόφον τῶν ῥημάτων,
καὶ τὰς ἀπειλάς; ΞΑΝ. ἔ μὰ Δί', ἀδ' ἐφρόντισα.*

And here let me hint to the authors of the numerous parodies, and pretended imitations of Mr. Wordsworth's style, that at once to conceal and convey wit and wisdom in the semblance of folly and dulness, as is done in the Clowns and Fools, nay even in the Dogberry, of our Shakespeare, is doubtless a proof of ge-

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* *Ranæ*, 492-3.

["And if, bearing in mind the many Poets distinguished by this prime quality, whose names I omit to mention; yet justified by recollection of the insults which the ignorant, the incapable, and the presumptuous, have heaped upon these and my other writings, I may be permitted to anticipate the judgment of posterity upon myself, I shall declare (censurable, I grant, if the notoriety of the fact above stated does not justify me) that I have given in these unfavourable times, evidence of exertions of this faculty upon its worthiest objects, the external universe, the moral and religious sentiments of Man, his natural affections, and his acquired passions; which have the same ennobling tendency as the productions of men, in this kind, worthy to be holden in undying remembrance."—Preface to Wordsworth's Poems, 1815. Ed.]

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Bacchus and the frogs in Aristophanes; when the former descended to the realms of the departed to bring back the spirit of old and genuine poesy ;—

X. *βρεκεκεκὲξ, κοὰξ, κοάξ.*

Δ. *ἀλλ' ἐξόλοισθ' αὐτῶ κοάξ.*
*ἐδὲν γὰρ ἔς' ἄλλ', ἢ κοάξ.*

*οἰμώζετ· ὁ γάρ μοι μέλει.*

X. *ἀλλὰ μὴν κεκραξόμεσθά*
*γ', ὁπόσον ἡ φάρυγξ ἂν ἡμῶν*
*χανδάνῃ δι' ἡμέρας,*
*βρεκεκεκὲξ, κοὰξ, κοάξ!*

Δ. *τάτῳ γὰρ ὁ νικήσετε.*

X. *ἐδὲ μὲν ἡμᾶς σὺ πάντως.*

Δ. *ὀδὲ μὴν ὑμεῖς γε δή μ'*
*οὐδέποτε. κεκράξομαι γὰρ,*
*κἂν με δέῃ, δι' ἡμέρας,*
*ἕως ἂν ὑμῶν ἐπικρατήσω τοῦ κοάξ!*

X. *βρεκεκεκὲξ,* ΚΟ'Α Ξ, ΚΟΑ'Ξ![8]

During the last year of my residence at Cambridge, 1794, I became acquainted with Mr. Wordsworth's

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nius, or at all events of satiric talent; but that the attempt to ridicule a silly and childish poem, by writing another still sillier and still more childish, can only prove (if it prove any thing at all) that the parodist is a still greater blockhead than the original writer, and, what is far worse, a malignant coxcomb to boot. The talent for mimicry seems strongest where the human race are most degraded. The poor, naked half human savages of New Holland were found excellent mimics: and, in civilized society, minds of the very lowest stamp alone satirize by copying. At least the difference which must blend with and balance the likeness, in order to constitute a just imitation, existing here merely in caricature, detracts from the libeller's heart, without adding an *iota* to the credit of his understanding.

[8] [*Ranæ*, 225-7, 257-66. Ed.]

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first publication entitled Descriptive Sketches;[9] and seldom, if ever, was the emergence of an original poetic genius above the literary horizon more evidently announced. In the form, style, and manner of the whole poem, and in the structure of the particular lines and periods, there is a harshness and acerbity connected and combined with words and images all a-glow, which might recall those products of the vegetable world, where gorgeous blossoms rise out of a hard and thorny rind and shell, within which the rich fruit is elaborating. The language is not only peculiar and strong, but at times knotty and contorted, as by its own impatient strength; while the novelty and struggling crowd of images, acting in conjunction with the difficulties of the style, demands always a greater closeness of attention, than poetry,—at all events, than descriptive poetry—has a right to claim. It not seldom therefore justified the complaint of obscurity. In the following extract I have sometimes fancied, that I saw an emblem of the poem itself, and of the author's genius as it was then displayed.—

'Tis storm; and hid in mist from hour to hour,
All day the floods a deepening murmur pour;
The sky is veiled, and every cheerful sight:
Dark is the region as with coming night;
Yet what a sudden burst of overpowering light!
Triumphant on the bosom of the storm,
Glances the fire-clad eagle's wheeling form;
Eastward, in long perspective glittering, shine
The wood-crowned cliffs that o'er the lake recline;
Those Eastern cliffs a hundred streams unfold,
At once to pillars turned that flame with gold;
Behind his sail the peasant strives to shun
The *west*, that burns like one dilated sun,

[9] [Published in 1793. Ed.]

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Where in a mighty crucible expire
The mountains, glowing hot, like coals of fire."[10]

The poetic Psyche, in its process to full development, undergoes as many changes as its Greek namesake, the butterfly.[11] And it is remarkable how soon genius clears and purifies itself from the faults and errors of its earliest products; faults which, in its earliest compositions, are the more obtrusive and confluent, because as heterogeneous elements, which had only a temporary use, they constitute the very ferment, by which themselves are carried off. Or we may compare them to some diseases, which must work on the humours, and be thrown out on the surface, in order to secure the patient from their future recurrence. I was in my twenty-fourth year, when I had the happiness of knowing Mr. Wordsworth personally, and while memory lasts, I shall hardly forget the sudden effect produced on my mind, by his recitation of a manuscript poem, which still remains unpublished, but of which the stanza and tone of style were the same as those of The Female Vagrant, as originally printed in the first volume of the Lyrical Ballads.[12] There was here no mark of strained thought, or forced dic-

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[10] [Poet. Works, I. p. 80. Ed.]

[11] The Butterfly the ancient Grecians made
The soul's fair emblem, and its only name—
But of the soul, escaped the slavish trade
Of mortal life! For in this earthly frame
Our's is the reptile's lot, much toil, much blame,
Manifold motions making little speed,
And to deform and kill the things whereon we feed.

[12] [The poem to which reference is here made was intituled "An Adventure on Salisbury Plain." Mr. Wordsworth afterwards broke it up, and "The Female Vagrant" is composed out of it. Ed.]

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tion, no crowd or turbulence of imagery; and, as the poet hath himself well described in his Lines on revisiting the Wye, manly reflection and human associations had given both variety, and an additional interest to natural objects, which, in the passion and appetite of the first love, they had seemed to him neither to need nor permit.[13] The occasional obscurities, which had risen from an imperfect control over the resources of his native language, had almost wholly disappeared, together with that worse defect of arbitrary and illogi-

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[13] [For nature then
(The coarser pleasures of my boyish days,
And their glad animal movements all gone by)
To me was all in all.—I cannot paint
What then I was. The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colours and their forms, were then to me
An appetite, a feeling, and a love,
That had no need of a remoter charm,
By thought supplied, nor any interest
Unborrowed from the eye.—That time is past,
And all its aching joys are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur; other gifts
Have followed; for such loss, I would believe,
Abundant recompence. For I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth, but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:

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cal phrases, at once hackneyed and fantastic, which hold so distinguished a place in the *technique* of ordinary poetry, and will, more or less, alloy the earlier poems of the truest genius, unless the attention has been specifically directed to their worthlessness and incongruity.[14] I did not perceive any thing particular in

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A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things.

II. pp. 164-5. Ed.]

[14] Mr. Wordsworth, even in his two earliest poems, The Evening Walk and the Descriptive Sketches, is more free from this latter defect than most of the young poets his contemporaries. It may however be exemplified, together with the harsh and obscure construction, in which he more often offended, in the following lines:—

"'Mid stormy vapours ever driving by,
Where ospreys, cormorants, and herons cry;
Where hardly given the hopeless waste to cheer,
Denied the bread of life the foodful ear,
Dwindles the pear on autumn's latest spray,
And *apple sickens* pale in summer's ray;
*Ev'n here content has fixed her smiling reign*
*With independence, child of high disdain.*"

I hope, I need not say, that I have quoted these lines for no other purpose than to make my meaning fully understood. It is to be regretted that Mr. Wordsworth has not republished these two poems entire.*

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* [The passage stands thus in the last and corrected edition:—

Where ospreys, cormorants, and herons cry,
'Mid stormy vapours ever driving by,
Or hovering over wastes too bleak to rear
That common growth of earth the foodful ear;
Where the green apple shrivels on the spray,
And pines the unripened pear in summer's kindliest ray;
Even here Content has fixed her smiling reign
With Independence, child of high Disdain.

I. p. 80. Ed.]

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the mere style of the poem alluded to during its recitation, except indeed such difference as was not separable from the thought and manner; and the Spenserian stanza, which always, more or less, recalls to the reader's mind Spenser's own style, would doubtless have authorized, in my then opinion, a more frequent descent to the phrases of ordinary life, than could without an ill effect have been hazarded in the heroic couplet. It was not however the freedom from false taste, whether as to common defects, or to those more properly his own, which made so unusual an impression on my feelings immediately, and subsequently on my judgment. It was the union of deep feeling with profound thought; the fine balance of truth in observing, with the imaginative faculty in modifying, the objects observed; and above all the original gift of spreading the tone, the atmosphere, and with it the depth and height of the ideal world around forms, incidents, and situations, of which, for the common view, custom had bedimmed all the lustre, had dried up the sparkle and the dew drops.

This excellence, which in all Mr. Wordsworth's writings is more or less predominant, and which constitutes the character of his mind, I no sooner felt, than I sought to understand. Repeated meditations led me first to suspect,—(and a more intimate analysis of the human faculties, their appropriate marks, functions, and effects matured my conjecture into full conviction,)—that Fancy and Imagination were two distinct and widely different faculties, instead of being, according to the general belief, either two names with one meaning, or, at furthest, the lower and higher degree of one and the same power. It is not, I own, easy to conceive a more opposite translation of the Greek *φαντασία* than the Latin *imaginatio;* but it is

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equally true that in all societies there exists an instinct of growth, a certain collective, unconscious good sense working progressively to desynonymize[15] those words originally of the same meaning, which the conflux of dialects supplied to the more homogeneous languages, as the Greek and German: and which the same cause, joined with accidents of translation from original works of different countries, occasion in mixed languages like our own. The first and most important point to be proved is, that two conceptions perfectly distinct are confused under one and the same word, and—this done—to appropriate that word exclusively to the one

[15] This is effected either by giving to the one word a general, and to the other an exclusive use; as "to put on the back" and "to indorse;" or by an actual distinction of meanings, as "naturalist," and "physician;" or by difference of relation, as "I" and "Me" (each of which the rustics of our different provinces still use in all the cases singular of the first personal pronoun). Even the mere difference, or corruption, in the pronunciation of the same word, if it have become general, will produce a new word with a distinct signification; thus "property" and "propriety;" the latter of which, even to the time of Charles II. was the written word for all the senses of both. There is a sort of minim immortal among the *animalcula infusoria*, which has not naturally either birth, or death, absolute beginning, or absolute end: for at a certain period a small point appears on its back, which deepens and lengthens till the creature divides into two, and the same process recommences in each of the halves now become integral. This may be a fanciful, but it is by no means a bad emblem of the formation of words, and may facilitate the conception, how immense a nomenclature may be organized from a few simple sounds by rational beings in a social state. For each new application, or excitement of the same sound, will call forth a different sensation, which cannot but affect the pronunciation. The after recollection of the sound, without the same vivid sensation, will modify it still further; till at length all trace of the original likeness is worn away.

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meaning, and the synonyme, should there be one, to the other. But if,—(as will be often the case in the arts and sciences,)—no synonyme exists, we must either invent or borrow a word. In the present instance the appropriation has already begun, and been legitimated in the derivative adjective: Milton had a highly *imaginative*, Cowley a very *fanciful* mind. If therefore I should succeed in establishing the actual existence of two faculties generally different, the nomenclature would be at once determined. To the faculty by which I had characterized Milton, we should confine the term 'imagination;' while the other would be contra-distinguished as 'fancy.' Now were it once fully ascertained, that this division is no less grounded in nature than that of *delirium* from *mania*,[16] or Otway's

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[16] ["You may conceive the difference in kind between the Fancy and the Imagination in this way;—that, if the check of the senses and the reason were withdrawn, the first would become delirium and the last mania. The fancy brings together images which have no connection natural or moral, but are yoked together by the poet by means of some accidental coincidence; as in the well-known passage in Hudibras;—

> The Sun had long since in the lap
> Of Thetis taken out his nap,
> And like a lobster boil'd, the morn
> From black to red began to turn.

The Imagination modifies images, and gives unity to variety: it sees all things in one, *il più nell' uno*. There is the epic imagination, the perfection of which is in Milton; and the dramatic, of which Shakespeare is the absolute master. The first gives unity by throwing back into the distance; as after the magnificent approach of the Messiah to battle, the poet, by one touch from himself,—

> Far off their coming shone ——

makes the whole one image. And so at the conclusion of the



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Lutes, laurels, seas of milk, and ships of amber,[17]

from Shakespeare's

What! have his daughters brought him to this pass?[18]

or from the preceding apostrophe to the elements; the theory of the fine arts, and of poetry in particular, could not but derive some additional and important light. It would in its immediate effects furnish a torch of guidance to the philosophical critic; and ultimately to the poet himself. In energetic minds, truth soon changes by domestication into power; and from directing in the discrimination and appraisal of the product, becomes influencive in the production. To admire on principle, is the only way to imitate without loss of originality.

It has been already hinted, that metaphysics and psychology have long been my hobby-horse. But to have a hobby-horse, and to be vain of it, are so commonly found together, that they pass almost for the

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description of the entranced Angels, in which every sort of image from all the regions of earth and air is introduced to diversify and illustrate, the reader is brought back to the simple image by—

He called so loud, that all the hollow deep
Of Hell resounded.

The dramatic imagination does not throw back but brings close; it stamps all nature with one, and that its own, meaning, as in Lear throughout." Table Talk, p. 305.—2nd edit.

There is more of imagination in it—that power which draws all things to one,—which makes things animate and inanimate, beings with their attributes, subjects and their accessories, take one colour and serve to one effect! Lamb's Essay on the Genius of Hogarth. Prose Works, I. p. 189. Ed.]

[See also Mr. Wordsworth's Preface, pp. 29-30. S. C.]

[17] [Venice Preserved. Act V. Ed.]

[18] Lear. Act III. Sc. 4.—1. Ed.]

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same. I trust therefore, that there will be more good humour than contempt, in the smile with which the reader chastises my self-complacency, if I confess myself uncertain, whether the satisfaction from the perception of a truth new to myself may not have been rendered more poignant by the conceit, that it would be equally so to the public. There was a time, certainly, in which I took some little credit to myself, in the belief that I had been the first of my countrymen, who had pointed out the diverse meaning of which the two terms were capable, and analyzed the faculties to which they should be appropriated. Mr. W. Taylor's recent volume of synonymes[19] I have not yet seen;[20]

[19] ["British Synonyms discriminated, by W. Taylor." Ed.]

[20] I ought to have added, with the exception of a single sheet which I accidentally met with at the printer's. Even from this scanty specimen, I found it impossible to doubt the talent, or not to admire the ingenuity, of the author. That his distinctions were for the greater part unsatisfactory to *my* mind, proves nothing against their accuracy; but it may possibly be serviceable to him, in case of a second edition, if I take this opportunity of suggesting the query; whether he may not have been occasionally misled, by having assumed, as to me he appears to have done, the non-existence of any absolute synonymes in our language? Now I cannot but think, that there are many which remain for our posterity to distinguish and appropriate, and which I regard as so much reversionary wealth in our mother tongue. When two distinct meanings are confounded under one or more words,—(and such must be the case, as sure as our knowledge is progressive and of course imperfect) —erroneous consequences will be drawn, and what is true in one sense of the word will be affirmed as true *in toto*. Men of research, startled by the consequences, seek in the things themselves—(whether in or out of the mind)—for a knowledge of the fact, and having discovered the difference, remove the equivocation either by the substitution of a new word, or by the appropriation of one of the two or more words, which had before been used promiscuously. When this distinction has been so natu-

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but his specification of the terms in question has been clearly shown to be both insufficient and erroneous by Mr. Wordsworth in the Preface added to the late collection of his Poems. The explanation which Mr. Words-

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ralized and of such general currency that the language does as it were think for us—(like the sliding rule which is the mechanic's safe substitute for arithmetical knowledge)—we then say, that it is evident to common sense. Common sense, therefore, differs in different ages. What was born and christened in the Schools passes by degrees into the world at large, and becomes the property of the market and the tea-table. At least I can discover no other meaning of the term, *common sense*, if it is to convey any specific difference from sense and judgment *in genere*, and where it is not used scholastically for the universal reason. Thus in the reign of Charles II. the philosophic world was called to arms by the moral sophisms of Hobbes, and the ablest writers exerted themselves in the detection of an error, which a school-boy would now be able to confute by the mere recollection, that *compulsion* and *obligation* conveyed two ideas perfectly disparate, and that what appertained to the one, had been falsely transferred to the other by a mere confusion of terms.*

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* [See Hobbes's Treatise on Liberty and Necessity. (Eng. Works. IV. Sir W. Molesworth's edit.) The term *obligation* is not used by Hobbes. His position is that some actions are not compelled, but that all are necessitated. (Pp. 261-2.) 'Natural efficacy of objects,' he says, 'does determine voluntary agents, and necessitates the Will and consequently the Action; but for moral efficacy, I understand not what he means. (P. 247.)—" When first a man hath an appetite or will to something, to which immediately before he had no appetite nor will, the cause of his will is not the will itself, but something else not in his own disposing. So that whereas it is out of controversy that of voluntary actions the will is the necessary cause, and by this which is said, the will is also caused by other things whereof it disposeth not, it followeth that voluntary actions have all of them necessary causes, and therefore are necessitated." (P. 274.)

A voluntary action, therefore, with Hobbes, is an action

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worth has himself given, will be found to differ from mine, chiefly, perhaps as our objects are different. It could scarcely indeed happen otherwise, from the advantage I have enjoyed of frequent conversation with him on a subject to which a poem of his own first

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necessarily consequent on or identical with, the last opinion, judgment, or dictate of the understanding,—which last opinion, judgment, or dictate of the understanding is necessarily determined by the presentation of certain 'external objects to a man of such or such a temperature.' (P. 267.) Of course Obligation, or a law of Duty grounded on conviction of a universal Right and Wrong, True and False, has no place in Hobbes's system; nor can that system be consistently defended against the charge that it destroys the very foundations of all morality properly understood. It is true that Hobbes himself in this Treatise denies the imputed consequence; but his reasoning in this respect is so weak,—depending upon a covert use of the terms 'will' and 'willingly' in a sense inconsistent with that necessarily attached to them in the previous positions,—that it cannot but be suspected that Hobbes himself felt the legitimacy of the charge that upon his principles Morality, in any shape but that of positive Law, was an empty name. Practically, what other conclusion can be drawn?

This Treatise is one of the least agreeable of all Hobbes's Works. It contains in all its naked terrors that frightful dogma, which, strange to say, has with scarcely any modification but in form been reproduced and advocated with zealous reiteration in the sermons and other writings of those popular divines who have so largely influenced the public mind for the last seven or eight years. 'I say,' says Hobbes, 'that the power of God alone, without other helps, is sufficient justification of any action he doth.' (P. 249.) 'Power irresistible justifies all actions, really and properly, in whomsoever it be found.'—'This I know; —God cannot sin, *because* his doing a thing makes it just, and consequently no sin—and therefore it is blasphemy to say, God can sin; but to say God can so order the world, as a sin may be *necessarily caused thereby* in a man, I do not see how it is any dishonour to Him.' (Pp. 250-1.) If this is true, God—the *Good*—differs from Moloch in nothing but power. Ed.]

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directed my attention, and my conclusions concerning which he had made more lucid to myself by many happy instances drawn from the operation of natural objects on the mind. But it was Mr. Wordsworth's purpose to consider the influences of fancy and imagination as they are manifested in poetry, and from the different effects to conclude their diversity in kind; while it is my object to investigate the seminal principle, and then from the kind to deduce the degree. My friend has drawn a masterly sketch of the branches with their poetic fruitage. I wish to add the trunk, and even the roots as far as they lift themselves above ground, and are visible to the naked eye of our common consciousness.

Yet even in this attempt I am aware that I shall be obliged to draw more largely on the reader's attention, than so immethodical a miscellany as this can authorize; when in such a work (the *Ecclesiastical Policy*) of such a mind as Hooker's, the judicious author, though no less admirable for the perspicuity than for the port and dignity of his language,—and though he wrote for men of learning in a learned age,—saw nevertheless occasion to anticipate and guard against "complaints of obscurity," as often as he was to trace his subject "to the highest well-spring and fountain." Which, (continues he) "because men are not accustomed to, the pains we take are more needful a great deal, than acceptable; and the matters we handle, seem by reason of newness (till the mind grow better acquainted with them) dark and intricate."[21] I would gladly therefore spare both myself and others this labour, if I knew how without it to present an intelligible statement of my poetic creed,—not as my

[21] [B. I. ch. i. s. 2. Ed.]

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opinions, which weigh for nothing, but as deductions from established premises conveyed in such a form, as is calculated either to effect a fundamental conviction, or to receive a fundamental confutation. If I may dare once more adopt the words of Hooker, "they, unto whom we shall seem tedious, are in no wise injured by us, because it is in their own hands to spare that labour, which they are not willing to endure."[22] Those at least, let me be permitted to add, who have taken so much pains to render me ridiculous for a perversion of taste, and have supported the charge by attributing strange notions to me on no other authority than their own conjectures, owe it to themselves as well as to me not to refuse their attention to my own statement of the theory which I do acknowledge; or shrink from the trouble of examining the grounds on which I rest it, or the arguments which I offer in its justification.

## CHAPTER V.

### *On the law of Association—Its history traced from Aristotle to Hartley.*

THERE have been men in all ages, who have been impelled as by an instinct to propose their own nature as a problem, and who devote their attempts to its solution. The first step was to construct a table of distinctions, which they seem to have formed on the principle of the absence or presence of the

[22] [B. I. ch. i. s. 2. Ed.]

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Will. Our various sensations, perceptions, and movements were classed as active or passive, or as *media* partaking of both. A still finer distinction was soon established between the voluntary and the spontaneous. In our perceptions we seem to ourselves merely passive to an external power, whether as a mirror reflecting the landscape, or as a blank canvass on which some unknown hand paints it. For it is worthy of notice, that the latter, or the system of Idealism may be traced to sources equally remote with the former, or Materialism; and Berkeley can boast an ancestry at least as venerable as Gassendi[1] or Hobbes.[2] These conjectures, however, concerning the mode in which our perceptions originated, could not alter the natural difference of Things and Thoughts. In the former, the cause appeared wholly external, while in the latter, sometimes our will interfered as the producing or determining cause, and sometimes our nature seemed to act by a mechanism of its own, without any conscious

[1] [Pierre Gassendi, a philosopher whose aim it was to revive, reform, and improve the system of Epicurus, and who wrote against Des Cartes, was born in 1592, at Chantersier in Provence and died at Paris in 1656. S. C.]

[2] [Thomas Hobbes was born at Malmesbury, in 1588, died 1679, aged ninety-one. His works, which are philosophical and political, moral and mathematical, and translations, are now first collected and edited by Sir Wm. Molesworth—the Latin works in five vols. 8vo.; of the English 9 vols. 8vo. have appeared. Cousin observes that the speculative philosophy of Hobbes, who was a materialist in doctrine, has not attracted as much attention as the practical. His style is very excellent, condensed, yet with all the ease and freedom of diffuse writing. It is sharp and sparkling as a diamond. Sir James Mackintosh praises it highly in his well known Dissertation on the Progress of Ethical Philosophy. He says of it; "short, clear, precise, pithy, his language never has more than one meaning, which never requires a second thought to find." See his whole character of it at p. 40. S. C.]

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effort of the will, or even against it. Our inward experiences were thus arranged in three separate classes, the passive sense, or what the School-men call the merely receptive quality of the mind; the voluntary; and the spontaneous, which holds the middle place between both. But it is not in human nature to meditate on any mode of action, without inquiring after the law that governs it; and in the explanation of the spontaneous movements of our being, the metaphysician took the lead of the anatomist and natural philosopher. In Egypt, Palestine, Greece, and India the analysis of the mind had reached its noon and manhood, while experimental research was still in its dawn and infancy. For many, very many centuries, it has been difficult to advance a new truth, or even a new error, in the philosophy of the intellect or morals. With regard, however, to the laws that direct the spontaneous movements of thought and the principle of their intellectual mechanism there exists, it has been asserted, an important exception most honourable to the moderns, and in the merit of which our own country claims the largest share. Sir James Mackintosh, —(who, amid the variety of his talents and attainments, is not of less repute for the depth and accuracy of his philosophical inquiries than for the eloquence with which he is said to render their most difficult results perspicuous, and the driest attractive,)—affirmed in the Lectures, delivered by him in Lincoln's Inn Hall, that the law of association as established in the contemporaneity of the original impressions, formed the basis of all true psychology; and that any ontological or metaphysical science, not contained in such (that is, an empirical) psychology, was but a web of abstractions and generalizations. Of this prolific truth, of this great fundamental law, he declared Hobbes to have been the original discoverer, while its full appli-

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cation to the whole intellectual system we owed to Hartley; who stood in the same relation to Hobbes as Newton to Kepler; the law of association being that to the mind, which gravitation is to matter.

Of the former clause in this assertion, as it respects the comparative merits of the ancient metaphysicians, including their commentators, the School-men, and of the modern British and French philosophers from Hobbes to Hume, Hartley, and Condillac, this is not the place to speak. So wide indeed is the chasm between Sir James Mackintosh's philosophical creed and mine, that so far from being able to join hands, we could scarcely make our voices intelligible to each other: and to bridge it over would require more time, skill, and power than I believe myself to possess. But the latter clause involves for the greater part a mere question of fact and history, and the accuracy of the statement is to be tried by documents rather than reasoning.

First then, I deny Hobbes's claim *in toto*: for he had been anticipated by Des Cartes, whose work *De Methodo*, preceded Hobbes's *De Natura Humana*, by more than a year.[3] But what is of much more importance, Hobbes builds nothing on the principle which

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[3] [Hobbes's Treatise, "Human Nature," written by him in English, was published in 1650, although his dedication of it to the Earl of Newcastle is dated in 1640. Des Cartes (born at La Haye, in Touraine, in 1596) died in Sweden, to which country he had been called by Queen Christina, in 1650. His treatise, *De Methodo*, was originally written in French, and published in 1637; the Latin version, revised and augmented by Des Cartes himself, appeared in 1644. But neither the one nor the other contains any thing upon the subject mentioned in the text. The incident, to which Mr. Coleridge afterwards refers, as told in the *De Methodo*, is to be found in the *Principia Philosophiæ*,

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he had announced. He does not even announce it, as differing in any respect from the general laws of ma-

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Part IV. s. 196. This latter work was published in 1644. But neither in the *Principia* is the law of the contemporaneity of impressions stated. In another and posthumous work, however, *Tractatus de Homine*, Part V. s. 73, Des Cartes certainly does, in a short incidental paragraph, mention the fact and the ground of it :—

*Quinetiam notandum est, quod si tantum aliqua ejusmodi foramina recluderentur, ut* A. *et* B., *hoc unum in causa esse posset, ut etiam alia, puta* C. *et* D. *eodem tempore recludantur ; præcipue si sæpius omnia simul reclusa fuissent, nec solita sint una sine aliis seorsum aperiri. Quod ostendit, quo pacto recordatio rei unius excitari possit per recordationem alterius, quæ aliquando una cum ea memoriæ impressa fuit. Ut si videam duos oculos cum naso, continuo frontem, et os, omnesque alias faciei partes imaginor, quia assuetus non sum unas sine aliis videre. Et cum video ignem, recordor colorem ejus, quem viso igne percepi aliquando.*

That Hobbes was not the discoverer or first propounder of this law of association is, indeed, clear enough ; but it does not appear that he was indebted to Des Cartes for his knowledge of it ; and it must be admitted that he states the rule with distinctness.

" The cause of the coherence or consequence of one conception to another, is their first coherence or consequence at that time when they are produced by sense." H. N. c. iv. 2. See also Leviathan, Pt. I. c. iii.

Neither is it, perhaps, quite correct to say that Hobbes builds nothing on this law. He at least clearly saw its connection with speech.

" It is the nature almost of every corporal thing, being often moved in one and the same manner, to receive continually a greater and greater easiness and aptitude to the same motion, insomuch as in time the same becometh so habitual, that to beget it there needs no more than to begin it. The passions of man, as they are the beginning of voluntary motions, so are they the beginning of speech, which is the motion of the tongue. And men desiring to show others the knowledge, opinions, conceptions, and passions, which are in themselves, and to that end having invented language, have by that means transferred all that dis-

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terial motion and impact: nor was it, indeed, possible for him so to do, compatibly with his system, which was exclusively material and mechanical. Far otherwise is it with Des Cartes; greatly as he too in his after writings (and still more egregiously his followers De la Forge, and others) obscured the truth by their attempts to explain it on the theory of nervous fluids, and material configurations.[4] But, in his interesting work, *De Methodo*, Des Cartes relates the circumstance which first led him to meditate on this subject, and which since then has been often noticed and employed as an instance and illustration of the law. A child who with its eyes bandaged had lost several of his fingers by amputation, continued to complain for many days successively of pains, now in this joint and

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cursion of their mind mentioned in the former chapter, by the motion of their tongues, into discourse of words: and *ratio* now is but *oratio*, for the most part, wherein custom hath so great a power, that the mind suggesteth only the first word; the rest follow habitually, and are not followed by the mind," &c. H. N. c. v. 14. Ed.]

[4] [It may well be doubted whether Mr. Coleridge is not more indulgent here to Des Cartes than the truth of the case warrants. The *Tractatus de Homine* is, no doubt, a part of the great Work of which he gives an account in his *De Methodo*, as being then written; and in it the nervous fluids and material configurations are displayed as precisely, if not as copiously, as by his commentator De la Forge himself. The "animal spirits" move mind and body. See *De Hom.* P. IV. s. 55, &c. See even in the *De Methodo* itself. *Denique id quod hic super omnia observari meretur, generatio est spirituum animalium, quæ aut instar venti subtilissimi, aut potius flammæ purissimæ; quæ continue e corde magna copia in cerebrum ascendens, inde per nervos in musculos penetrat, et omnibus membris motum dat, &c.* P. 30. edit. 1664. See Spectator, No 417. And indeed their agency is distinctly recognized in the same part of the *Principia*, in which the story of the child is related. Ed.]

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now in that, of the very fingers which had been cut off.[5] Des Cartes was led by this incident to reflect on the uncertainty with which we attribute any particular place to any inward pain or uneasiness, and proceeded after long consideration to establish it as a general law; that contemporaneous impressions, whether images or sensations, recall each other mechanically. On this principle, as a ground work, he built up the whole system of human language, as one continued process of association. He showed in what sense not only general terms, but generic images,—under the name of abstract ideas,—actually existed, and in what consist their nature and power. As one word may become the general exponent of many, so by association a simple image may represent a whole class.[6] But

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[5] This story is told by Des Cartes in these words as one of many proofs that *animam, non quatenus est in singulis membris, sed tantum quatenus est in cerebro, ea quæ corpori occidunt in singulis membris, nervorum ope sentire.*—

*Cum puellæ cuidam, manum gravi morbo affectam habenti, velarentur oculi, quoties chirurgus accedebat, ne curationis apparatu turbaretur, eique, post aliquot dies brachium ad cubitum usque, ob gangrenam in eo serpentem, fuisset amputatam, et panni in ejus locum ita substituti, ut eo se privatam esse plane ignoraret, ipsa interim varios dolores, nunc in uno ejus manus quæ abscissa erat digito, nunc in alio se sentire querebatur. Quod sane aliunde contingere non poterat, quam ex eo, quod nervi, qui prius ex cerebro ad manum descendebant, tuncque in brachio juxta cubitum terminabantur, eodem modo ibi moverentur, ac prius moveri debuissent in manu, ad sensum hujus vel illius, digiti dolentis animæ in cerebro residenti imprimendum.* Princ. IV. 196. Ed.]

[6] [The Editor has never been able to find in the writings of Des Cartes any thing coming up to the statement in the text. Certainly nothing of the sort follows the paragraph containing the story of the amputated hand. That Des Cartes was a Nominalist is clear from the following passage:—

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in truth Hobbes himself makes no claims to any discovery, and introduces this law of association, or (in his own language) discursion of mind, as an admitted fact, in the solution alone of which, and this by causes purely physiological, he arrogates any originality. His system is briefly this ;[7] whenever the senses are impinged on by external objects, whether by the rays of light reflected from them, or by effluxes of their finer particles, there results a correspondent motion of the innermost and subtlest organs. This motion constitutes a *representation*, and there remains an *impression* of the same, or a certain disposition to repeat the same motion. Whenever we feel several objects at the same time, the *impressions* that are left, (or in the language of Mr. Hume, the *ideas*,) are linked together. Whenever therefore any one of the movements, which constitute a complex impression, is renewed through the senses, the others succeed mechanically. It follows of necessity, therefore, that Hobbes, as well as Hartley and all others who derive association from the connection and interdependence of the supposed matter, the movements of which constitute our thoughts, must have reduced all its forms to the one law of Time. But even the merit of announcing this law with philosophic

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*Et optime comprehendimus, qua pacto a varia magnitudine, figura et motu particularum unius corporis, varii motus locales in alio corpore excitentur ; nullo autem modo possumus intelligere, quo pacto ab iisdem (magnitudine scilicet, figura, et motu,) aliquid aliud producatur, omnino diversæ ab ipsis naturæ, quales sunt illæ formæ substantiales et qualitates reales, quas in rebus esse multi supponunt ; nec etiam quo pacto postea istæ qualitates aut formæ vim habeant in aliis corporibus motus locales excitandi.* Princip. IV. 198. Ed.]

[7] [See *Human Nature.* C. ii. 111. Leviathan *ubi supra.* Ed.]

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precision cannot be fairly conceded to him. For the objects of any two ideas[8] need not have co-existed in

[8] I here use the word *idea* in Mr. Hume's sense on account of its general currency amongst the English metaphysicians; though against my own judgment, for I believe that the vague use of this word has been the cause of much error and more confusion. The word, *ἰδέα*, in its original sense as used by Pindar, Aristophanes, and in the Gospel of St. Matthew, represented the visual abstraction of a distant object, when we see the whole without distinguishing its parts.* Plato adopted it as a technical term, and as the antithesis to *εἴδωλον*, or sensuous image; the transient and perishable emblem, or mental word, of the idea. Ideas themselves he considered as mysterious powers, living, seminal, formative, and exempt from time.† In

* [——— *τὸν εἶδον*
*κρατέοντα χερὸς ἀλκᾷ, βωμὸν παρ' Ὀλύμπιον*
*κεῖνον κατὰ χρόνον γ' ἰδέα τε καλὸν*
*ὥρᾳ τε κεκραμένον,*—Olymp. XI. (X.) 121.

*οὐ γινώσκων, ὅτι τοῦ Πλούτου παρέχω βελτίονας ἄνδρας, καὶ τὴν γνώμην, καὶ τὴν ἰδέαν.*—Aristoph. Plut. 558-9.

*ἦν δὲ ἡ ἰδέα αὐτοῦ ὡς ἀστραπή, καὶ τὸ ἔνδυμα αὐτοῦ λευκὸν ὡσεὶ χιών.*—Matt. xxviii. 3. Ed.]

† [See the Timæus. (Bekk. III. ii. 23.) *ὅτου μὲν οὖν ἂν ὁ δημιουργὸς πρὸς τὸ κατὰ ταὐτὰ ἔχον βλέπων ἀεί, τοιούτῳ τινὶ προσχρώμενος παραδείγματι, τὴν ἰδέαν αὐτοῦ καὶ δύναμιν ἀπεργάζηται, καλὸν ἐξ ἀνάγκης οὕτως ἀποτελεῖσθαι πᾶν.* But the word *ἰδέα* is used by Plato in several senses, modified according to the natures, divine or human, in which he represents the ideas as placed. See the fine moral passage in the Republic (vii. 3.)—*ἐν τῷ γνωστῷ τελευταία ἡ τοῦ ἀγαθοῦ ἰδέα καὶ μόγις ὁρᾶσθαι, ὀφθεῖσα δὲ συλλογιστέα εἶναι ὡς ἄρα πᾶσι πάντων αὕτη ὀρθῶν τε καὶ καλῶν αἰτία, ἔν τε ὁρατῷ φῶς καὶ τὸν τούτου κύριον τεκοῦσα, ἔν τε νοητῷ αὐτὴ κυρία ἀλήθειαν καὶ νοῦν παρασχομένη, καὶ ὅτι δεῖ ταύτην ἰδεῖν τὸν μέλλοντα ἐμφρόνως πράξειν ἢ ἰδίᾳ ἢ δημοσίᾳ.*

The notes appended by the enthusiastic Thomas Taylor to his translation of the Metaphysics of Aristotle are full of learned illustration upon this subject. Ed.]

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the same sensation in order to become mutually associable. The same result will follow when one only of

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this sense the word Idea became the property of the Platonic school; and it seldom occurs in Aristotle, without some such phrase annexed to it, as according to Plato, or as Plato says. Our English writers to the end of the reign of Charles II. or somewhat later, employed it either in the original sense, or Platonically, or in a sense nearly correspondent to our present use of the substantive, Ideal; always however opposing it, more or less to image, whether of present or absent objects. The reader will not be displeased with the following interesting exemplification from Bishop Jeremy Taylor. "St. Lewis the King sent Ivo Bishop of Chartres on an embassy, and he told, that he met a grave and stately matron on the way with a censer of fire in one hand, and a vessel of water in the other; and observing her to have a melancholy, religious, and phantastic deportment and look, he asked her what those symbols meant, and what she meant to do with her fire and water; she answered, My purpose is with the fire to burn paradise, and with my water to quench the flames of hell, that men may serve God purely for the love of God. But we rarely meet with such spirits which love virtue so metaphysically as *to abstract her from all sensible compositions, and love the purity of the idea.*"* Des Cartes having introduced into his philosophy the fanciful hypothesis of *material ideas*,—or certain configurations of the brain, which were as so many moulds to the influxes of the external world,—Locke adopted the term, but extended its signification to whatever is the immediate object of the mind's attention or consciousness.† Hume, distinguishing those representations which are

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* [The passage here ascribed to Bishop Taylor I cannot find in his works, nor have I been able to light upon the expression, "him that reads in malice or him that reads after dinner," also attributed to him by Mr. Coleridge, in any of his writings. S. C.]

† ["It (Idea) being that term which, I think, serves best to stand for whatsoever is the object of the understanding, when a man thinks; I have used it to express whatever is meant by phantasm, notion, species, or whatever it is which the mind can

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the two ideas has been represented by the senses, and the other by the memory.

Long[9] however before either Hobbes or Des Cartes

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accompanied with a sense of a present object from those reproduced by the mind itself, designated the former by *impressions*, and confined the word *idea* to the latter.*

[9] [For the substance of the following paragraph, and in part for the remarks upon the doctrine of association of ideas as represented in the writings of Aristotle, Mr. Coleridge is indebted to the very interesting and excellent treatise of J. G. E. Maasz, On the Imagination, *Versuch über die Einbildungskraft*, pp. 343-4-5-6. A copy of this work, (1797,) richly annotated on the margins and blank spaces, was found amongst Mr. Coleridge's books; and in so "immethodical a miscellany of literary opinions" as this the insertion of these notes may not be out of place.

"In Maasz's introductory chapters," says Mr. Coleridge, "my mind has been perplexed by the division of things into matter (*sensatio ab extra*) and form (i. e. *per-et-con-ceptio ab intra*). Now as Time and Space are evidently only the universals, or *modi communes*, of sensation and sensuous Form, and consequently appertain exclusively to the sensuous *Einbildungskraft*, (=*Eisemplasy*, πλάττειν εἰς ἕν) which we call Imagination, Fancy, &c. all poor and inadequate terms, far inferiour to the German, *Einbildung*, the Law of Association derived *ab extra* from the contemporaneity of the impressions, or indeed any other difference of the characterless Manifold (*das Mannichfaltige*) except that of *plus* and *minus* of impingence, becomes incomprehensible, if not absurd. I see at one instant of time a Rose and a Lily.—Chemistry teaches me that they differ only

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be employed about in thinking." Human Understand. I. i. s. 8. Ed.]

* ["By the term, *Impression*, then, I mean all our more lively perceptions, when we hear, or see, or feel, or love, or hate, or desire, or will. And impressions are distinguished from *Ideas*, which are the less lively perceptions, of which we are conscious, when we reflect on any of those sensations or movements above mentioned." *Inquiry concerning the Hum. Under.* S. 2. Ed.]



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the law of association had been defined, and its important functions set forth by Ludovicus Vives.[10] *Phantasia*, it is to be noticed, is employed by Vives to express the mental power of comprehension, or the *active*

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in form, being both reducible to the same elements. If then form be not an external active power, if it be wholly transfused into the object by the esemplastic or imaginative faculty of the percipient, or rather creator, where and wherein shall I find the ground of my perception, that this is the Rose and that the Lily. In order to render the creative activity of the imagination at all conceivable, we must necessarily have recourse to the *Harmonia præstabilita* of Spinoza and Leibnitz: in which case the automatism of the Imagination and Judgment would be perception in the same sense as a self-conscious watch would be a percipient of Time, and inclusively of the apparent motion of the sun and stars. But, as the whole is but a choice of incomprehensibles, till the natural doctrine of physical influx, or modification of each by all, have been proved absurd, I shall still prefer it: and not doubt, that the pencil of rays forms pictures on the retina, because I cannot comprehend how this picture can excite a mental fac-simile."

Maasz, Introd. S. 1. *Denn die Merkmale, wodurch ein Objekt angestellt wird, müssen entweder individuelle oder gemeinsame seyn.*

Coleridge. "Deceptive. The *mark* in itself is always individual. By an act of the reflex understanding it may be rendered a sign or general term. The word *Vorstellung* has been as often mischievous as useful in German philosophy." Ed.]

[10] [Originally thus—"by Melancthon, Ammerbach, and L. Vives; more especially by the last;"—part of which statement appears to have been an imperfect recollection by Mr. C. of the words of Maasz, who, after observing that in the sixteenth century the spirit of inquiry took a new turn, and that men then came forth who knew the value of empirical psychology, and took pains to enforce and elucidate its truths, proceeds as follows:

"Among the first to whom this merit belongs were Melancthon, Ammerbach, and Lud. Vives, whose psychological writings were published all together by Getzner (Zurich 1662). But far the most was done by Vives. He has brought together

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function of the mind; and *imaginatio* for the receptivity *(vis receptiva)* of impressions, or for the *passive* perception.[11] The power of combination he appropriates to the former: "*quæ singula et simpliciter*

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many important observations upon the human soul, and made striking remarks thereon. More especially in the theory of the association of representations, which Melancthon and Ammerbach do not bring forward at all, he displays no ordinary knowledge." Transl. p. 343.

Philip Melancthon, a Reformer in Philosophy as well as in Religion, published, among other philosophical works, a book *De Anima*, 1540, in 8vo.

Vitus Amerbach, a learned author and Professor of Philosophy at Ingolstadt,—was born at Wedinguen in Bavaria, and died in 1557 at the age of seventy. He also published, amongst other works, one on the Soul—*De Anima*, libb. iv. Lugd. Bat. 1555, 8vo, and one on Natural Philosophy—*De Philosophia Naturali*, libb. vi. 8vo.

John Lewis Vives was born in 1492 at Valencia in Spain, died at Bruges, according to Thuanus in 1541: was first patronized by Henry VIII. of England, who made him preceptor in Latin to the Princess Mary, and afterwards persecuted by him for opposing his divorce. He was a follower of Erasmus and opponent of the Scholastic Philosophy. His works, which are of various kinds, theological, devotional, grammatical, critical, as well as philosophical, were printed at Basle in 1555, in two vols. fol. The Treatise *De Anima et Vita* is contained in vol. ii. p. 497-593. S. C.]

[11] [*Et quemadmodum in altrice facultate videre est inesse vim quandam, quæ cibum recipiat, aliam quæ contineat, aliam quæ conficiat, quæque distribuat et dispenset: ita in animis et hominum et brutorum est functio*, quæ imagines sensibus impressas recipit, quæ inde Imaginativa dicitur: est quæ continet hæc, Memoria; quæ conficit, Phantasia: quæ distribuit ad assensum aut dissensum, Extrimatrix. *Sunt enim spiritalia imagines Dei, corporalia vero spiritalium quædam veluti simulachra: ut mirandum non sit, ex corporalibus spiritalia colligi, ceu ab umbris aut picturis corpora expressa.* Imaginativæ actio est in animo, quæ oculi in corpore, recipere imagines intuendo: *estque velut orificium quoddam*

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*acceperat imaginatio, ea conjungit et disjungit phantasia.*"[12] And the law by which the thoughts are spontaneously presented follows thus; "*quæ simul sunt a phantasia comprehensa, si alterutrum occurrat, solet secum alterum representare.*"[13] To time therefore he subordinates all the other exciting causes of association. The soul proceeds "*a causa ad ef-*

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*vasis, quod est Memoria.* Phantasia verò conjungit et disjungit ea, quæ singula et simplicia Imaginatio acceperat. *Equidem haud sum nescius, confundi duo hæc a plerisque, ut Imaginationem Phantasiam, et vice versa hanc Imaginationem nominent, et eandem esse functionem quidam arbitrentur. Sed nobis tum ad rem aptius, tum ad docendum accommodatius visum est ita partiri: propterea quod actiones videmus distinctas, unde facultates censentur. Tametsi nihil erit quandoque periculi, si istis utamur promiscue. Accedit his sensus, qui ab Aristotele communis dicitur, quo judicantur sensilia absentia: et discernuntur ea, quæ variorum sunt sensuum: hic sub Imaginationem et Phantasiam venire potest. Phantasia est mirifice expedita et libera: quicquid collibitum est, fingit, refingit, componit, devincit, dissolvit, res disjunctissimas connectit, conjunctissimas autem longissime separat. Itaque nisi regatur, et cohibeatur a ratione, haud secus animum percellit ac perturbat, quam procella mare.* Jo. Ludovici Vivis, *De Anima et Vita.* Lib. I. Opera, Tom. II. p. 509. Basil. 1555. S. C.]

[12] [Maasz, p. 344. Note. Vives *De Anim.* I. s. d. *cogn. intern. Phantasia conjungit et disjungit ea, quæ singula et simpliciter, acceperat imaginatio.* Imagination, according to Vives, says Maasz, is the capability of perceiving an impression. S. C.]

[13] [*De Anima* I. sect. d. cited by Maasz in a note *ibid.* Vives proceeds thus—*unde sedes illæ existunt in artificio memoriæ, quippe ad aspectum loci de eo venit in mentem, quod in loco scimus evenisse, aut situm esse: quando etiam cum voce aut sono aliquo quippiam contingit lætum, eodem sono audito delectamur: si triste tristamur. Quod in brutis quoque est annotare: quæ si quo sono vocata gratum aliquid accipiunt, rursum ad eundem sonum facile ac libenter accurrunt: sin cœdantur, sonitum eundem deinceps reformidant, ex plagarum recordatione.*—Lib. II. Opera, Tom. II. p. 519. S. C.]

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*fectum, ab hoc ad instrumentum, a parte ad totum;*"[14] thence to the place, from place to person, and from this to whatever preceded or followed, all as being parts of a total impression, each of which may recall the other. The apparent springs "*saltus vel transitus etiam longissimos,*"[15] he explains by the same thought having been a component part of two or more total impressions. Thus "*ex Scipione venio in cogitationem potentiæ Turcicæ, propter victorias ejus de Asia, in qua regnabat Antiochus.*"[16]

But from Vives I pass at once to the source of his doctrines, and (as far as we can judge from the remains yet extant of Greek philosophy) as to the first, so to the fullest and most perfect enunciation of the associative principle, namely, to the writings of Aristotle; and of these in particular to the treatises *De Anima*, and "*De Memoria*," which last belongs to the series of essays entitled in the old translations *Parva Naturalia.*[17] In as much as later writers have either deviated from, or added to his doctrines, they appear to me to have introduced either error or groundless supposition.

In the first place it is to be observed, that Aristotle's

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[14] [*De Anima* II. sect. d. *mem. et record.*—Cited by Maasz in a note, *ibid.* S. C.]

[15] [*Ibid.*—*ibid.* See Maasz, pp. 345-6. That the springs are only "apparent" is explained by Maasz, commenting on the words of Vives, *Sunt (in phantasia) transitus quidam longissimi, immo saltus.* S. C.]

[16] [Cited by Maasz from the same place, p. 346. S. C.]

[17] [This collection, τὰ μικρὰ καλούμενα Φυσικά, which is connected with the treatise in three books, on the Soul, (as Trendelenburg distinctly shows in the Preface to his elaborate commentary on that work of Aristotle,) contains the books On Sense and Things Sensible, On Memory and Recollection, On Sleep, On Dreams, On Divination in Sleep, (καθ' ὕπνον,) On

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positions on this subject are unmixed with fiction.[18] The wise Stagyrite speaks of no successive particles propagating motion like billiard balls, as Hobbes;[19] nor of nervous or animal spirits, where inanimate and irrational solids are thawed down, and distilled, or filtrated by ascension, into living and intelligent fluids, that etch and re-etch engravings on the brain, as the followers of Des Cartes, and the humoral pathologists in general; nor of an oscillating ether which was to effect the same service for the nerves of the brain considered as solid fibres, as the animal spirits perform for them under the notion of hollow tubes, as Hartley teaches—nor finally, (with yet more recent dreamers) of chemical compositions by elective affinity, or of an electric light at once the immediate object and the ultimate organ of inward vision, which rises to the brain

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Length and Shortness of Life, On Youth and Old Age, On Respiration, and On Life and Death. S. C.]

[18] [Maasz has also said, (p. 345) speaking of Vives, that, though he set forth correctly the theory of association, he yet did not exhibit it with such entire purity as Aristotle. Mr. Coleridge, however is comparing the wise Stagyrite with Hobbes, Des Cartes, Hartley and others—Maasz is comparing him with Vives—observing that this author not only came after Aristotle in perceiving and expressing the general law of imagination, but, what is the principal thing, did not state the theory of association so consistently and purely as the former, because he made exceptions to the same, which are such in appearance only: though he thinks it may be assumed in his favour, that his language is incorrect rather than his conception of the subject. Mr. Coleridge, on the other hand, is objecting to the physical dreams, which modern metaphysicians introduced into the survey of psychological facts delivered by the sager ancient. He imputes to them an error in principle, while Maasz remarks upon a statement at variance with a law correctly laid down. S. C.]

[19] [See Human Nature, chaps. ii. and iii. Hobbes does not use the expressions in which Mr. C. describes his doctrine, but speaks much of motions produced in the brain by objects. S. C.]

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like an Aurora Borealis, and there, disporting in various shapes,—as the balance of *plus* and *minus*, or negative and positive, is destroyed or re-established,—images out both past and present. Aristotle delivers a just theory without pretending to an hypothesis; or in other words a comprehensive survey of the different facts, and of their relations to each other without supposition, that is, a fact *placed under* a number of facts, as their common support and explanation; though in the majority of instances these hypotheses or suppositions better deserve the name of ὑποποιησεῖς, or *suffictions*.[20] He uses indeed the word κινησεῖς, to express what we call representations or ideas, but he carefully distinguishes them from material motion, designating the latter always by annexing the words ἐν τοπῳ, or κατὰ τόπον.[21] On the contrary in his trea-

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[20] [The discussion of Maasz on the part performed by Aristotle in explaining the general law of the Imagination extends from p. 319 to p. 335, from sect. 90 to 94 inclusively. S. C.]

[21] [See Maasz, p. 321. He refers generally to the treatise *De Anima*, Lib. II. Cap. iii. and in particular to the words in s. 3. Ἐνίοις δὲ πρὸς τούτοις ὑπάρχει καὶ τὸ κατὰ τόπον κινητικόν. "But some, beside these things, have also the faculty of motion according to place."

In the third and fourth chapters of the first book the subject of motion, κατὰ τόπον, is discussed, and the opinions of other philosophers that it is properly attributable to the soul refuted. Sections 3 and 4 of Lib. I. cap. iii. speak distinctly on this point: and so do sections 8-11 of cap. iv. In the latter the philosopher says; "That the soul cannot possibly be harmony, neither can be turned about in a circle is manifest, from the aforesaid. But that it may be removed *per accidens*—contingently,—may so move itself, even as we have declared, *is* possible: inasmuch as that, in which it is, is capable of being moved, and that (in which it is) may be moved by the soul: but in no other way is it possible for the soul to be moved according to place."

Maasz discusses Aristotle's use of the term κινήσις in sections 91-2, pp. 321-333. He observes that it was not unusual with

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tise *De Anima*, he excludes place and motion from all the operations of thought, whether representations or volitions, as attributes utterly and absurdly heterogeneous.[22]

The general law of association, or, more accurately, the common condition under which all exciting causes act, and in which they may be generalized, according to Aristotle is this.[23] Ideas by having been together

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the Greek philosophers to use the word for changes of the soul, and that Plato, for example, says expressly *κίνησις κατά τε ψυχὴν καὶ κατὰ σῶμα*, in the Theætetus, § 27. (Opera Bekker. Lond. Sumpt. R. Priestley, 1826. Vol. iii. p. 412.) S. C.]

[22] [I. c. 3 in initio. *ἴσως γὰρ οὐ μόνον ψεῦδός ἐστι τὸ τὴν οὐσίαν αὐτῆς τοιαύτην εἶναι, οἵαν φασὶν οἱ λέγοντες ψυχὴν εἶναί τὸ κινοῦν ἑαυτὸ, ἢ δυνάμενον κινεῖν, ἀλλ' ἔν τι τῶν ἀδυνάτων τὸ ὑπάρχειν αὐτῇ κίνησιν.* Cited by Maasz, p. 322. Ed.]

[For perhaps not only it is false that the being of the soul is such as they suppose, who affirm that it is a thing which moves or is able to move itself; but it may be that it is a thing to which motion cannot possibly belong. Translation. S. C.]

[23] [See Maasz, pp. 324-5-6. In proof that Aristotle had a right conception of the common law of Association, though he did not call it by that name, and had not discovered all its fruitfulness, he cites from the treatise *De Memoria*, cap. ii. the following sentences:—*συμβαίνουσι δ' αἱ ἀναμνήσεις, ἐπειδὴ πέφυκεν ἡ κίνησις ἥδε μενέσθαι μετὰ τήνδε*—thus translated or paraphrased by Maasz—"The Representations come after one another to the consciousness, when the changes" (or movements) "of the soul thereto belonging are of such a nature that one arises after the other." (I believe the stricter rendering to be —Recollections take place because it is the nature of the mind that its motions follow one another.)—*ἕνια ἰδόντες ἅπαξ μᾶλλον μνημονεύομεν, ἢ ἕτερα πολλάκις.*

—"But such a connection among the changes of the soul, whereby one succeeds another, arises, though it be not necessary, through a kind of custom. For the production of this, however, it is sufficient, if we have only once perceived the objects of the representation together." (This is a collection from

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acquire a power of recalling each other; or every partial representation awakes the total representation of which it had been a part.[24] In the practical determination of this common principle to particular recollections, he admits five agents or occasioning causes: 1st, connection in time, whether simultaneous, preceding, or successive; 2nd, vicinity or connection in space; 3rd, interdependence or necessary connection, as cause

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the words of Aristotle rather than their direct sense, which seems to be as follows: "The sequence of the mental motions is sometimes a necessary one, and this, as is evident, must always take place; sometimes it is one that arises from custom, and this takes place only for the most part. Some men, by once thinking of a thing, acquire a habit, more than others by thinking ever so often. *Therefore we remember some things, that we have seen but once, better than other things, that we have seen many a time.*")

"Still plainer perhaps," says he, "speaks the place which follows the above; as thus: ὅταν οὖν ἀναμιμνησκώμεθα, κινούμεθα τῶν προτέρων τινά κινήσεων, ἕως ἂν κινηθῶμεν, μεθ' ἣν ἐκείνη ἔιωθε.—"A representation is called up, (we remember it,) as soon as changes of the soul arise, with which that" (change or movement) "belonging to the said representation has been associated." S. C.]

[24] [See Maasz, p. 326. "Thus, representations which have been together, call forth each other, or: Every partial representation awakens its total representation."

"This rule holds good for the succession of representations generally, as well when we reflect upon a thing and strive to remember it, as when that is not the case; it avails, as I have just now expressed, for the voluntary and involuntary series of imaginations. This Aristotle expressly asserts, and hereby we see, in what universality he had conceived the law of association." He quotes in support of this the following sentence from the treatise *De Memoria*, cap. ii. Ζητοῦσι μὲν οὖν οὕτω, καὶ μὴ ζητοῦντες δ' οὕτως ἀναμιμνήσκονται, ὅταν μεθ' ἑτέρων κίνησιν ἐκείνη γίνηται. In this way men try to recollect, and, when not trying, it is thus they remember; some particular movement (of mind) arising after some other. S. C.]

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and effect; 4th, likeness; and 5th, contrast.[25] As an additional solution of the occasional seeming chasms in the continuity of reproduction he proves, that move-

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[25] [Maasz (at p. 327) shows that Aristotle gives "four distinct rules for Association"—that is to say, connexion in time, in space, resemblance, and opposition or contrast—in proof of which he cites the following passage—*διὸ καὶ τὸ ἐφεξῆς θηρεύομεν νοήσαντες ἀπὸ τοῦ νῦν, ἢ ἄλλου τινὸς, καὶ ἀφ' ὁμοίου, ἢ ἐναντίου, ἢ τοῦ σύνεγγυς. Διὰ τοῦτο γίνεται ἡ ἀνάμνησις.* Therefore in trying to remember we search (our minds) in regular order, proceeding from the present or some other time (to the time in which what we want to recollect occurred); or from something like, or directly opposite, or near in place. *De Mem.* cap. ii.

At pp. 27-8, Maasz writes thus: "That B. should be really immediately associated, with A. it is not necessary, that the whole representation B. should have been together with the whole representation A.; if only some mark of A. say M. has been associated with some mark of B., that is sufficient. If then A. being given, *m.* is consequently represented, *n.* is likewise associated therewith, because both have been already together; and then with *n.* are associated the remaining marks belonging to B. because these have been already together with *m.* in the representation B. Thus the whole representation B. is called up through A." "This seems to me a proof," says Mr. Coleridge in a marginal note on the passage, "that Likeness, as coordinate with, but not always subordinate to, Time, exerts an influence *per se* on the association. Thus too as to Cause and Effect;—they cannot of course be separated from Contemporaneity, but yet they act distinctly from it. Thus too, Contrast, and even Order. In short, whatever makes certain parts of a total impression more vivid or distinct will determine the mind to recall these rather than others. Contemporaneity seems to me the common condition under which all the determining powers act rather than itself the effective law. Maasz sometimes forgets,—as Hartley seems never to have remembered,—that all our images are abstractions; and that in many cases of likeness the association is merely an act of recognition." *MS. note.* S. C.]

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ments or ideas possessing one or the other of these five characters had passed through the mind as intermediate links, sufficiently clear to recall other parts of the same total impressions with which they had coexisted, though not vivid enough to excite that degree of attention which is requisite for distinct recollection, or as we may aptly express it, after consciousness [26] In association then consists the whole mechanism of the reproduction of impressions, in the Aristotelian Psychology. It is the universal law of the passive fancy and mechanical memory; that which supplies to all other faculties their objects, to all thought the elements of its materials.

In consulting the excellent commentary of St. Thomas Aquinas on the *Parva Naturalia* of Aristotle, I was struck at once with its close resemblance to Hume's Essay on Association. The main thoughts were the same in both, the order of the thoughts was the same, and even the illustrations differed only by Hume's occasional substitution of more modern examples. I mentioned the circumstance to several of my literary acquaintances, who admitted the closeness of the resemblance, and that it seemed too great to be explained by mere coincidence; but they thought it improbable that Hume should have held the pages of the Angelic Doctor worth turning over. But some time after Mr. Payne showed Sir James Mackintosh some odd volumes of St. Thomas Aquinas, partly perhaps from having heard that he had in his Lectures passed a high encomium on this canonized philosopher; but chiefly

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[25] [This is set forth at some length by Maasz, whose expositions of the present subject Mr. Coleridge seems to have mixed up in his mind with those of Aristotle. See *Versuch über die Einbildungskraft*. p. 27. S. C.]

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from the fact, that the volumes had belonged to Mr. Hume, and had here and there marginal marks and notes of reference in his own hand writing. Among these volumes was that which contains the *Parva Naturalia*, in the old Latin version, swathed and swaddled in the commentary afore mentioned![27]

It remains then for me, first to state wherein Hart-

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[27] [This Commentary of Aquinas is contained in the third volume of the edition of his works, printed at Venice, in 1593-4, and in the Antwerp edition of 1612, end of tom. iii. It surrounds two translations of the text, one of which is the *Antiqua Translatio*.

When Mr. C. spoke of "Hume's Essay on Association," as closely resembling it, he must have had in his mind, not merely the short section on the Association of Ideas, but generally whatever relates to the subject in the Inquiry concerning Human Understanding, from sections ii. to vii. inclusively. The similar thoughts and ancient illustrations are to be found in that part of the commentary which belongs to the treatise *De Memoria et Reminiscentia* (the second of the *Parva Naturalia*), particularly in sections v. and vi. pp. 25-6 of the Antwerp edit.

There the principles of connection amongst ideas, and "the method and regularity" with which they present themselves to the mind, are set forth at some length, for the purpose of explaining the nature of memory and describing our mental processes in voluntary recollection and unintentional remembrance. I think however that the likeness to Hume's treatise, wherein Association of Ideas is subordinate and introductory to another speculation, which it was the author's principal aim to bring forward, may have been somewhat magnified in Mr. C.'s mind from the circumstance, that the commentary, in addition to what it sets forth on connections of ideas, dwells much on certain other topics which are dwelt upon also in the Inquiry—as, the influence of custom in producing mental habits and becoming a sort of second nature; the liveliness and force of *phantasmata*, or images impressed on the mind by sensible things; and the distinctness and orderliness of mathematical theorems. These topics Hume handles somewhat differently from Aquinas, as his drift was different; but it is possible that the older disquisition

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ley differs from Aristotle; then, to exhibit the grounds of my conviction, that he differed only to err; and next as the result, to show, by what influences of the choice and judgment the associative power becomes either memory or fancy; and, in conclusion, to appropriate the remaining offices of the mind to the reason, and the imagination. With my best efforts to be as

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may have suggested his thoughts on these points, though it cannot have exactly formed them.

It is rather remarkable, if Hume had indeed read this commentary before composing his own work, that he should have expressed himself thus at p. 22.—"Though it be too obvious to escape observation, that different ideas are connected together, *I do not find that any philosopher has attempted to enumerate or class all the principles of Association*, a subject, however, that seems worthy of curiosity." Aquinas, in the commentary, does certainly attempt to enumerate them, though he does not classify them exactly as Hume and other modern philosophers have done. He does not make Cause and Effect a principle of Association over and above Contiguity in Time and Place; and he mentions, as a separate influence, direct Dissimilarity or Contrast, which Hume refers to Causation and Resemblance, as a mixture of the two: in both which particulars he does but follow the leading of his text.

I will just add that, in commenting on two sentences of Aristotle, quoted in a former note,—explaining why some men remember, and some things are remembered, better than others under similar circumstances of association,—Aquinas observes, that this may happen through closer attention and profounder knowledge, because whatever we most earnestly attend to remains most firmly impressed on the memory; and again, in accounting for false and imperfect remembrance, he states the converse fact, that by distraction of the imagination the mental impression is weakened. Lects. v. a. and vi. h. These remarks tend the same way with those in the Biographia, toward the end of chap. vii. concerning the superiour vividness of certain parts of a total impression, and the power of the will to give vividness to any object whatsoever by intensifying the attention. Mr. Coleridge's aim was to show that these agents or occasion-

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perspicuous as the nature of language will permit on such a subject, I earnestly solicit the good wishes and

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ing causes of particular thoughts which have been specified, are themselves subject to a deeper law,—to the determination of the will, reason, judgment, understanding. S. C.]

[It was not till the new edition of this work was in the press that I became aware of a note, relating to chapter v. of the B. L. at the end of the Dissertation on the progress of Ethical Philosophy, by Sir J. Mackintosh, in which the author speaks as follows: "I have already acknowledged the striking resemblance of Mr. Hume's principles of association to those of Aristotle." After showing that the story of Mr. Hume was a mistake, and how the mistake arose, he proceeds to say—"It is certain that * * * * Aristotle explains recollection as depending on a general law,—that the idea of an object will remind us of the objects which immediately preceded or followed when originally perceived. But what Mr. Coleridge has not told us is, that the Stagyrite confines the application of this law *exclusively to the phenomena of recollection alone*, without any glimpse of a more general operation extending to all connections of thought and feeling,—a wonderful proof indeed, even so limited, of the sagacity of the great philosopher, but which for many ages continued barren of further consequences." Perhaps Mr. C. thought, as Maasz appears to have done, that to discover the associative principle in respect of memory was obviously to discover the general law of mental association, since all connections of thought and feeling are dependent on memory. It is difficult to conceive a man writing a treatise on Memory and Recollection without hitting on this law of association, by observing the manner in which he *hunts* in his mind for any thing forgotten: but perhaps this remark savours of simplicity, for simple folks, when a truth is once clearly presented to them, can never again so abstract their minds from it as to conceive the possibility of its being unrecognized. "The illustrations of Aquinas," Sir James adds, "throw light on the original doctrine, and show that it was unenlarged in his time, &c." (Yet Aquinas almost touches the doctrine of Hobbes when he says *reminiscentia habet similitudinem cujusdam syllogismi, quare sicut in syllogismo pervenitur ad conclusionem ex aliquibus principiis, ita etiam in reminiscendo aliquis quodammodo*

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friendly patience of my readers, while I thus go "sounding on my dim and perilous way."

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*syllogizat*, &c.) "Those of L. Vives, as quoted by Mr. C. extend no farther."

"But if Mr. Coleridge will compare the parts of Hobbes on *Human Nature*, which relate to this subject, with those which explain general terms, he will perceive that the philosopher of Malmesbury builds on these two foundations a general theory of the human understanding, of which reasoning is only a particular case." This has been already admitted in note 2. Sir James seems to refer to the whole of chap. v. which begins thus: "Seeing the succession of conceptions in the mind are caused * * * by the succession they had one to another when they were produced by the senses," &c. He points out the forgetful statements of Mr. C. respecting the *De Methodo*, and expresses an opinion that Hobbes* and Hume might each have been unconscious that the doctrine of association was not originally his own. Either I should think had quite sagacity enough to discover it for himself; but the question is whether Hobbes was more sagacious on this part of the subject than any preceding philosopher.

Sir James makes an interesting reply to Mr. C.'s remark that he was unable to bridge over the chasm between their philosophical creeds, which I do not quote only from want of space. That Sir James was one of Mr. C.'s most intelligent readers is undeniable; yet I think it is not quite conclusive against the German doctrines,—either as to their internal character or the mode in which they have been enunciated—that they found no

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* The language of Hobbes has somewhat of a Peripatetical *sound*, and when he discourses of the *motions* of the mind, reminds one of the Aristotelian commentator—*Causa autem reminiscendi est ordo motuum, qui relinquuntur in anima ex prima impressione ejus, quod primo apprehendimus.* Sir James says "the term *θηρεύω* is as significant as if it had been chosen by Hobbes." This term *may* have led Hobbes to talk about "hunting," "tracing," and "ranging," in the *Human Nature*.

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entrance into his mind; or at least no welcome there, or entire approval; for are not all new doctrines, even such as are ultimately established, opposed, on their first promulgation, by some of the strongest-headed persons of the age? S. C.]

THE END OF THE FIRST PART OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

C. Whittingham, Chiswick.

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